★Oct. 1, 1955

THE NEW YORKER

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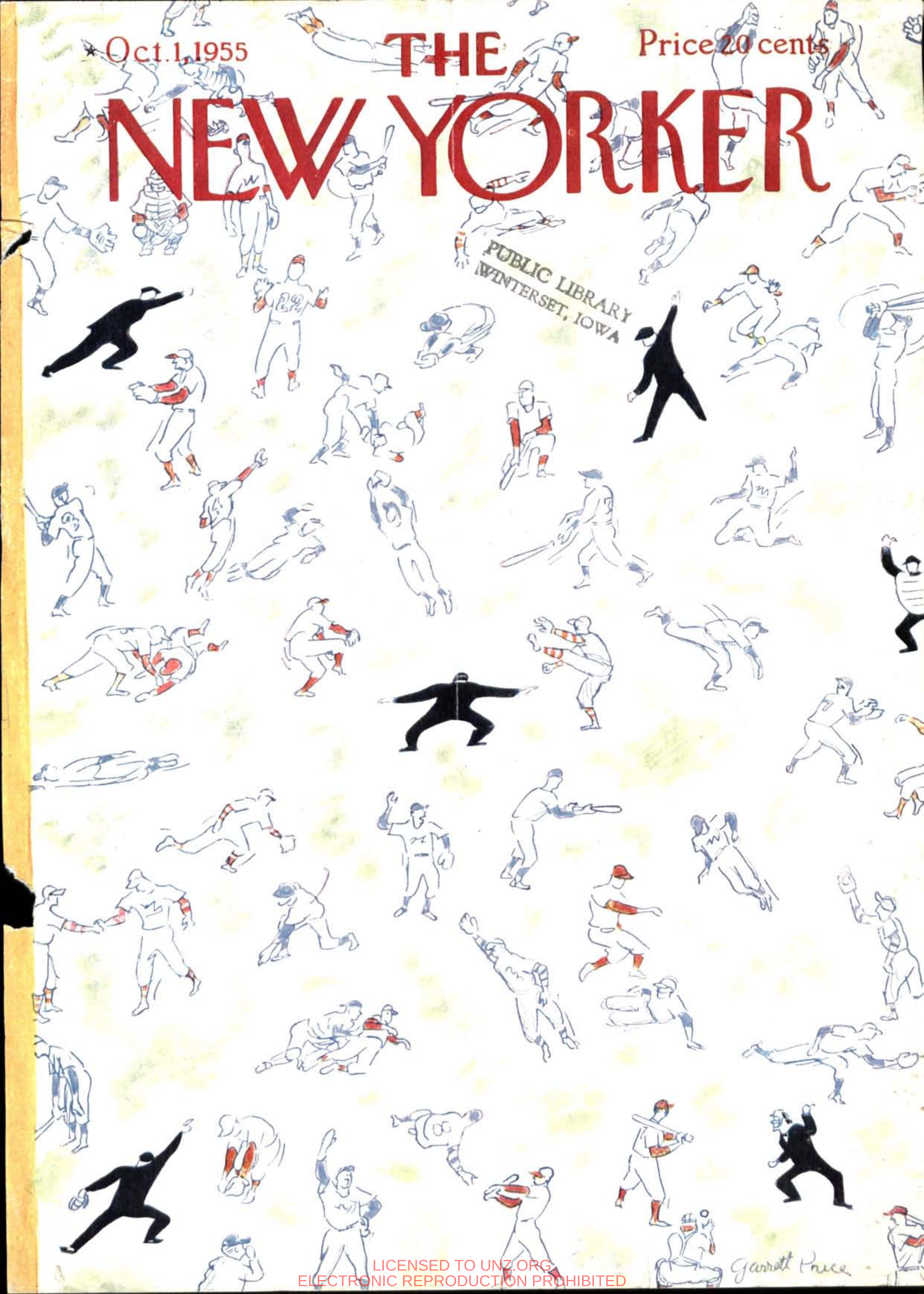
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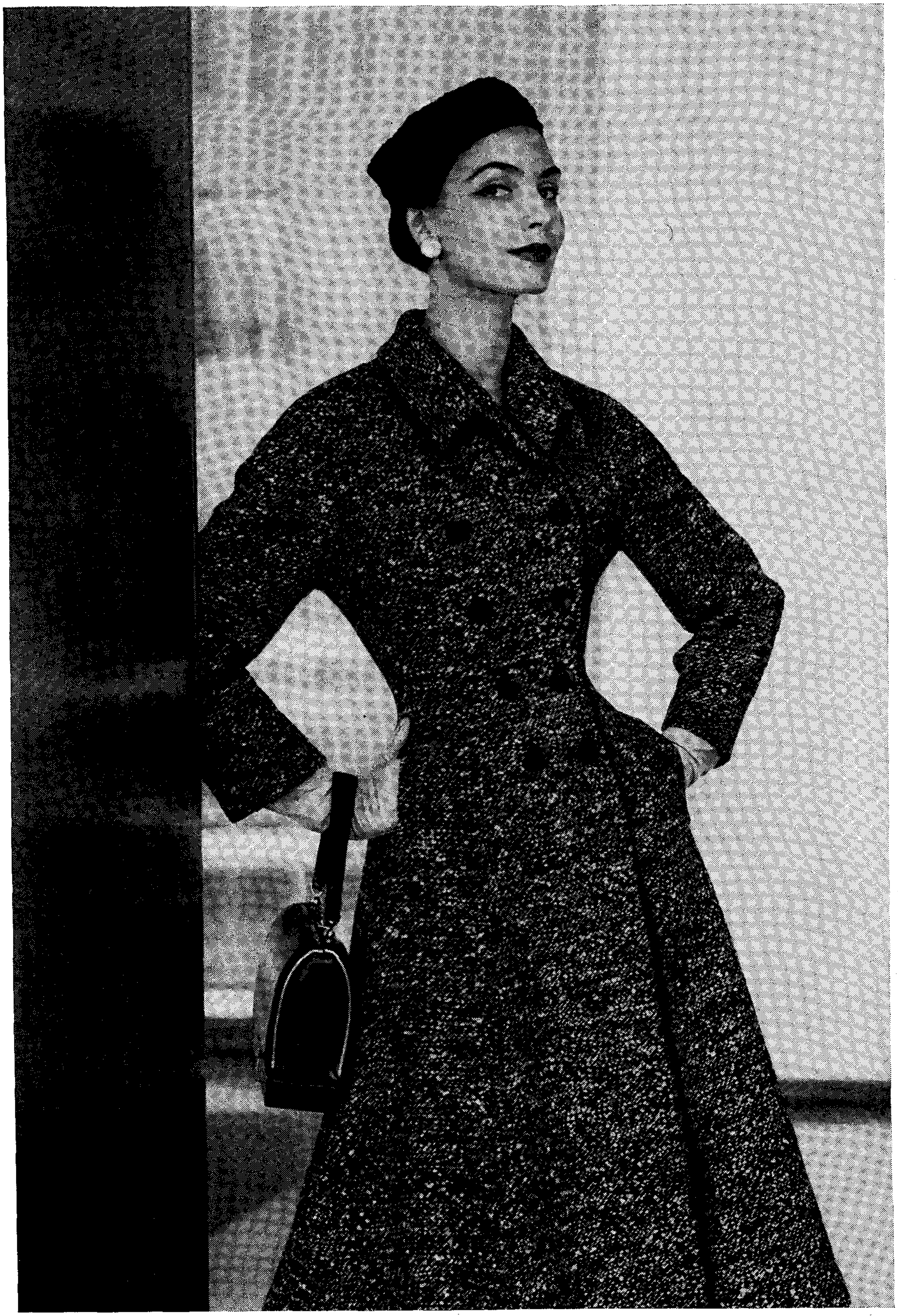

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Bus Stop—An animated group of characters are assembled at a wayside restaurant in this drama by William Inge, and the result is entirely satisfactory. The cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman, includes Kim Stanley, Elaine Stritch, and Anthony Ross. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A powerful drama by Tennessee Williams in which Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives are highly impressive. The play was directed by Elia Kazan, and he never did better. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inherit the Wind—Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee have added a good deal of theatrical embroidery to their account of the Scopes Trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, and the finished product lacks the sharp effectiveness of the original contest. Melvyn Douglas is cast as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley plays the other famous orator. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—lunatics and lovers: Sidney Kingsley's lowdown and rackety farce. Jerome Cowan, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Haila Stoddard, Nat Cantor, and Whitfield Connor are in the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 1.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. Included in the cast at present are Eli Wallach, John Beal, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **witness for the prosecution:** If you can identify the murderer in Agatha Christie's melodrama, you probably belong on the police force yourself. The cast of thirty includes Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Day by the Sea—Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Dennis King in N. C. Hunter's play, which had a long run in London. Presented by Huntington Hartford and Stephen Mitchell, and directed by Cedric Hardwicke. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Damn Yankees—A lively and inventive story of a baseball fan who sells his soul to the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Adapted by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop from the latter's novel, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant," the play has pleasant tunes by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and a hell of a fine demon in the person of Gwen Verdon. Ray Walston, as her employer, and Stephen Douglass, as her earth-bound suitor, are very talented, too. The dances are stimulating, and the male chorus actually seems to know its baseball. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Plain and Fancy—Some good, clean fun among the Pennsylvania Dutch, with a great deal of warmth, if a modicum of wit. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book; Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt did the songs and lyrics, respectively; Helen Tamiris arranged the dances; and Raoul Pène duBois designed the sets and costumes. The cast includes Shirl Conway, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Silk Stockings—Although this musical version of "Ninotchka" lapses a little in its serious moments, on the whole it is quite a treat. Cole Porter wrote the excellent songs; George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows attended to the jokes; and Jo Mielziner executed the stylish sets. Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the boy friend: A British satire on musical comedies of the twenties, with Julie Andrews as the blond heroine of its preposterous story. Miss Andrews will be replaced starting Monday, Oct. 3, by Jean Bayless. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 5, and Saturdays at 2:40. Special second-anniversary performance Sunday evening, Oct. 2.) . . . **fanny:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and others), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **the pajama game:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Pat Marshall have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Songs and Impressions—Maurice Chevalier in a solo show, scheduled for a five-and-a-half-week run. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Nov. 5.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A View from the Bridge—A double-barrelled event, made up of two plays by Arthur Miller—"A Memory of Two Mondays" and "A View from the Bridge." Van Heflin and J. Carrol Naish are starred, Kermit Bloomgarden and Whitehead-Stevens are the producers, and Martin Ritt is the director. Opens Thursday, Sept. 29. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Young and Beautiful—A play by Sally Benson based on four short stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Lois Smith and Douglas Watson are in the cast, directed by Marshall Jamison. Produced by Robert B. Radnitz in association with Lawrence Baker, Jr. Opens Saturday, Oct. 1. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tiger at the Gates—Christopher Fry's translation of a French work by Jean Giraudoux. Michael Redgrave, Leueen MacGrath, and Walter Fitzgerald play the leading roles. A Robert L. Joseph production, imported from London and presented by the Playwrights' Company, in association with Henry M. Margolis, and staged by Harold Clurman. Opens Monday, Oct. 3. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Island of Goats—Uta Hagen and Laurence Harvey in Henry Reed's English version of the late Ugo Betti's play, which ran for two years in Paris. Directed by Peter Glenville and produced by Roger L. Stevens and Hardy Smith, Ltd. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 4. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—A dramatization by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett of Anne Frank's book, "The Diary of a Young Girl." Included in the cast are Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Susan Strasberg. Presented by Kermit Bloomgarden and directed by Garson Kanin. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wooden Dish—Louis Calhern directs and heads the cast in a play by Edmund Morris. Armand Deutsch is the producer. Opens Thursday, Oct. 6. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Manon." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays and Tuesdays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Brattle Shakespeare Players—The second production in a two-play, four-week engagement by a company from Cambridge, Mass., is "Henry IV, Part I," with Jerome Kilty and Jan Farrand. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A revival of Paul Os-

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born's "Morning's at Seven," with Harrison Dowd and Dorrit Kelton in a cast under the direction of Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Circle in the Square—"La Ronde," Eric Bentley's English adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's play "Reigen," with Felice Orlandi and Betty Miller. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Gordon Sterne in Kafka's "The Trial," a presentation of Theatre 12, staged by Denis Vaughan. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 8.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein, based on the original by Bertolt Brecht. Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill head the cast. Directed by Carmen Capalbo and produced by him and Stanley Chase, in association with Lucille Lortel. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Thursday evening, Sept. 29: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 30: "Scènes de Ballet," "The Firebird," and "Tiresias."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 1: "Coppélia" and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 2: "Le Lac des Cygnes."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 4: "Le Lac des Cygnes."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 5: "Homage to the Queen," "Les Sylphides," and "Madame Chrysantheme."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 6: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Les Sylphides," and "Madame Chrysantheme."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 7: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 8: "Homage to the Queen," "Madame Chrysantheme," and "The Firebird." (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 5-1374. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 16.)

Carmen Amaya—Spanish contemporary dancer, with her company of twenty flamenco musicians and dancers. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2:30.)

Antonio and His Spanish Ballet Company—A group of dancers, singers, and guitarists, including Rosita Segovia and Carmen Rojas, in a three-week engagement that will open Sunday, Oct. 2, and run through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marcel Marceau—The classic French pantomimist in a program of some fifteen sketches that sometimes come close to high art but have their routine moments, too. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A nine-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Thursday evening, Sept. 29, and Friday and Saturday matinées and evenings, Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "The Mikado."... ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 3-4, and Wednesday matinée and evening, Oct. 5: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 6-7, and Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 8: "The Pirates of Penzance." (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtains at 8. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 26.)

Hear! Hear!—A four-week engagement of a musical presentation by Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 6 and 9. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Oct. 23.)

Rodeo—Trick riding, roping, and bulldogging on the Eighth Avenue range. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 16.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Marie Powers. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Sept. 29, and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 8:40.)

Basil Rathbone and Helen Gahagan Douglas—In a dramatic program called "One Plus One," drawn from the short stories of O. Henry, Chekhov, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Emery Deutsch's dulcet violin soothes the cocktail hour (which is half commuter, half campus) every day but Sunday in the Palm Court, and the dinner hour in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where all the world is indeed a stage. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band vamp until the cameramen are ready.

La Vie, 133 E. 48th St. (MU 8-8420)—Monte Proser's most recent Quonset hut, a spiritual annex of Madison Square Garden, is occupied by a number of old-line Gardeners, two dance bands, the enchanted soprano of the beautiful Diahann Carroll, and the old-line humor of Jackie Kannon. On Thursday, Oct. 6, Dick Haymes, who has decided to take up singing again, will be added to the roster.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Mimi Benzell's blithe retrospective show of the opera soubrette down through the ages, performed with the aid of a male chorus, sometimes gets tangled up in its own feet, but it is at least a noble experiment. She appears only at dinner except Fridays and Saturdays, when she adds a supper show. Stanley Melba's dance band stays on until one. Closed Mondays.... ¶ A small orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room pulses happily most of the evening to the combined orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter, fashion plate and casual tenor. The small band of Mark Monte lends an occasional hand. The floor is occupied, at dinner and supper, by Gilbert Bécaud, a new young Parisian composer and singer, who is not yet quite acclimated enough to do his handsome homemade ballads justice. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing.... ¶ There's more LeFleur music at dinner every night in the new Edwardian Room, which looks something like (and is) the old Café.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Eddy Howard's orchestra is now doing the honors at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a fairly roomy lap of luxury, offers the dinner and supper songs of Constance Moore, one of the brightest and most spirited of the Hollywood blondes, and the débutante-speed dance music of the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The long reaches of the Café Rouge resound to the work of Les Elgart and his orchestra, a group that has happily managed the trick of being big and yet individualist. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A musical-comedy version of life on a great metropolitan daily, in which tomorrow's news (or what passes for it) is manufactured right before your unbelieving ears. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, France's resolute little Isolde, bravely dies a thousand deaths in her doom-shaped ballads about the consuming passion called love. She dies five hundred of them at dinner, five hundred of them at supper, always in the very best of voice. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the compelling Harry Belafonté is toting that barge, lifting that bale at a great rate, all the time managing to smile beatifically through the tears. He sings at dinner and suppertime; the rest of the evening is given over to the luxurious dance music of Nat Brandwynne's vast orchestra. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Alex Fogarty presides sociably at the piano in the Peacock Alley, from six to twelve every night but Sunday, when Mischa Borr's dance band plays from eight to twelve.

Note—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one can take an eagle's-nest look at New York, way down yonder, and wonder what it will be like if they ever get it finished. The address 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): What's left of the dwindling coterie of night owls does some of its tête-à-têting here, to the tunes of Kurt Maier's busy piano. No music Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The keyboard recitals in this fashionable butler's pantry are executed from six to eight and from ten to two by Cy Walter, whose hands have never lost their cunning. No music Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): There's an ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sundays, Paul Morse has the floor.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): A plain-spoken but jolly Hudson's Bay Company outpost. Louis Hawkins, the driving force of the amiable enterprise, checks in at seven to play frolicsome piano and supply nearly all the small talk; Wayne Saunders, a silent partner, just sticks to the piano.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): This permanent picnic (Latin-Ameri-

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can style) includes a good deal of singing and prancing, some of it by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Practically rustic peace and quiet, interrupted only by the mild piano of George Kent, who officiates at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): The small fry appear to enjoy this mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A very thin slice (only a few feet wide) of Manhattan life after dark, presenting as specialties a fair assortment of backstage worldlings and excellent mood piano by Jim Mahoney after six-thirty, and by Ralph Strain after ten. At twelve, Mr. M. bows out for a light-fingered drummer, who backs up Mr. S. until daybreak. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours all dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the slightly stark bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight-thirty weekdays and after five on Sundays, Laurie Brewis rambles merrily up and down his Steinway. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian cookery with just the right amount of Hungarian song, violin, and czimbalom thrown in. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The oldest of the midtown bus terminals, and the only one with a floor show. The important ingredients are Joe E. Lewis, whose imaginary soap opera is peopled entirely by bookies, barkeeps, and blondes; and Julie Wilson, a fine big healthy American girl, whose lyrics are full of millionaires, midnight trysts, and gift-wrapped Cadillac cars. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Out of the mouths of three satanic babes come some astonishing sound. They are Robert Clary, representing *l'après-minuit d'un faune;* Mort Sahl, drawer of dumfounding conclusions from the news of the day; and Ceil Cabot, who takes a song apart and puts it together so it's never quite the same again. There are further ballads by Teddy King, a soprano better known in the jazz emporiums. All hands operate to the background of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ Except Saturday nights, the Lyons trio plays light-hearted jazz in the lounge from two to four in the morning. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The most noticeable inmate is Penny Malone, a comedienne who once in a while can reach the rarefied atmosphere of pure fantasy. Also in attendance are Don Adams, a speaker with some well-chosen points to make; the Jones Boys, a gleeful foursome of young voices; and Joya Sherrill, whose ballads seem a mite tempestuous for a room this small. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Enid Mosier, late of "House of Flowers," is rollicking in the shade of her own banana tree, with the rampant assistance of a bottled-in-bond West Indian steel band. In the shade of her own green bay tree, the buoyant Sylvia Syms breezes through some succinct quatrains in which virtue is hardly ever triumphant. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A venerable Village playground, noted for the vigorous double piano of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, as well as for the solo piano of Hazel Webster. Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell have brought their mélange of Gay Ninties melodrama and musicale back to its home port; Virginia de Luce toys with some bumptious ditties. She's off Mondays; the twosome is off Sundays. Mr. Downey is also at the piano for cocktails every day but Sunday. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): All hell breaks loose after the theatre. The reasons are Mae Barnes, an abundant troupial who can lick her weight in wildcats; Tony and Eddie, whose parodies of Hollywood boys and girls are apt to knock a few of these stars right out of their firmaments, the touched-in-the-head chanteys of Tiger Haines and the Three Flames; and the man-about-the-world ditties of Jimmie Daniels. Portia Nelson, a phoenix less frequent here, twines her cool, clear voice around some elegant songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): San Francisco night life at its informal, offhand best. One of the easygoing inhabitants is Jorie Remes, a *diseuse* who's a combination of Delphic oracle and Cleopatra; another is June Ericson, whose sweet, honest voice and complete lack of mannerism give her songs an extra-special interest. Murray Grand is the knowledgeable house pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX**, 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): Another tiny segment of San Francisco's native quarter, as cozy as your own living room. The goddess of this shrine is Lovey Powell, who casts a pale moonlight over her enchanted songs; her acolytes are Hal Holbrook, who does Mark Twain to the life, and Brooks Morton, who does nice things to a piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIN-UP ROOM**, 242 Lexington Ave., at 34th St. (MU 4-8678): A neighborhood bar in the rear room of which Mabel Mercer, a *salonnière* of long standing, shows up after the theatre with her collection of one-of-a-kind songs of the heart, all of them literate, all of them lyric. Sam Hamilton's piano fills in the interludes. Both performers are off Sundays.

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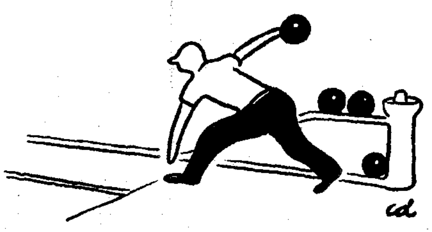
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): On a dark night, thin tongues of flame are visible at the outboard end of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet. His clarion calls are answered by Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, Walter Page, Tony Hannan, and (off and on) Eddie Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. Ted Roy is at the keyboard during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The muted skirling of Jonah Jones' trumpet is the spice of his hot new quartet, which takes turns with the trio of Dorothy Donegan, an incredibly dexterous pianoforte pyrotechnician with a few Spike Jones overtones. The effervescent Jo Jones is her drummer. They tee off at eight-thirty. There's cocktail and dinner piano, too. Sunday evenings, the wonderfully nimble Jack Elliott and his modernist trio are in charge. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, which is rooted firmly in the past, is also rooted firmly in its old Village homestead. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): This huge stamping ground is temporarily devoted to weekend festivals. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, the Modern Jazz Quartet (an interesting group to those who can break its code), the lively sextet headed by Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson, Art Blakeley's quartet, and Sonny Stitt will be in operation. Among those present on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, will be Carmen McRae, a singer to be listened to with respect, and the Australian Jazz Quartet, which can swing hard or sway languorously, according to mood. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his honest craftsmen—Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster, and Sonny White—offer valid evidence that the handmade music of our ancestors is still a match for the slickest mass-production sound effects of the new age. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Johnny Mehegan, whose pianism is often trigonometry turned into tone clusters, has just assembled a novel trio (two pianos and bass) for himself. It and the trio headed by Bernard Peiffer, a Parisian student of the new American music, alternate on the stand. The first group is off Sundays; the other is off Mondays. Mr. Mehegan, no laggard, plays piano at the cocktail hour, too, every day but Sunday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Count Basie and his lusty bandsmen are doing their level best, than which there is no better; Bonnemere's mambo manics are doing their imitation of a Caribbean thunderstorm. On Thursday, Oct. 6, all hands will be replaced by the Sauter-Finnegan orchestra and Bud Powell's trio. Mondays, when the regulars are at rest, are jam-session nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, a girl who can more than hold her own in the man's world of jazz, pilots her trio through some very modern exercises from nine to closing. No action on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): The mile-long boardwalk behind the enormous bar is a parade ground for music that is part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part bedlam. Among the instigators are Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins. Cozy Cole should be checking in on Friday, Sept. 30. The cannonade is just about continuous from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Among the historians who are expected at the Friday, Sept. 30, seminar on the birth of the blues are Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Coleman Hawkins, Miff Mole, Vic Dickenson, Hank D'Amico, Cecil Scott, Sammy Price, Cliff Jackson, George Wettling, Zutty Singleton, Pop Foster, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . ¶ For the benefit of those who come in late, there'll be a retake Saturday, Oct. 1, at Werdermann Hall, 144 E. 16th St. (GR 3-9699), with the entire cast. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another handy weekend repository for the little ones. The order of the evening is beer, pretzels, and period-piece jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, the mob scene should include Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Buck Clayton, Tony Parenti, Art Trappier, Tyree Glenn, Gene Sedric, Russell Moore, Jo Jones, and Dick Wellstood.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LAWRENCE CALCAGNO—Abstractions painted in Paris make up the first local one-man show of this San Francisco artist; through Oct. 15. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

WILLIAM HALSEY AND MANOLO PASCUAL—Caseins by the first and sculptures in iron and bronze by the second; through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

J. M. HANSON—New paintings by this English-born artist, who has lived in the United States since 1939; through Oct. 15. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

ERIC ISENBURGER—Paintings done in Spain last year and in Mexico this year; through Oct. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

LEE KRASNER—An exhibition of collages and oils on view for the first time; through Oct. 15. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

GABOR PETERDI—Recent abstract paintings, derived from nature, turned out by a former

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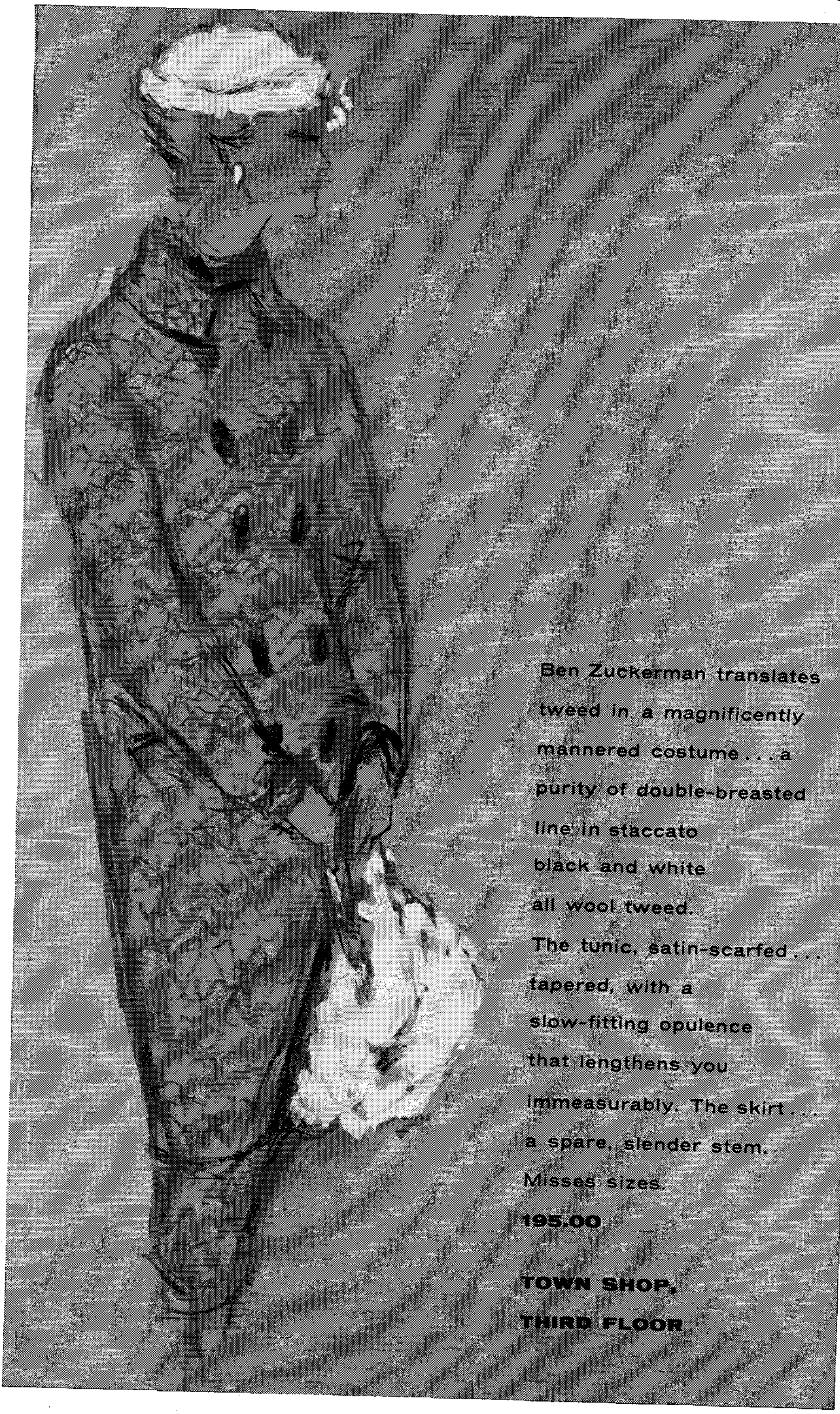

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print-maker; through Oct. 15. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Pablo Picasso—A group of seventy-five rare lithographs executed from 1946 through 1954; through Oct. 28. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Hugo Weber—Abstract oils painted in the Midwest during the last two years by this Swiss-born painter; through Oct. 15. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Sculptors Guild, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A display, in an outdoor setting, of more than a hundred sculptures, widely diversified in style and medium, by approximately fifty Americans, including Chaim Gross, Cleo Hartwig, John Hovannes, and William Zorach; through Oct. 31. (Daily, 10:30 to 6:30.)

Drawings—"Man and Woman" is the theme of a large exhibit of drawings by painters and sculptors of various nationalities and many schools; through Oct. 13. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.—A roundup of newly completed works, along with some that have been away on loan and some that have *not* been shown for about a year; the participants include Barbara Lekberg, Milton Hebald, and Leo Amino. Through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 32 E. 65th St.: Each of the twenty-three gallery members, including Oliver Andrews and Carroll Cloar, has one item (oils predominate) on exhibit; through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: A show entitled "Figurative Painting" comprises pieces by, among others, Raphael Soyer, Robert Philipp, and Marion Greenwood; through Oct. 10. . . . **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57th St.: The annual pre-season group exhibition contains paintings, sculptures, and prints by regular members of the gallery, as well as guests. The contributors include William Chaiken, Margit Beck, and Stanley Twardowicz. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings by Curt Opliger, David L. Loew, and others of a group of contemporary Los Angeles artists; through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **kraushaar**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and a few sculptures by John Laurent, Yuen Yuey Chinn, John Koch, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 8.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Contemporary paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints make up the final offering at this gallery, which is closing for good on Dec. 31. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

French; Group Shows—At the **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oil paintings by ten artists, including Rouault, Delaunay, and Utrillo; through Oct. 22. . . . **kootz**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Dubuffet, Soulages, and others of the modern Paris school; through Saturday, Oct. 8. . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils by Picasso, Braque, Degas, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 1.

Village Art Center, 39 Grove St.—Around eighty paintings (by Margaret Layton, Harold Toledo, Elia Bracha, and others) are in the thirteenth annual water-color exhibition; through Friday, Sept. 30. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **a.c.a.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Anthony Toney; starting Monday, Oct. 3. . . . **alan**, 32 E. 65th St.: Robert Knipschild; starting Tuesday, Oct. 4. . . . **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Joe Jones; starting Monday, Oct. 3. . . . **barone**, 202 E. 51st St.: Giuseppe Guerreschi; starting Monday, Oct. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **de nagy**, 24 E. 67th St.: Paul Feeley; starting Tuesday, Oct. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **gallery 62**, 62 W. 56th St.: Ben Eisner; starting Monday, Oct. 3. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.) . . . **heller**, 63 E. 57th St.: Alex Redein; starting Tuesday, Oct. 4. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fernand Léger; starting Monday, Oct. 3. . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Noel Rockmore;

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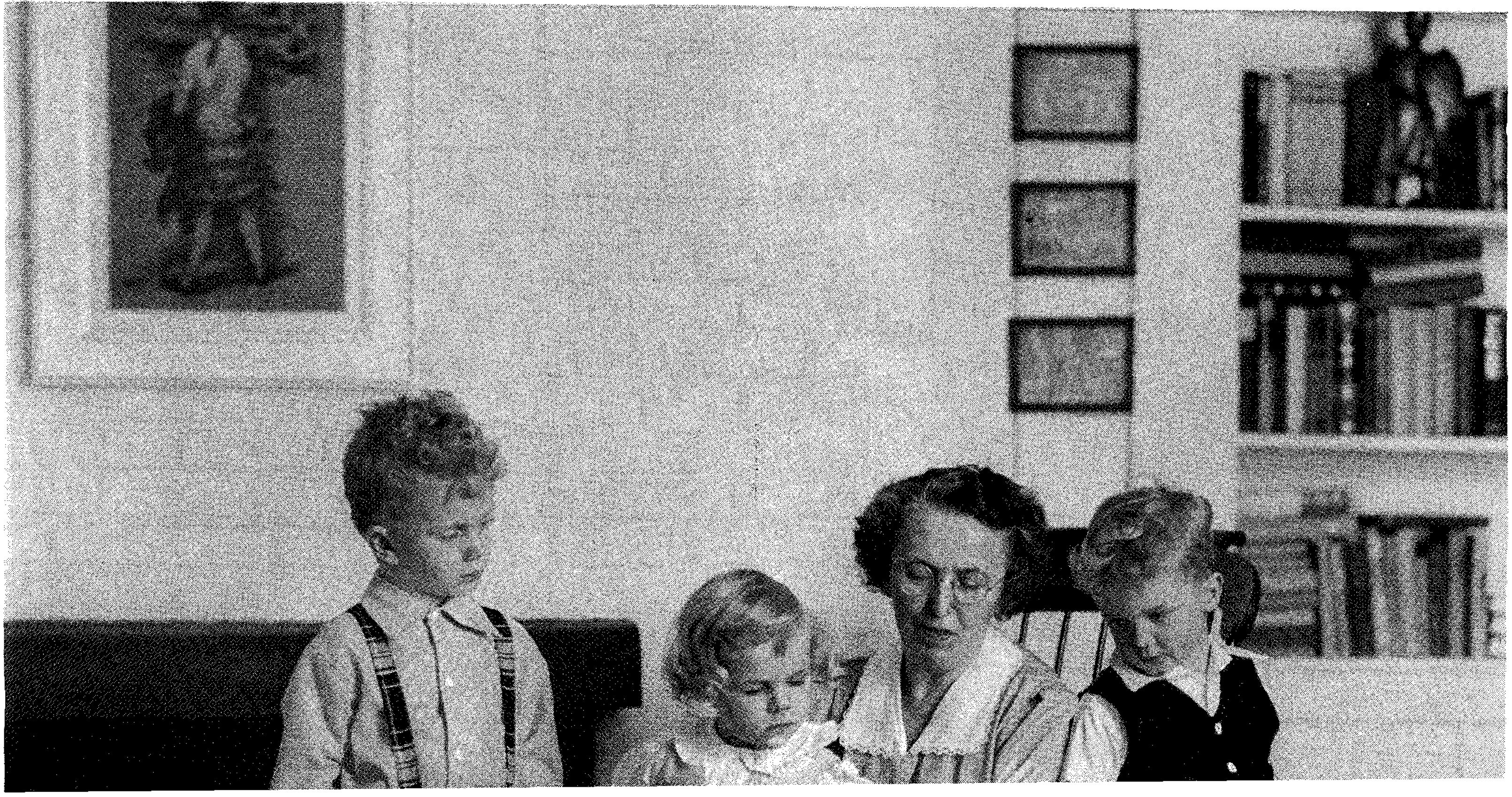

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

starting Monday, Oct. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: *Constance Richardson*; starting Tuesday, Oct. 4. ...¶ Group shows at the **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 3.... **PERDALMA**, 400 W. 23rd St.; starting Saturday, Oct. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 4; Wednesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at 2 and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 2.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two hundred and twelve prints made by members of the Society of American Graphic Artists and presented by them to the Museum as a memorial to John Taylor Arms; through Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than forty paintings and drawings by the French-American Surrealist Yves Tanguy, in a retrospective reviewing the years from 1926 until his death last January; through Oct. 30.... ¶ Twenty canvases from the early period (1913-19) of Giorgio de Chirico's career; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Small sculptures in silver, dating from early Egyptian to the present, with pieces by José de Creeft, Richard Lippold, and David Smith; through Oct. 16.... ¶ A juried show of works in all mediums by alumni of the Museum's art school, including Louis Finkelstein, Edmond Casarella, and Vincent Longo; through Oct. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Water colors (fifty-six) and woodcuts (sixteen) by native students at the Cyrene Mission school, in Southern Rhodesia; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Selection V," consisting of recent acquisitions ("Composition," by Willem de Kooning, is one) and previously unexhibited paintings from the Museum's collection (including "Artist's Sister," by Chagall), as well as paintings and sculptures from earlier Selections; through Oct. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial exhibition devoted to the works of Reginald Marsh (1898-1954). Included are oils, water colors, drawings, and prints, plus photographs and drawings of murals. Through Nov. 6. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 6—Wednesday evening, Oct. 5: "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (in English).... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 6: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 7: "La Bohème."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English).... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 8: "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here, with Emil Gilels, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

SANTA CECILIA CHOIR—Bonaventura Somma directing the first New York appearance of this group from Rome. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

INTERVAL CONCERTS—The last two in a series of ten programs. Friday, Sept. 30: Joseph Marx,

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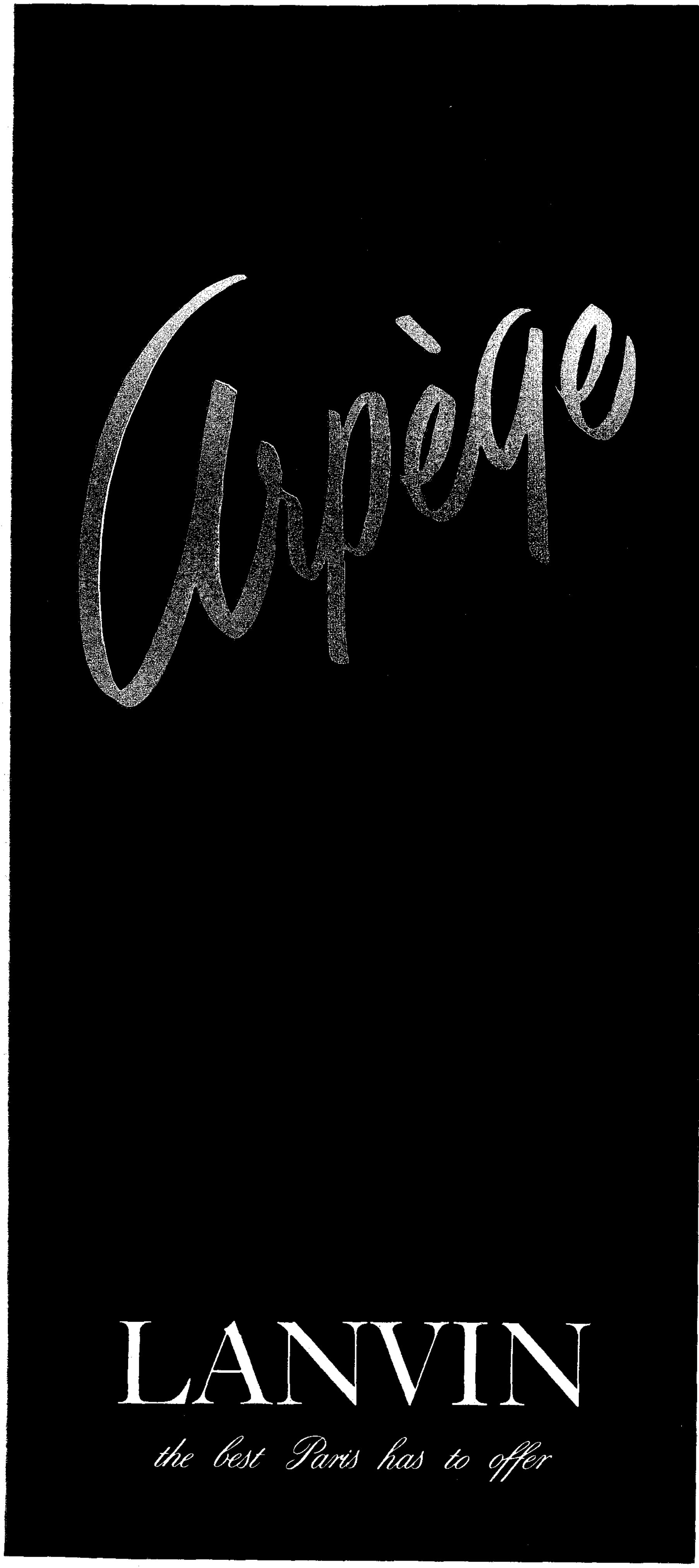
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oboe; Harold Kohon, violin; Philip Fatt, clarinet; and Russell Sherman, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 2: Joseph Bloch, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call DA 3-8091.)

Margaret Tobias—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Anahid Ajemian—Violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

Amadeus Quartet—Chamber music. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Sigmund Spaeth Testimonial Concert—The participants include Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; Benno Rabinof, violin; Martha Wright, soprano; and Andy Arcari, accordion. For the benefit of the Louis Braille Music Institute. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Mantovani—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 5, and Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. Dodgers. The second game, Thursday, Sept. 29, at Yankee Stadium; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games at Ebbets Field, Friday through Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. After that, if the tug of war is still on, back to Yankee Stadium for final games on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 3-4. All games will start at 1, except on Sunday, when things will get under way at 2. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 1 (all at 2): Army vs. Penn State, at West Point.... ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover.... ¶ Harvard vs. Massachusetts, at Cambridge.... ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton.... ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 8: Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 2.... ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 2.... ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Oct. 2.).... ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 8.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Belle Meade Country Club, Nashville, Tenn. Through Saturday, Oct. 1.)

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 7-9.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 5, and Saturday, Oct. 8.)

Polo—At the HUNTINGTON POLO CLUB, Huntington: Fridays at 8.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3:30.... PIPING ROCK CLUB, Locust Valley: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 19. The Woodward and the Matron, Saturday, Oct. 1; the Lawrence Realization, Thursday, Oct. 6; and the Futurity and the Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 8, through Saturday, Nov. 5. (A train will leave Penn Station at 10 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40 until Sunday, Oct. 2, after which post time for the first race will be at 8:25; through

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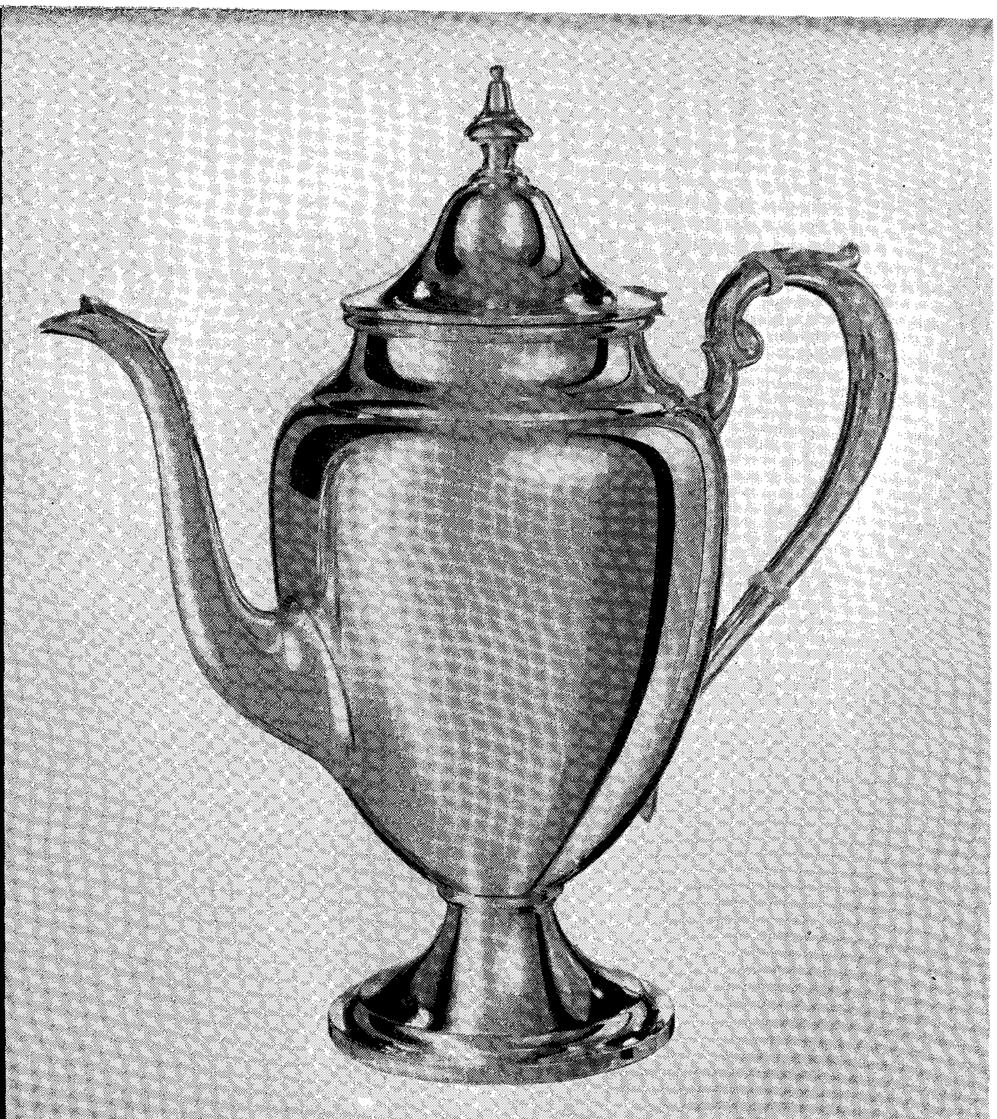

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday, Nov. 15. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mt. Vernon.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Sunday mornings, on WCBS-TV from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS—An exhibition including illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries; early classical texts—Aristotle (1483) and Livy (1470); and autograph manuscripts and letters of, among others, Voltaire, Franklin, Poe, and Disraeli. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

JAPANESE HOUSE—A traditional Japanese house patterned after sixteenth- and seventeenth-century models is on view again this year in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 16. (4 W. 54th St. Weekdays, noon to 6:30; Sundays, 1 to 6:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Trip to the Moon," accompanies a scientific party on a visit to the earth's nearest neighbor. Starting Saturday, Oct. 1, there will be a new show, "The Planetarium Story," commemorating two decades of astronomical education. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 1:45: Furniture, including some Sheraton, Louis XV, and Louis XVI; Georgian and other silver; eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings; Oriental rugs; porcelains, among them Derby, Worcester, and Dresden; and other objects of art. The property of Mrs. Harold C. Block and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 4-5, at 1:45: Books, pamphlets, autograph letters, and documents pertaining to Napoleon and the French Revolution, plus other literary material; from the libraries of Mrs. Andre de Coppet and the late Isaac F. Row.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BOXING—Wallace Smith vs. Jimmy Carter, 15 rounds for the World Lightweight Championship. (Cincinnati. Oct. 19.) . . . ¶ Bobo Olson vs. Ray Robinson, 15 rounds for the World Middleweight Championship. (Chicago. Nov. 4.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 19, 23, 26, 29, and Nov. 9 and 13.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 22-29.) . . . ¶ Secor Farms Riding Club Horse Show. (White Plains, N.Y. Oct. 23.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 1-8.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 15.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 22.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting.

(Middleburg, Va. Oct. 29.)... ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 5.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the Polo Grounds—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Oct. 16; Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 23; Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Oct. 30; and Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, Nov. 13.

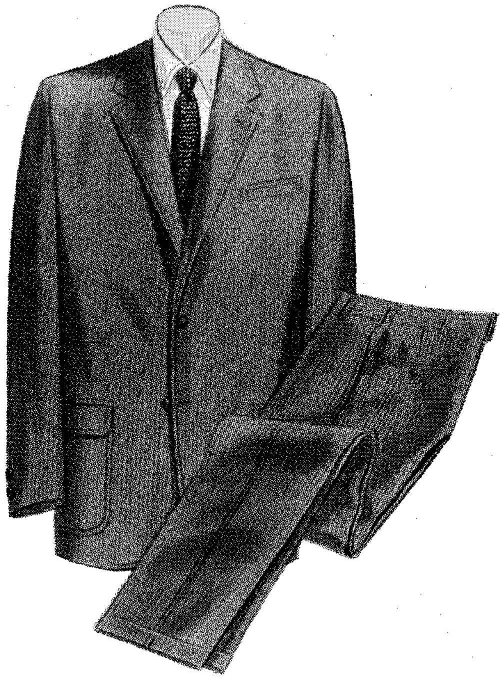
RACING—**UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK:** Oct. 20-21.... **JAMAICA:** Oct. 22-Nov. 15.... **LAUREL**, Md.: Oct. 28-Nov. 15.

MUSIC—**OPERA:** The Metropolitan Opera season will open Nov. 14, with "The Tales of Hoffmann," and will run through April 14.... **CARNEGIE HALL:** Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Oct. 20.... ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Oct. 11 and 16.... ¶ Symphony of the Air and Oratorio Society of New York, Oct. 13.... ¶ Philharmonia Orchestra of London, Oct. 25, 26, and 28, and Nov. 13.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 1 and 15.... ¶ Marian Anderson, contralto, Nov. 4.... ¶ Symphony of the Air, Nov. 9.... ¶ Oscar Shumsky, violin, Nov. 11.... ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Charles Munch conducting, Nov. 16 and 19. ... **TOWN HALL:** Claudio Arrau, piano, Oct. 15 and 29 and Nov. 12.... ¶ Ervin Laszlo, piano, Oct. 16.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 17 and Nov. 7.... ¶ Little Singers of Paris, Oct. 20.... ¶ New York Pro Musica Antiqua, Oct. 22.... ¶ Dorothy Maynor, soprano, Oct. 24.... ¶ Mary Bothwell, soprano, Oct. 25.... ¶ Leonard Pennario, piano, Oct. 31.... ¶ New York Concert Choir and Orchestra, Nov. 4.... ¶ Knickerbocker Chamber Players, Nov. 6.... ¶ Gerald Moore, piano, Nov. 6.... ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 8.... ¶ Geza Anda, piano, Nov. 14.... ¶ American Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 15. ... **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490 for tickets): Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Oct. 22.... ¶ Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Lucine Amara and Dolores Wilson, sopranos; Kurt Baum, tenor; Josef Metternich, baritone; and Gerhard Pechner, bass, Nov. 5.... ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Nov. 12.... **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Regimental Band and Massed Pipers and Dancers of the Scots Guards, Oct. 27.

BALLET—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, Nov. 8-Jan. 1.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revue, "Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure..." for which the British comedienne has supplied the sketches and lyrics and Richard Addinsell the music. Miss Grenfell will be supported by a trio of dancers.... ¶ George Axelrod's new comedy, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," with Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Walter Matthau, and Martin Gabel.... ¶ Shirley Booth in a comedy by William Marchant entitled "The Desk Set." ... ¶ A comedy by Edith Sommer, "A Roomful of Roses," with Patricia Neal in the leading role.... ¶ "The Heavenly Twins," an adaptation by Louis Kronenberger of Albert Husson's French comedy, starring Jean Pierre Aumont and Faye Emerson.... ¶ "No Time for Sergeants," a comedy by Ira Levin based on the novel of the same name by Mac Hyman; Myron McCormick, Roddy McDowall, and Andy Griffith are the principals.... ¶ A limited engagement by the Comédie Française—for the first two weeks, Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme;" the third week, Beaumarchais's "Le Barbier de Séville" and Marivaux's "Arlequin Poli par l'Amour;" and the final week, Marivaux's "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard" and de Musset's "Un Caprice."... ¶ Gladys Cooper and Siobhan McKenna in "The Chalk Garden," a play by Enid Bagnold.... ¶ A melodrama, by Leonard Lee, "Deadfall," in which Joanne Dru, John Ireland, and Sheila Bond will appear.... ¶ "Reuben Reuben," a musical with book, lyrics, and score by Marc Blitzstein, and with a cast headed by Eddie Albert, Kaye Ballard, and George Gaynes. ... ¶ Shelley Winters and Ben Gazzara in "A Hatful of Rain," a play by Michael V. Gazzo.... ¶ "Delilah," a musical starring Carol Channing. The book is by John Latouche and Sam Locke, the music by James Mundy, and the lyrics by Mr. Latouche.

OTHER DATES—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 10-15.... ¶ Columbus Day is Wednesday, Oct. 12.... ¶ Daylight Saving Time ends Sunday, Oct. 30.... ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 8. ... ¶ Veterans' Day is Friday, Nov. 11.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

GATE OF HELL—Thirteenth-century Japan is the scene of this beautiful, highly dramatic film, which was made in the Orient and offers some very artful acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

I AM A CAMERA—Julie Harris having a wonderful time as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. She is supported in this English film by Laurence Harvey, Shelley Winters, and Anton Diffring. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

MARTY—A fine little picture in which the love life of a Bronx butcher compels both laughter and tears. Ernest Borgnine is a most persuasive denizen of the northern borough, and Betsy Blair is excellent as the lady of his dreams. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS—A French film, in which Fernandel gives a hilarious portrayal of a Gallic father and all five forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE SHRIKE—What a rapacious wife can do to a sensitive man. José Ferrer is extremely effective as a husband who tries to end his marital difficulties by consuming a few too many barbiturates, but the film is weakened because June Allyson, representing Mr. Ferrer's chief problem, seems to be too nice a girl to drive anybody to anything stronger than 7-Up. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 5.)

SUMMERTIME—Some stunning views of Venice make an admirable background for this tale of an Akron, Ohio, spinster who journeys to the Adriatic to be edified by the storied wonders of Italy and winds up having a fling with an Italian antique dealer. Katharine Hepburn is quite diverting as the spinster, and Rossano Brazzi is estimable as the gentleman who makes her abandon her reserve. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Oct. 5.)

REVIVALS

A NOUS, LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair deals, to very good effect, with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 2-4.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 4-5.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 29.)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 5.)

NEW FACES (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 29.)

NOTORIOUS (1946)—More Hitchcock, this time on a spy tour of Brazil. Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 4-5.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Philip Barry's play, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting Sept. 30.)

A PLACE IN THE SUN (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 29.)

RED RIVER (1948)—Action in the West, with all the trimmings. Montgomery Clift and John Wayne head the cast. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 2-4.)

THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Oct. 2: "Industrial Britain" (1933), produced by John Grierson and Robert Flaherty; and "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 3: "The Man I Killed" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Lionel Barrymore. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The McConnell Story," Alan Ladd, June Allyson.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"To Hell and Back," Audie Murphy, Marshall Thompson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 4: "You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From Oct. 5, at 8:30. "The Desperate Hours," Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March. (A limited number of seats will be available to the public on opening night.)

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Ulysses," Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Night of the Hunter," Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"It's Always Fair Weather," Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 4: "To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
From Oct. 5: "Blood Alley," John Wayne, Lauren Bacall.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Left Hand of God," Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Phenix City Story," John McIntire, Richard Kiley.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"My Sister Eileen," Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, Betty Garrett.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), revival, Fernandel; and "Carmen" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.

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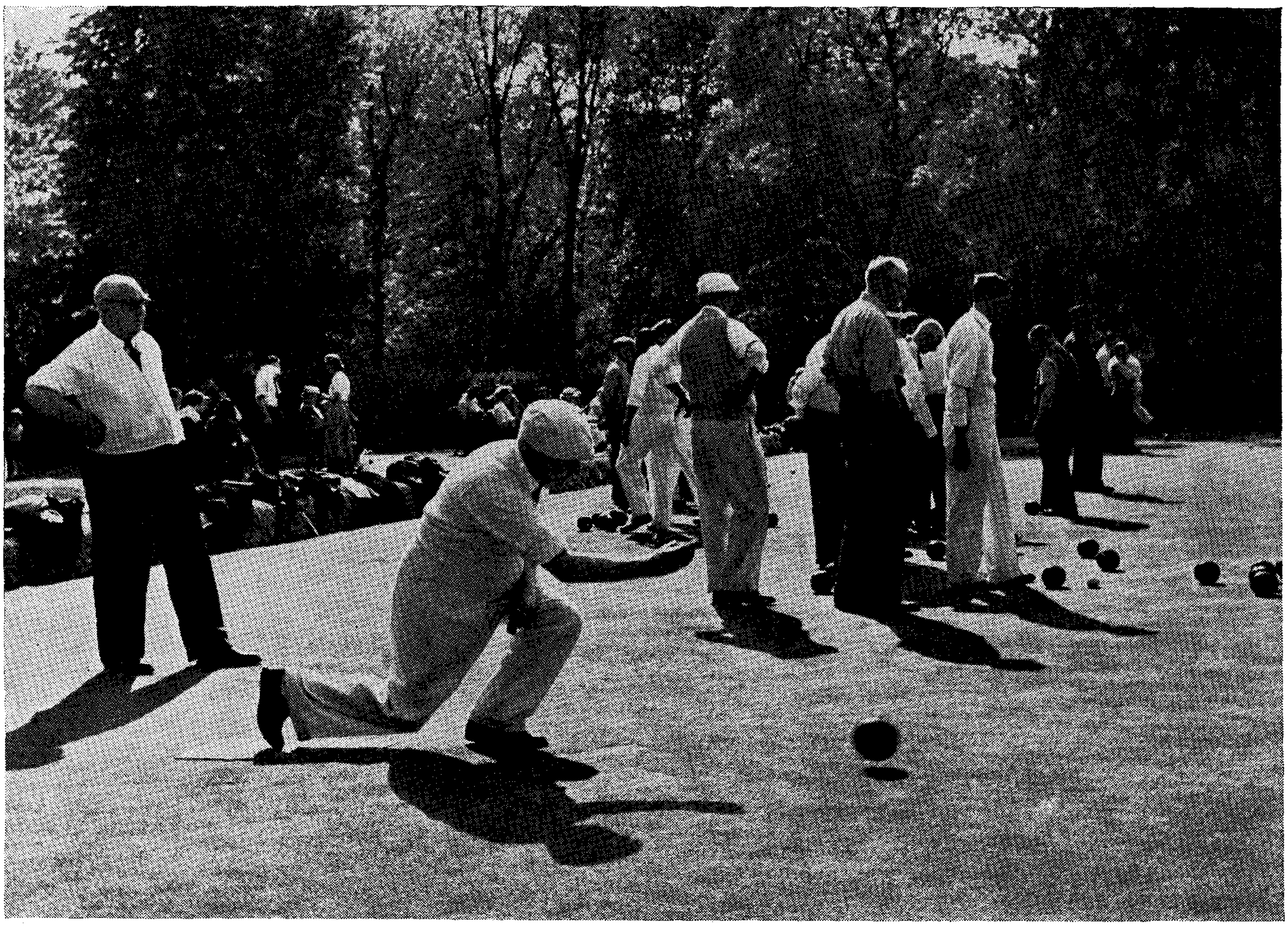

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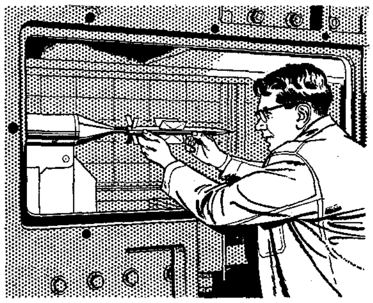

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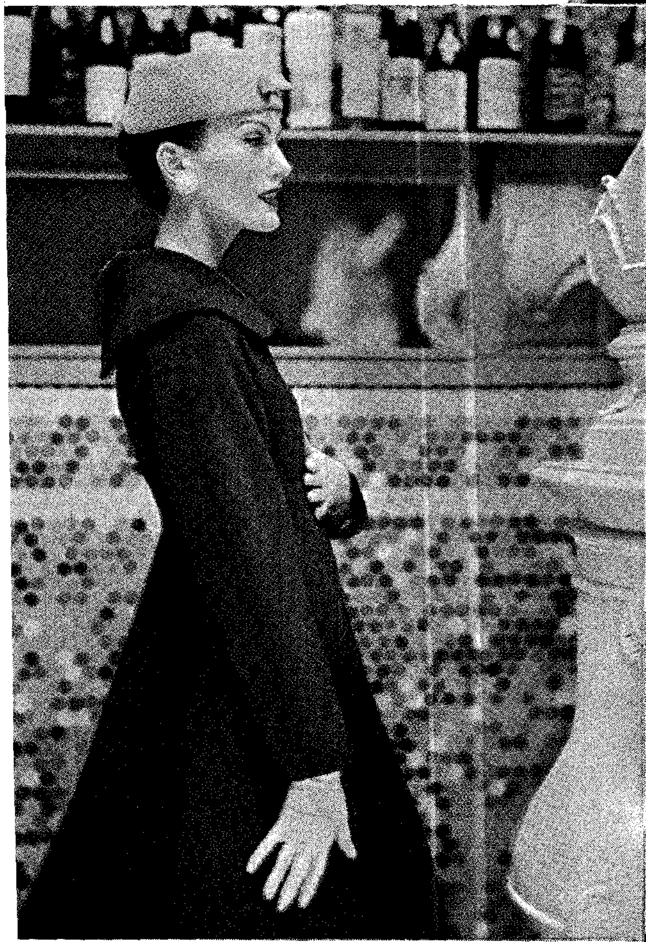

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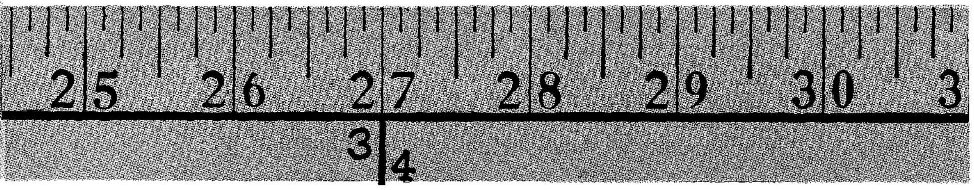

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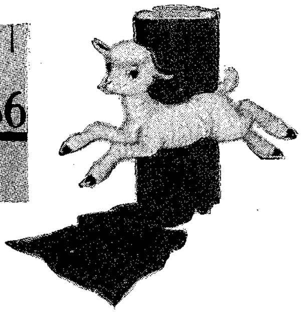

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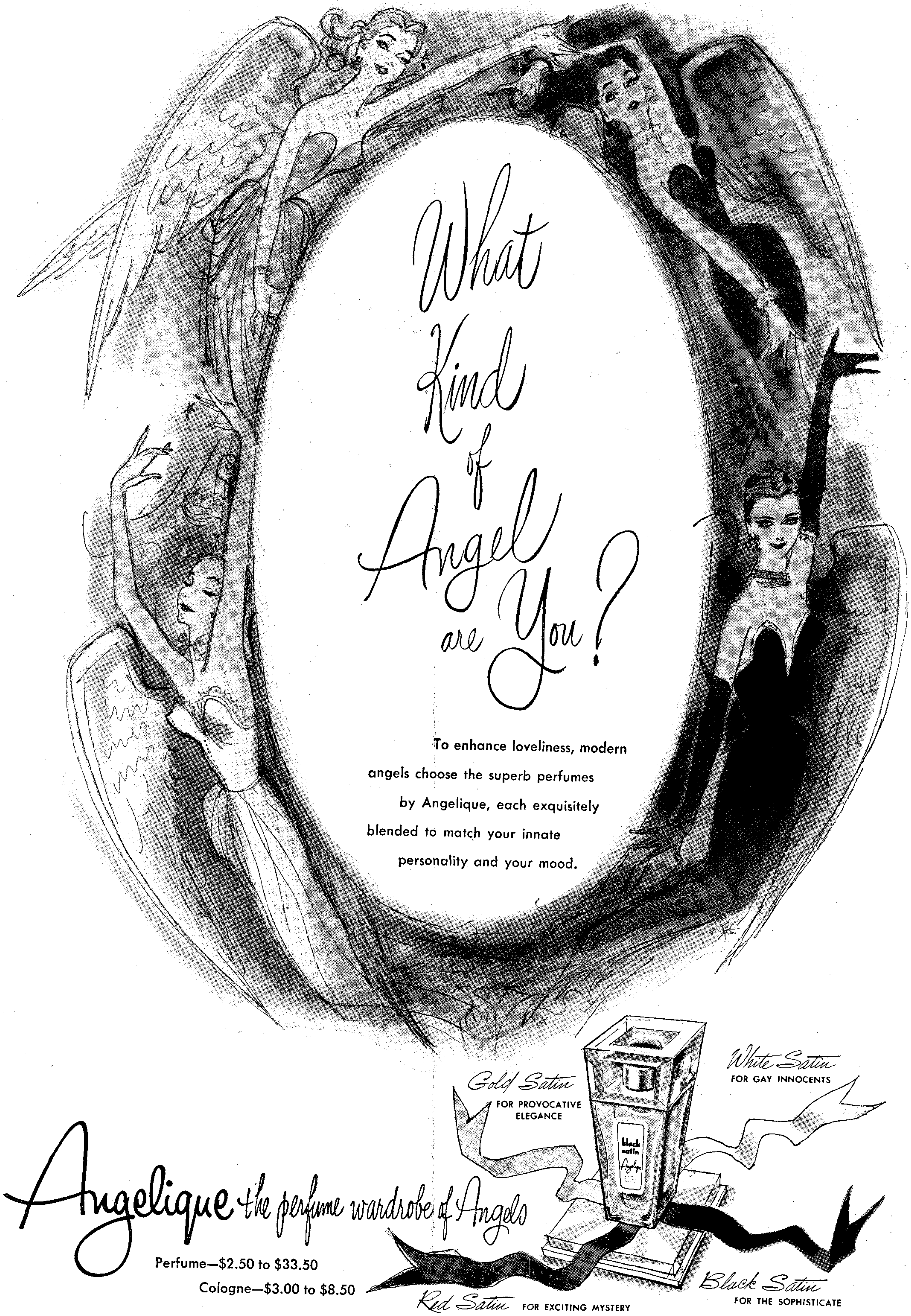
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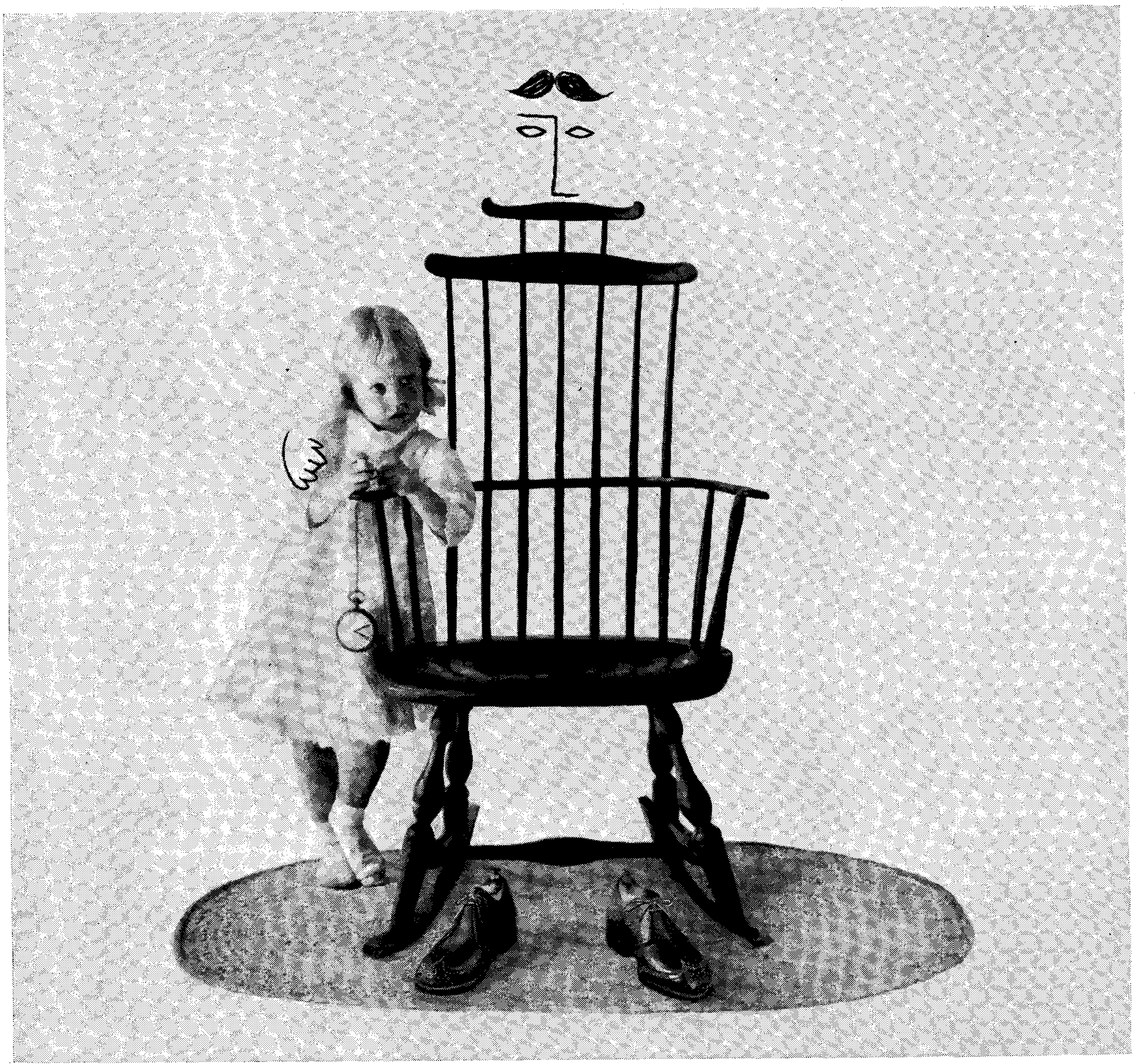

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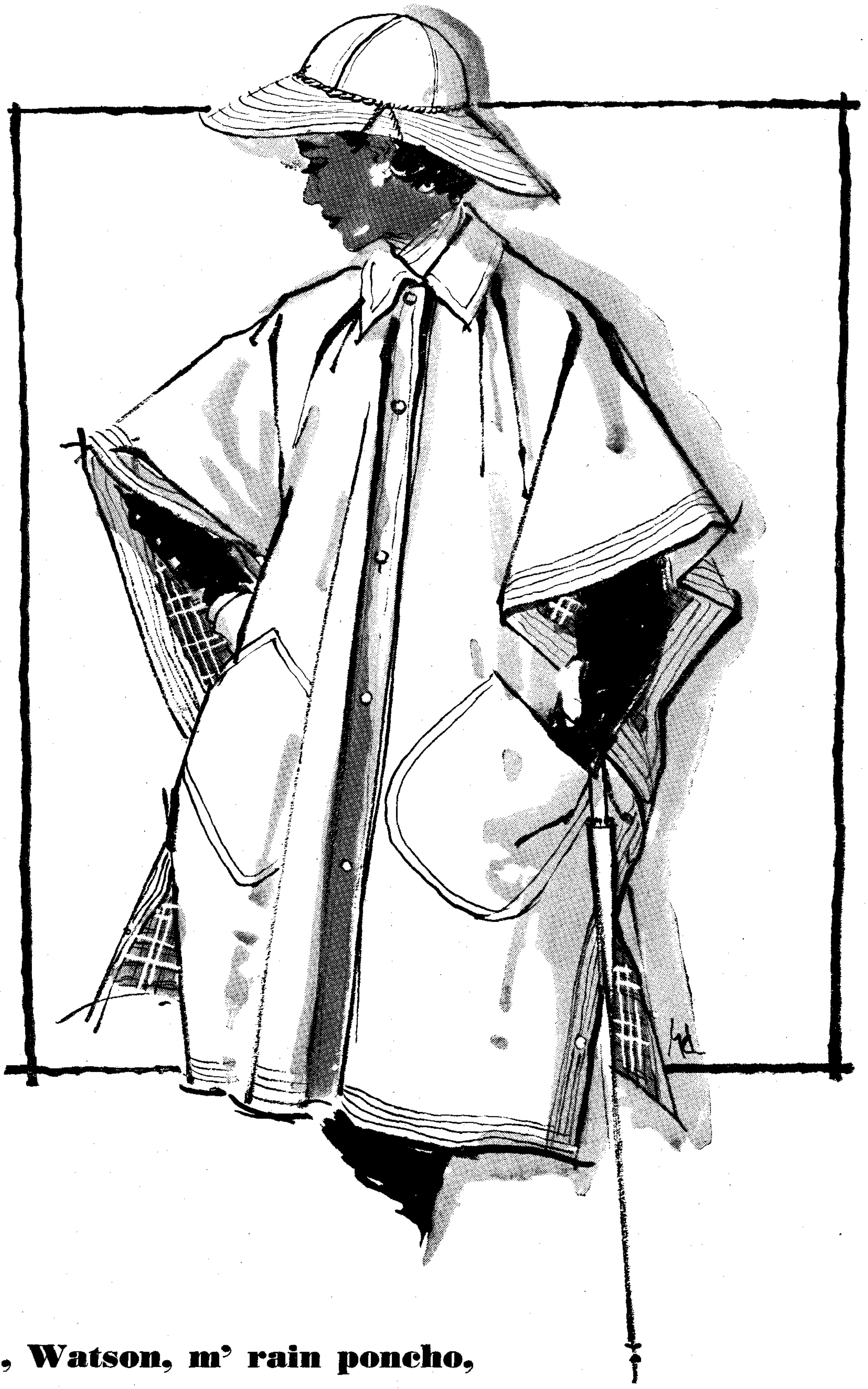

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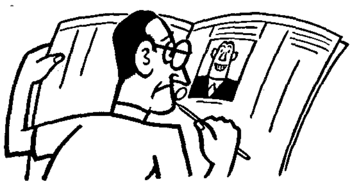
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A Bespectacled gentleman who had his picture in the *Times* not long ago—he'd just been elected to a corporation directorship—has received a number of congratulatory letters from friends who saw his face there. He's also heard from a company unknown to him, which wrote, "Seeing how your eyeglass frames slide down, we cannot help but feel that you will be grateful to know about our Ear-Loks, which would serve you to excellent advantage." This is resourceful salesmanship, we must say—hitting a potential customer who has been publicly exposed as needing your product, and hitting him hard, smack in the vanity. But we do worry a little about the Ear-Loks manufacturers. Even without our glasses, we can sadly visualize them digging through the *Times* day after day in search of prospects. It surely must throw their grasp of world affairs all out of whack.

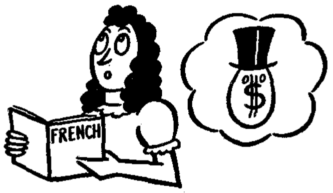
Do many people, we wonder, read publications from so special a viewpoint—the dentist brooding every time he spots a gap-toothed mouth, the service-station attendant gasping at the low pressure in the tire of an actress's convertible? We've tried fleetingly to project ourself into this kind of mood. For our experiment, we picked the cover of the current issue of *Life*. On the cover are Harry and Bess Truman, in color, standing in front of their home in Independence. What a revelation! Mr. Truman, we conclude, could do with some Ear-Loks himself. Moreover, if we were in the roofing business, we'd drop him a tactful line about that section over the porch, which we cannot help but feel could stand a patch job. Mrs. Truman looks fine, but how about that grass behind her? It wouldn't surprise us to learn she's already heard from the Golden Vigoro folks.

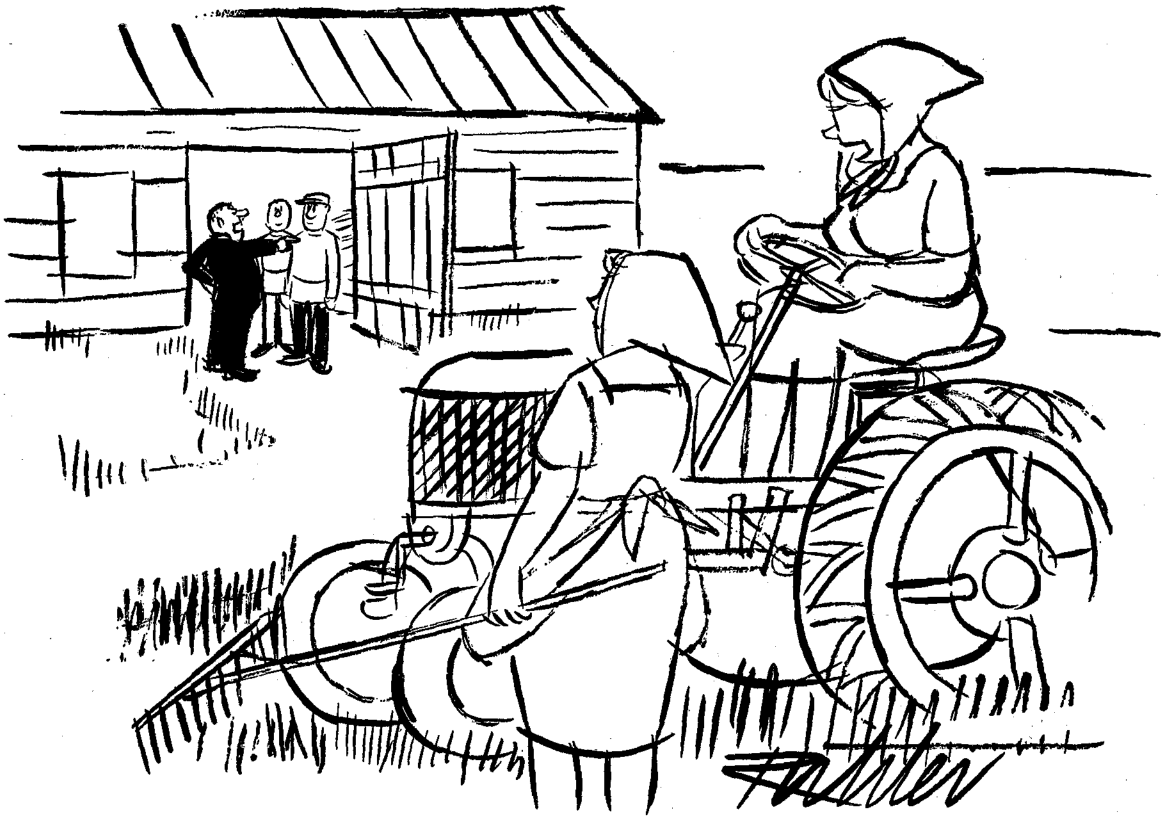


Miss D'Oyly Carte

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company has just descended upon New York, for the sixth time since 1880, and we've just had a talk with Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte, its managing directress and a granddaughter of its founder, Richard D'Oyly Carte. "My grandfather started it in 1875, to produce Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and subsequently took in Gilbert and Sullivan as partners," she said. "He died in 1901, before I was born. His widow, who was his second wife and my father's stepmother, ran it for a while, and in 1913 turned it over to my father, Rupert. He rejuvenated it after the First World War. When he died, in 1948, he left it to me. It's come here after twelve weeks in Colorado, California, and Chicago, and after nine weeks in New York it will tour Toronto, Montreal, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia. Then home for a run in England and a four-week vacation before it goes on tour again. We're known as the Civil Service of the theatre—employ our people forty-eight weeks a year and give them a paid vacation. Sixty in the company—chorus of thirty-eight, ten or eleven principals, and the rest staff. They simply *adore* 'Pinafore' in America. In England and Australia, 'The Mikado' is the great favorite. This visit, we've brought over 'Ruddigore,' which we haven't done in some time. It's a great favorite with amateur companies. The copyright on the music lapsed in 1950, but we hold the rights on the words, at least in England, so amateur companies there pay us a royalty. The lyrics aren't copyrighted here. I think one reason Gilbert and Sullivan is so popular here is that Americans are glad to know that the English can laugh at themselves. We have a number of Gilbert's early promptbooks. The margins are full of his doodles. He doodled his own face a lot."

Miss D'Oyly Carte, an attractive, brown-eyed lady, whom we interviewed in her suite at the Ambassador, paused to light a cigarette, and we asked her where she was born. "Practically in Trafalgar Square," she said. "I was educated at private schools in London and on the Continent. I had a finishing governess who was supposed to teach you French and sort of chaperone you at dances. It's funny how the finishing governess has died out. I never liked mine anyway. How the world has changed! When I was a young girl, you were expected to learn French and marry a rich man. Well, I know a little French. I'm a third-generation hotel executive. My grandfather founded the Savoy Hotels Corporation, my father was board chairman of it, and I'm the only woman on the board. We own Claridge's, the Savoy, and the Berkeley. I'm responsible for their décor and have something to do with the cabaret in the Savoy. I live at the Savoy and have a country house in Buckinghamshire, where I raise shrubs. My father was a great man for shrubs. My grandfather was a good mixer, but my father was shy. I'm rather shy. My mother lives in the West Indies. She brought us up—I had a brother, who died in his twenties—with a lot of animals. Snakes, hamsters, and so forth. Our garden in Devonshire was





"Ever since he got back it's been Iowa this and Iowa that, until it's reached the point where I wish he'd stayed in Iowa."

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teeming with animals. My brother and I had to look after the damn things. I rather dislike animals, but I rather vaguely have a cat, to kill mice. I don't like the cat much, but I like mice less. D'Oyly is a family name, originally Norman—Duillé. I just flew here from London for the New York opening, so I missed Colorado and the rest, but I understand the reception in Central City was wonderful. Indians came down. Did you know that Indians like Gilbert and Sullivan?"

We said we weren't surprised, and took our leave.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The craftsman who makes pipes in the window of the Wilke Pipe Shop, at 400 Madison Avenue, smokes cigars while he works.

The Arcadia Ballroom, over on Broadway, has a sign on its marquee inviting one and all to "dance in an atmosphere of intimate opulence."

Temporary

THIS is an age of little tiny wonders as well as great big ones, and we're eager to tell you about the latest little wonder we've encountered—a talking elevator. It's true that, everything else being equal, we'd prefer a silent elevator to a talking one, but if the choice lies between an elevator that talks and an elevator operator that talks, we'll take the former every time. The talking elevator is self-service, and its hollow, tape-recorded voice is limited to a few pertinent remarks; there's no chance of its stopping between floors to relay the latest joke or peddle sweepstakes tickets. Besides, the talking elevator is a *temporary* little wonder, which makes it less fearsome. It has been devised to help gain a greater acceptance for self-service elevators, which manufacturers have now brought to a pitch of more than human adroitness but which the public apparently remains somewhat leery of. Although most of the elevators being installed in our big new office and apartment buildings are designed to be automatic, they will be run by operators until the owners of the buildings are convinced that the tenants have become brave enough to do their own button-pushing; when that day arrives, operators will be dispensed with and talking elevators will be made to shut up.

The talking elevator we've been listening to is the only one we know of locally. It's No. 5 in a bank of ten elevators in the shiny new National Distillers Building, at 99 Park Avenue. (The nine other elevators all have operators, and even the talking elevator is given an operator during rush hours.) No. 5 was just reaching the ground floor as we came abreast of it. The doors slid open without a word, disclosing a cab with rich-looking brown walls and a mouse-brown carpet. We hesitated before entering, and the elevator uttered an irritated buzzing sound. No sooner had we stepped inside than the elevator said, "Press your floor button, please!" Before we could choose a likely button, the elevator repeated its request, this time with a hint of impatience in its well-bred voice. Hastily, we pushed "14," the highest number on the panel. The doors closed smoothly and the elevator started up. At the eighth floor, it stopped, opened its doors, and said sharply, "Going up!" A man got in and pressed the "13" button. We shot up in silence to the thirteenth floor, where the man got off. On reaching the fourteenth floor, the elevator stopped and opened its doors, but we stayed aboard. "Going down!" said the elevator, and we seized that moment to test its response to an unexpected delay. We laid a hand against the rubber edge of one of the doors as it started to close. "Release the door, please!" the elevator said, in such a commanding tone that we did so at once, and the doors slid shut. Having pushed the "1" button, we started down, and at about the halfway mark we decided to see what sort of conversation the red emergency button on the panel would provoke. We pressed the button, and the elevator stopped and said, "The car has stopped because the red emergency button has been pressed. If the emergency has passed, pull the button out." Humbly, we pulled the button out.

We reached the ground floor without a whisper of reproach and instantly telephoned the Westinghouse people, makers of the talking elevator, to learn some of its secrets. Whose voice is it, we wanted to know. An N.B.C. announcer's voice, Westinghouse said, and volunteered the information that the tape is located in the penthouse above the elevator shaft and is connected by cable to a loudspeaker hidden in the ceiling of the cab. Each of the messages we had heard came in response to an electronic signal. For example, "Press your floor button, please" comes soon after a passenger merely enters the elevator. How does the elevator know a passenger is there? By weighing him, that's how. Under the carpet is a scale, which notes every change of weight as passengers get on and off. The admonition "Release the door, please" results from the interruption of an electronic beam called the Traffic Sentinel, and this device also controls the speed and force with which the doors are closed. Westinghouse told us that there is still another message in the elevator's repertory. If something goes wrong with the elevator machinery, the voice says, "An automatic protective device has stopped the car. Please press the alarm bell to notify the engineer." We asked what would happen if a passenger fainted and couldn't press the alarm bell. "Wouldn't make a bit of difference," said Westinghouse. "The engineer is notified automatically. We added that message to give the passenger a feeling of participation. We don't need the passenger's help, we just like him to *think* we do. The human touch, you know."

Gourmet

WE'VE just got hold of yet another note from a small boy to his parents. "Dear Mom and Dad," it runs. "The school is O.K. The masters are O.K. Only thing is the food. Its so bad I have gnawsher all the time. Love, Dickie."

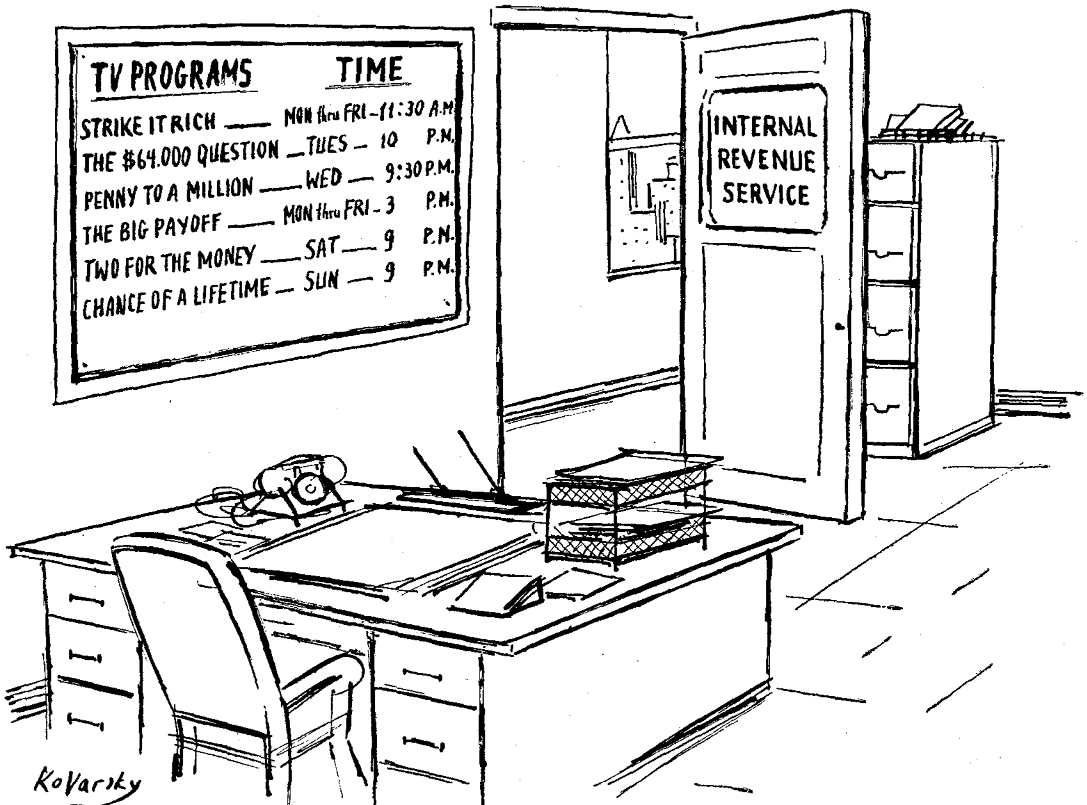
Identification

A PHILADELPHIA gentleman has written to tell us about a bit of difficulty he has just had with Strawbridge & Clothier, a Philadelphia department store. It seems the gentleman went into S. & C. to pick up a few items and, finding that he hadn't brought along his charge plate, produced his driver's license for identification. Shortly afterward, he received a bill from the store, addressed to Mrs. Hazel Brown, which he inadvertently opened. He was surprised to find that Mrs. Brown had bought the same things he had, and on the same day. He asked S. & C. to straighten the matter out. The store replied that Mrs. Brown, of his address, had indeed charged the goods, using as identification Pennsylvania Driver's License No. 347445. The gentleman took a look at his license. It was his number, all right. The license also accounted for the lady, since the top line of information on the certificate read: "6′, 210, Hazel, Brown."

Building Doctor

THE only full-time free-lance building doctor in the country is Professor Walter C. Voss, licensed architect, registered engineer, author of "Fireproof Construction," "Concrete Work" (two volumes), and "Architectural Construction" (three volumes), and professor emeritus of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where until 1953 he headed the Department of Building Engineering and Construction. Resident in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, he is pulled to Texas or to Toronto by a call to be at the bedside of a sagging, settling, or swelling edifice. The other day, he stopped off at the main office of the Turner Construction Company, at 420 Lexington Avenue, and there we met him. Although he is sixty-seven, his frame's degree of flexion seemed high, and there was no sign of exterior spalling or warping.

"A building is the most complex thing we make," he said. "It is fashioned from the desires of the owner, the knowledge of the architect, and the resources of the contractor. Site, climate, materials, purpose—all the factors are never identical. A doctor of human beings deals with two structures—the man and the woman—and the same problems keep arising. In my business, every problem is new. Much of the time, I'm locking the door after the horse is stolen. The trouble begins when an architect ignores the structural and chemical facts of life. There are five fundamental forces of nature: heat, light, water, gravity, and wind. You might include a sixth—the ideas of man—but a lot of the time this force exerts no influence on a building. Some architects are drawing details that have been obsolete for thirty years, just because they appear in a book. Between the design and the job there exists an abyss. For instance, everybody knows that materials expand when heated. An ordinary brick wall laid with a rigid mortar can grow as much as three-quarters of an inch in a hundred feet. The consequent compressive stress may be from eight hundred to a thousand


TV PROGRAMS TIME
STRIKE IT RICH — MON thru FRI - 11:30 A.M.
THE $64.000 QUESTION — TUES - 10 P.M.
PENNY TO A MILLION — WED — 9:30 P.M.
THE BIG PAYOFF — MON thru FRI - 3 P.M.
TWO FOR THE MONEY — SAT — 9 P.M.
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME — SUN — 9 P.M.
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
Kovarsky

pounds per square inch. I've seen long factory fronts, built without any relief expansion joints, that were step-cracked clear up the wall at both ends. On the other hand, heat can also shrink. Take a water-bearing synthetic unit, like concrete block, lay it green, and when it dries there will be a thin crack between the block and the mortar. Water travels faster through these cracks than through an open window. Capillary suction. Contraction can also come about in other ways. In a tall building, the steel or reinforced concrete frame—especially reinforced concrete—tends to consolidate when weight is placed on it. I remember a warehouse only seven stories tall that shortened more than two inches under load. And up in Canada the consolidation of the frame of an office building put the brick veneer under such pressure that it was bulging out, ready to fall. Nothing to do but remove the bulged brick and reset with a resilient mortar.

"Of course, the devil can be plain chemistry. I was called out to look at a building in California. It had been faced with ceramic tiles—beautiful things. Around the windows—and there were nine hundred of them—every tile was spalled. The contractor said the tile was no good. The tile was fine. The architect blamed it all on poor workmanship. They always say that. What had happened was that the aluminum sash frames, in contact with the mortar, began to corrode, forming aluminum hydroxide. Always keep lime away from aluminum. The mounting growth of crystals of aluminum hydroxide exerts a pressure of a ton per square inch. With iron oxide, it's two tons per square inch. 'But,' they said, 'the aluminum sash was coated with bituminous paint to prevent just such corrosion.' That was true. The sash is coated at the factory. The trouble is that between the factory and the actual installation there is plenty of rough handling, and the sash gets scored. What the aluminum people should do is tape the corners of the sash, where there will be the most contact, before they deliver it. As for the building, it needs substantial repairs. Such pretty tiles, too." He shook his head. "Economy, low maintenance, durability—at every step of the way these must be considered."

Our conversation, as conversations involving durability will, worked around to the Pyramids. "I helped develop a theory as to how they were built," Professor Voss said. "It's quite a problem. All they had, besides oodles of manpower, was the wheel and axle, the wedge, and the skid. A direct ramp leading to a Pyramid would have contained more material than the Pyramid itself. We decided that a mud-and-rubble ramp spiralling"—he made a spiralling gesture with his forefinger—"up the sides was the way they lifted the stones. When the job was finished, they removed the ramp as they worked their way down again. Remnants of this type of ramp have been found around other Egyptian buildings."

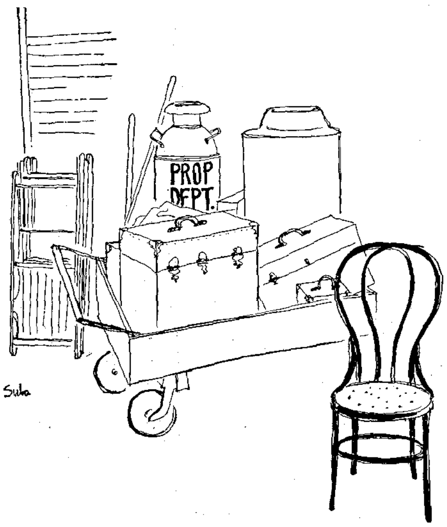
We asked Professor Voss what he knows about the Great Wall of China. "The mortar consists of slaked lime, sand, rice, and blood, possibly human," he said.

Definitive

THE Fire Department in Bedford Village recently sent residents up there a sticker that is supposed to be pasted on the front of their telephone books. It bears the telephone numbers for emergency calls to the Fire Department, the Police Department, the hospital, and so on, and then, under the heading "Other Calls," it lists some places and people the local residents might wish to get in touch with at odd moments, and gives them in this order: Bank, Beauty Shop, Drugstore, Dry Cleaner, Garage, Groceries, Laundry, Lawyer, Repairs, School, Bar, Psychiatrist.

Mostly Good Joes

THE afternoon before the opening of the tenth annual meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, last Thursday, we went over to U.N. Headquarters to watch the early-arriving delegates exchange greetings, and found the place more like a club than ever—a club that by now is beginning to have a reassuring past.



"How was the summer in Istanbul?" a guard standing near the delegates' entrance of the General Assembly Building asked a returning delegate as the two shook hands fondly. The delegate said it had been hot, and the guard replied that in no foreign clime could the weather have been queerer than it had been locally.

We crossed the almost empty lobby, took an escalator up to the main hall of the Conference Building, which is connected with the Assembly Building, and walked along a thick-carpeted corridor to the North, or main, Delegates' Lounge. In this retreat, a long, high-ceilinged room with indirect lighting, leather-covered chairs and sofas interspersed with boxed plants, and a fine view of the Queensboro Bridge, we found a couple of dozen delegates milling around, and to judge by the number of times the greeting "*Comment ça va?*" rang out, a good percentage of the early birds were French. Several delegates, including a mysterious-looking black-haired female one, were seated in armchairs along one wall, talking earnestly on telephones. "What they did was send the original letter to Bristol along with the blasted protocol," a brisk British voice, owned by a gentleman in horn-rimmed glasses, said into one of the phones. There were, we noticed, only three briefcases in the walnut rack against the room's south wall, where delegates—or at least some delegates—trustingly leave their papers, unwatched and unchecked, while they step to the bar. (We offer the fact of this rack's existence as a free service to novelists who specialize in international intrigue.)

Having proceeded to the bar ourself—it is at the east end of the room, under a large map of the world—we took up a position between a man who was saying to one of the bartenders, "I've got to get my money," and a lone delegate, who was presently joined by a confrere.

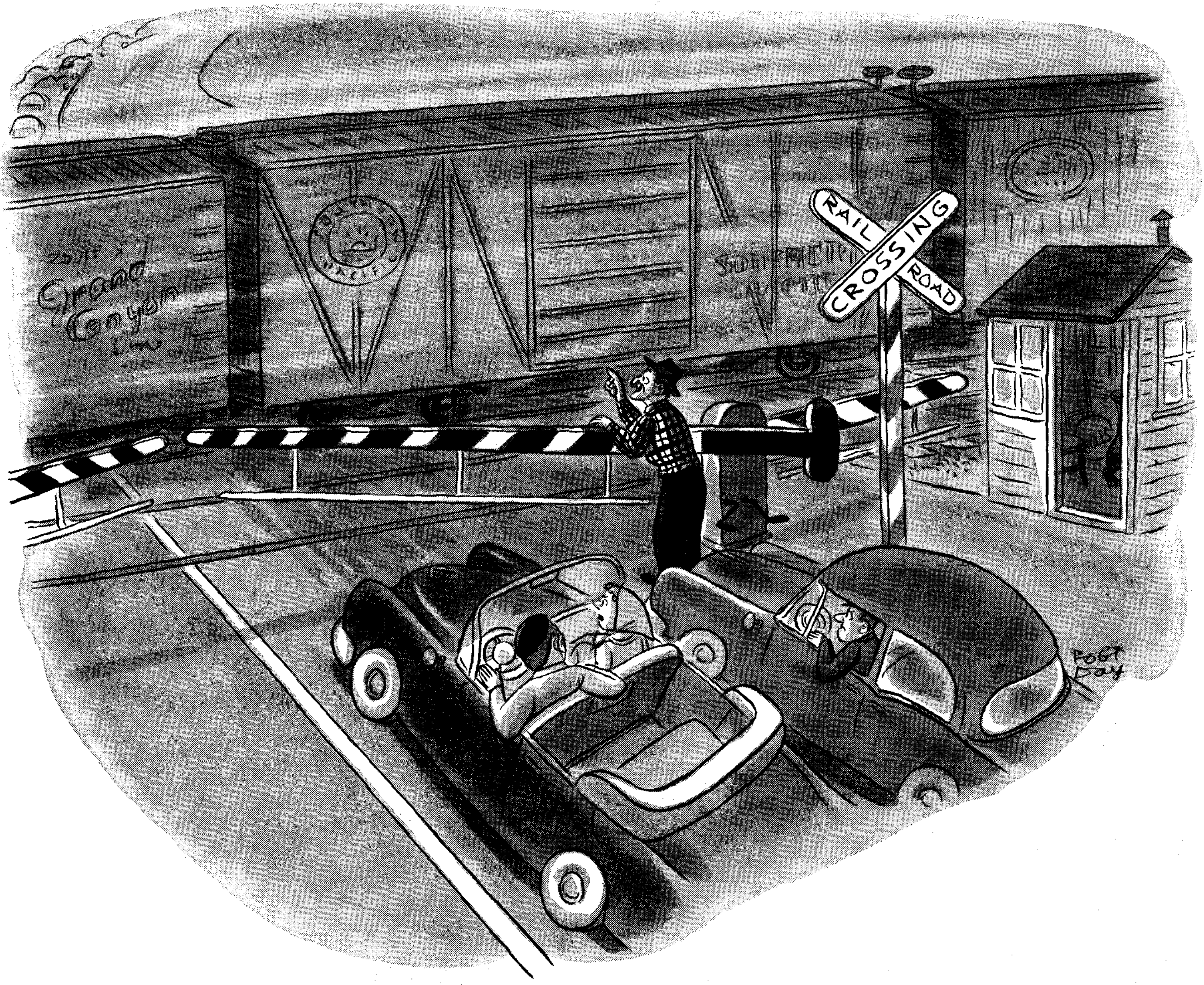
"*Comment ça va?*" demanded the confrere, seizing our neighbor's arm.

"*Le gouvernement de Perón est tombé*," said our neighbor in reply.

The newcomer nodded, made a gesture as if to grasp the situation with his hands, and turned philosophically to a bartender. "*Un* Scotch," he said.

A delegate with a mustache, who had been sitting at a table with a fetching red-headed lady, came up and asked the head bartender to identify a man sitting alone staring at the Queensboro Bridge.

"Never saw him before," said the



". . . one hundred and fourteen, one hundred and fifteen, one hundred and sixteen—which establishes an all-time record for this crossing—one hundred and seventeen, one hundred and eighteen . . ."

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bartender. "There's a lot of new faces this session."

The delegate nodded, and returned to the redhead, whereupon a lady in a purple dress offered a vase of gladioli to the head bartender, who enthusiastically accepted it and placed it among the gin bottles.

We left the North Delegates' Lounge and went down the carpeted corridor to the South one, which is smaller and more intimate. Here we found things quiet except for a trio of Englishmen, one of whom was showing photographs to the others.

"The Burmese seem to be much like the Siamese," remarked one of them.

"Yes, except that the markings about the head are somewhat different," said the owner of the photographs.

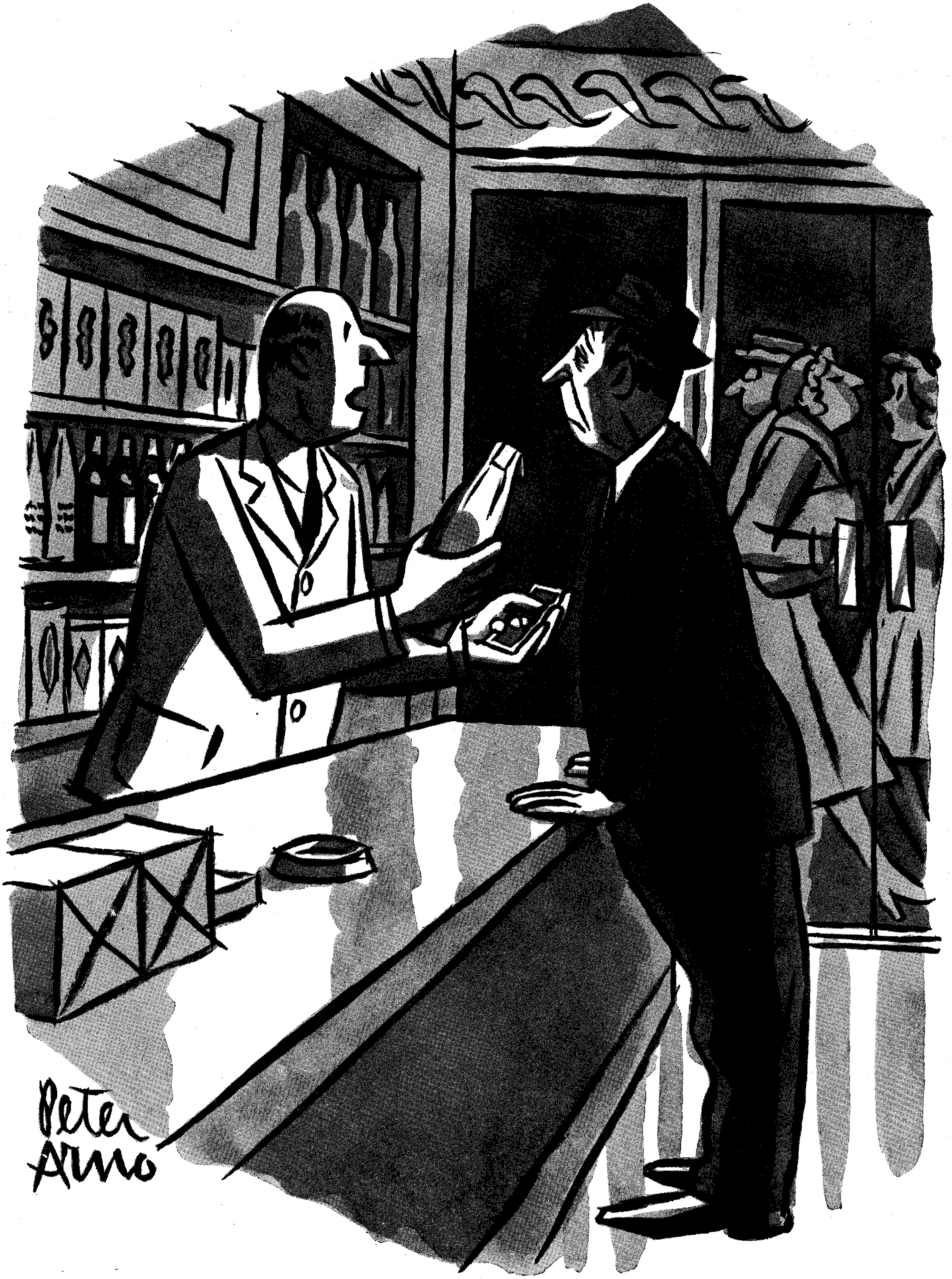
Realizing that the topic was cats and that we were not going to get the diplomatic lowdown here, we left the South Delegates' Lounge and, on our way back to the entrance, stopped off for a moment in the vast, nearly empty General Assembly Hall. The wooden placards designating the various delegations were in place on the tables in front of the empty seats, and in the row behind the sign "UKRAINIAN S.S.R." two men were trying out the seats and nodding to each other in a satisfied way. On another part of the floor, a young man with a U.N. armband, whom we took to be an experienced usher, was talking to a dozen young men without armbands, whom we took to be novice ushers.

"Of course, there are a few shmos, but you'll find that the delegates are mostly good Joes," the speaker was saying.

Noticing that the earphones on which delegates can receive translations of speeches were already hanging on the seats, we picked one up and listened for a moment. What we heard, on all six switch positions, was a high, steadily whining test signal—a futuristic sound, and an inscrutable one.

Well Informed

FOR the benefit of World Series fans who find work interfering with their concentration on baseball, we'll pass along a system that a Harvard professor of music devised sometime ago for keeping track of the games. Finding that his lectures would prevent him from following the Series, he made a deal with a janitor to burst into the lecture hall at intervals, ostensibly to fuss over a radiator or manipulate a window. While the students concentrated on the professor, the janitor would fling open his jacket, exposing a large sheet of white paper on which the latest score was written.



"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't listen to customers' troubles. This is a package store."

THE MORIBUNDANT LIFE, OR, GROW OLD ALONG WITH WHOM?

THE English lady on my right at a summer dinner party in London lifted her fluent eyebrows in a finely shaded disapproval of my observation, over the *coupe framboise*, that most of the male American writers I have known, colleagues and contemporaries, are dead. She had taken it as a bit of gaunt and sepulchral levity, and she would have slapped my wrist gracefully with her fan if she had had one. Over the coffee, I persuaded her and the rest of those at table—there were eight of us—that I was not jesting but, rather, trembling, whistling in the dark as the moonlight of Jeopardy glinted on the marble and granite names of so many of my friends and acquaintances, all of them fellow-wordmen of my own generation. I defined my generation as consisting mainly of men born in the eighteen-nineties, but with an overlap of several years each way. I mentioned Benchley, Woollcott, and Broun, who died in their middle fifties, Fitzgerald, who was forty-four, and Thomas Wolfe, born in 1900 and dead in 1938.

We had got onto the subject of the comparative longevity of writers in America and those living in Europe when someone mentioned that Laurence Housman had just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Someone else then remarked that Bernard Berenson, an American, but of long residence in Italy, was also ninety. He recalled that two other American writers had died in Italy—George Santayana, at eighty-eight, and Sinclair Lewis, who barely made his middle sixties. One of the gentlemen present, an English publisher, topped the others by reminding them that Eden Phillpotts, who was born in the year Lincoln removed General McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac, is ninety-three and writing television scripts for the B.B.C. The only elderly men of letters in America that I could think of offhand who are still alive were Robert Frost and Samuel Hopkins Adams, who are in their eighties, and Carl Sandburg and H. L. Mencken, who are in their middle seventies. But I could reel off the names of thirty fellow-countrymen whose literary careers and physical being came to an end in their fifties or forties, and at least half a dozen upon whom, though still alive, one form or another of writer's cramp has fallen. I confessed, in the warmth of the wine, that I had recently frightened myself into a cold night sweat by running the list up to ninety-eight, including newspapermen and a few editors and publishers who had written something and died soon after.

The lady on my right—the one on my left was interested mainly in children under seven—asked me if it was true that Americans can only write in certain phases of the moon and in odd parts of the house, but before I could attempt an answer, an anecdote about Gordon Craig drifted on admiring laughter down the table. It seems it had been decided earlier this year to pay homage to the memory of Mr. Craig, on the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of his first book, whereupon his admirers discovered—I don't know why it surprised them—that he was alive and eighty-three. The publisher took it from there, announcing that he had just had a note from Sir Max Beerbohm, now eighty-three and living in Italy. Beerbohm got out his latest book when he was seventy-four—"Mainly on the Air," a collection of some of the radio talks he made during the war—sprightly recollections of Victorian music halls, with snatches of old songs thrown in, and other antics that have made him one of the most popular stars on the radio.

Everybody at table knew that W. Somerset Maugham, at eighty-one, is still writing in his villa at St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat. Mr. Maugham's latest book, "The Partial View," was brought out last year, our publisher reminded us. A gentleman of voluminous knowledge of what we would call geriatrics (known in Europe simply as continuing creativity), he came up with more vital literary names and dates, which he had at his fingertips. Bertrand Russell (whose "Human Society in Ethics and Politics," non-fiction, and "Nightmares of Eminent Persons," fiction, were published last year) is eighty-three. Walter De la Mare and H. M. Tomlinson are both eighty-two, and each of them brought out a book two years ago ("Private View" by De la Mare, and "A Mingled Yarn" by Tomlinson). The publisher added that Percy Lubbock, who is seventy-six, wrote "A Portrait of Edith Wharton" when he was sixty-eight. St. John Ervine, it came out, is still writing for the papers at seventy-two, and Sir Compton Mackenzie, who is the same age (he appeared to me when I met him later to be well under sixty), is hard at work on a new novel, which must be about his eightieth book since he wrote "Sinister Street," when I was still in high school. A. P. Herbert, who had to get out from behind his initials to become Sir Alan Patrick Herbert, was born just the other year, in 1890, and cannot be counted among the venerable. The dinner party broke up amid jolly anecdotes about nonagenarians.

WHEN I belonged to the English Club as a university freshman, more than forty years ago, we used to think vaguely of English authors as being one with sticks and stones and Tennyson, or as men of a fine *fin-de-siècle* Stevensonian fragility, who faintly called, with the doomed Dowson, for madder music and for stronger wine, and died before the sommelier reached the table, upon which lay a lovely lyric inscribed to a damsel of dream and writ in Bordeaux red. I woke up the morning after the dinner party realizing that the British authors who had ceased to be before their pens had gleaned their teeming brains were but drops in a lusty bucket of vast durability. I remembered, possessing some statistics of my own, though somewhat random, that the aged Swinburne had given up the ghost only a year before the youthful O. Henry, in 1909—a year also attained by George Meredith, the modernness of whose "Modern Love" goes back to the first year of the Civil War. It was comforting to contemplate the

host of British authors that had easily survived the white plague and the other perils of the strange decade of the *Yellow Book* and the green carnation. I got out of bed, with some effort at the age of sixty, and went through a few mild setting-up exercises, but it wasn't terribly reassuring to remind myself that I am a stronger man than Aubrey Beardsley was, or that I have lasted eight years longer than Thackeray, who once referred, in his forty-seventh year, to his "old and decaying carcass." Calisthenics would never turn my frail American canoe into a sturdy British steamer with a salt-caked smokestack. I hoped I would last long enough to see one or more of the fabulous nonagenarians we had mentioned at the party break Bernard Shaw's record of ninety-four years of living and working.

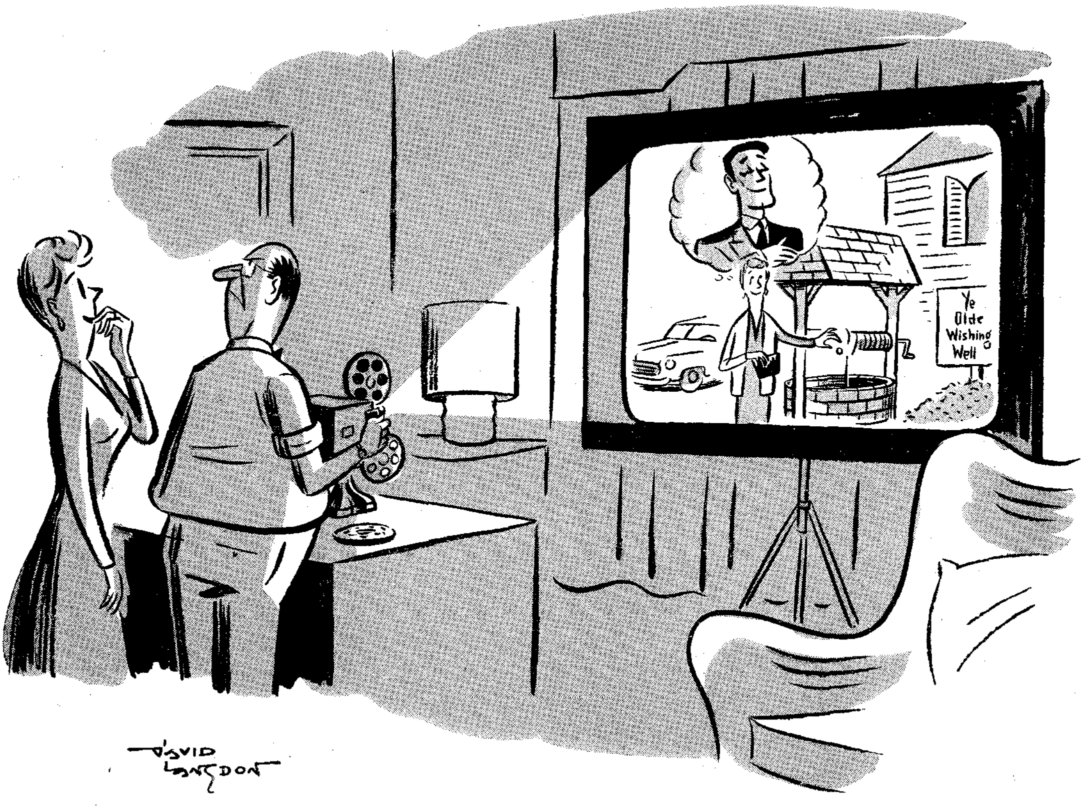
A few days later, I tottered over to the British Museum, half expecting to bump into H. Rider Haggard or Wilkie Collins on the way, to look up some more facts and figures on British and American authors. It didn't take me long to expand the list of British men of letters who had gone on a long, long time and are still going on. Ernest Newman is eighty-seven, and still writing a weekly column of music criticism. Lord Dunsany is seventy-seven, and capable of denouncing modern poetry in no quavering tones. John Cowper Powys, who I thought had disappeared from the earth about the same time as the Brevoort dining room, is eighty-three, Sir Philip Gibbs is seventy-eight, John Masefield and Oliver St. John Gogarty are seventy-seven, E. M. Forster and A. S. M. Hutchinson are seventy-six, Alfred Noyes is seventy-five, P. G. Wodehouse is seventy-four, and Frank Swinnerton is seventy-one. I turned, all moist of palm, to source books about American literary figures of my sex, and was delighted to find out that quite a few of them, born in the vintage years of the last century, are still above the green quilt. Rupert Hughes, eighty-three; Owen Davis, eighty-one; Percy Mackaye, eighty; Upton Sinclair, seventy-seven; James Branch Cabell, seventy-six; Carl Van Vechten, seventy-five; Clarence Budington Kelland and Stark Young, seventy-four; George Jean Nathan, seventy-three; and William Carlos Williams, seventy-two. Good show, I thought, even if the British champions of longevity could take us almost as easily as our girls take theirs in Wightman Cup play.

After my exploration of living Americans, I looked up the dates of some of the departed, and more or less illustrious, men of letters on our side. I hope that some researcher, with more years left than I have, will someday do a monograph on the curious viability, at home and abroad, of writers born in the eighteen-sixties. Owen Wister ("The Virginian"), born in 1860, lived to be seventy-eight; Hamlin Garland ("Main-Travelled Roads"), 1860, reached seventy-nine; George Ade ("Fables in Slang"), 1866, and Meredith Nicholson ("The House of a Thousand Candles"), also 1866, lived to be seventy-eight and eighty-one, respectively. Booth Tarkington and Edgar Lee Masters, born in the last year of the writer's decade, attained the ages of seventy-six and eighty. There were others out of that special period, too—Finley Peter Dunne and David Graham Phillips—but they didn't do so well, reaching sixty-eight and forty-three, in that order. Violence ended Phillips's life; he was shot and killed one day in Gramercy Park, back in 1911. Born just this side of the viable decade, Gouverneur Morris lived to be seventy-seven, and Rex Beach seventy-two. This list of durables is incomplete, and I have no doubt that Indiana alone, seemingly the state of highest vitality, could add more names to those of Ade, Nicholson, and Tarkington.

I tottered back to my hotel, remembering, on the way, various writers of my own generation, and their youthful ghosts began getting between me and the sun. "Look out!" a taxi-driver cried as I stepped into the street, "and you'll live longer!" Look out for what, besides motorcars, I wondered. I began piecing together out of memories of my lost colleagues the perils and the threats, the mantraps and the pitfalls that had beset them in their short journeys from light to dark.

WHEN I got back to my hotel, the lady who had sat on my right at dinner was there, looking anxious, and a bit surprised to find me up and about. I tried to look rugged, but she kept regarding me as if I were a flickering match. She had been worrying about my descending flame, she said, and had called to see if I was ready to depart. I told her, in the sitting room of my suite, from which the empty bottles and other debris of the night before had been removed, that I was still holding on, in spite of an ominous, unaccountable sound in my ears after my tenth or twelfth cocktail, something like Reginald Gardiner's imitation of a train, and a disturbing tendency of faces to recede dimly, float past me, accelerating their speed, and then come drifting slowly back.

"You all live too hard," my companion said, "as if life were chasing you." And then she proved that she had been giving the situa-

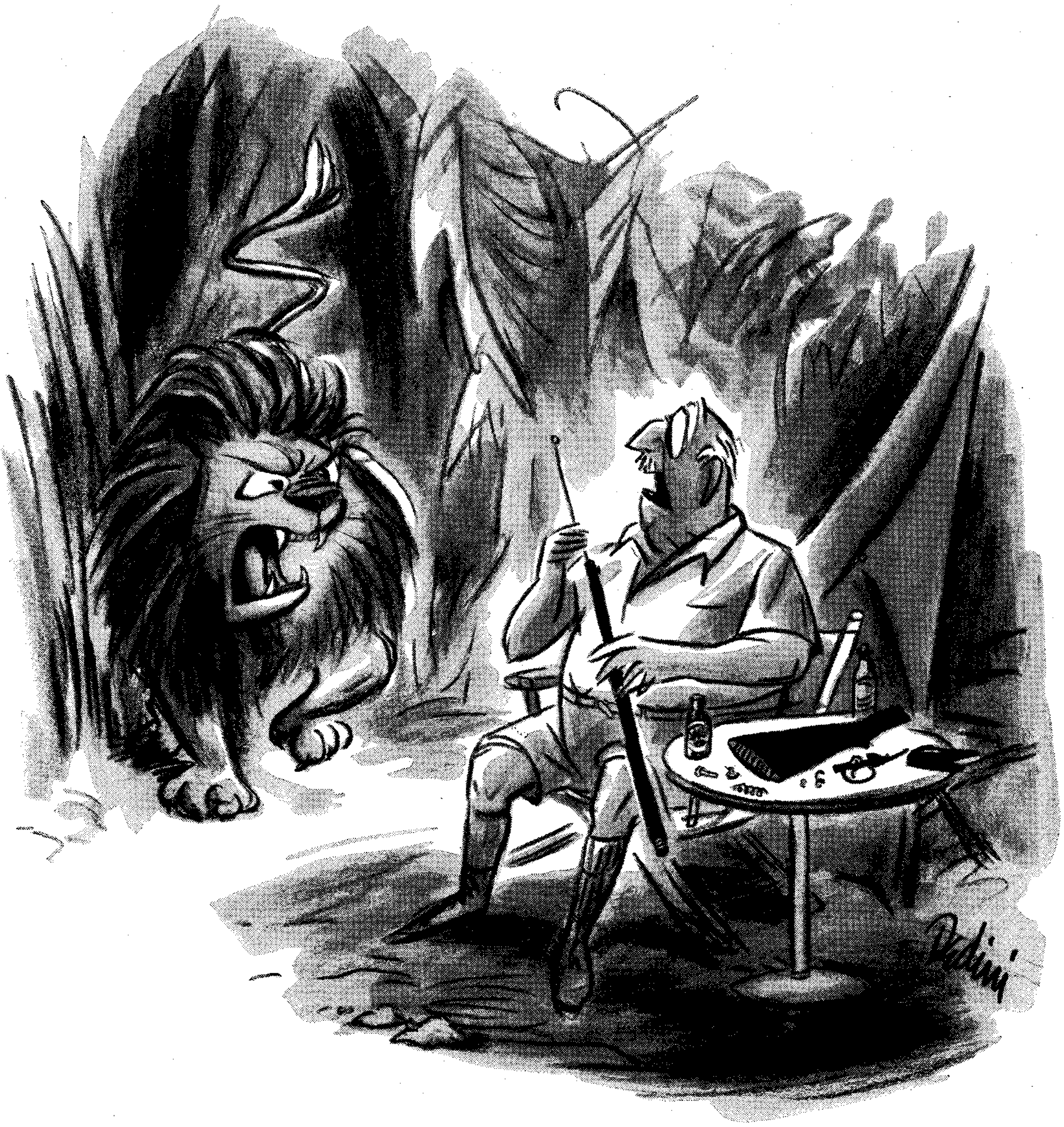


tion of my generation serious thought. "Even your common idioms are jumpy," she continued. "You say 'Take it in your stride' and 'Knock it off' and 'Break it up' and 'Drag it out' and 'Pipe it down' and 'Snap out of it' and 'Step on it.' Your daily routine is so very like the two-mile high hurdles of one of your field meets. You speak of the life hereafter, in certain of your titles, as if you were breaking your necks to get there—'Hell-Bent fer Heaven,' 'Heaven's My Destination,' and 'One Foot in Heaven.' And it does seem that you never go to bed. Are you all afraid of the dark?"

"We never take it lying down," I told her firmly. "Each generation has its rituals and habit patterns. For us, every night is New Year's Eve, I'm afraid. It isn't easy for a writer's wife, returning home from her mother's early in the morning for another go at her marriage, to tell whether her husband is having a nightcap or an eyeopener, the last drink of the evening before or the first one of the day at hand."

My friend sighed and made a small, impatient gesture. "How do your wives stick it?" she demanded. "And what keeps them ticking?" It was a hard question, and I turned it over for several moments. "We have been accused of making a career of sex, a hobby of drinking, a havoc of marriage, and a tradition of divorce," I began, "but the wife of a writer at least knows what she is getting into. We pick women for our mates who have great constitutional strength and are not twittery, even in the face of a charging rhinoceros. A writer's wife usually lasts until her husband begins addressing her by snapping his fingers or going 'Psst!' This is an invariable sign that he is going through what we call change of wife in the male. In such a state the writer husband often uses expressions like 'marry-go-round' and 'welded blitz.' "

My companion's gaze turned a little cold. "It's all the fault of what you call the Scotch Fitzgerald era," she said severely.



"This is outrageous!"

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"Gin," I corrected her, with an impatient gesture of my own, but she talked through it.

"You are not *really* afraid of the dark. Fitzgerald called the novel he liked most 'Tender Is the Night.' "

"He also wrote 'Taps at Reveille,' " I reminded her, "and Hemingway wrote 'Death in the Afternoon.' Vincent McHugh's 'Sing Before Breakfast' is, of course, short for 'Sing Before Breakfast, Die Before Night.' " My guest's voice turned a little sharp. "Pity you didn't beat Koestler to 'Darkness at Noon,' " she said. I opened a bottle of Scotch, to keep up the reputation of my generation, and ordered tea for my visitor.

ON my fourth highball, I began to brag a little about the achievements of Edgar Allan Poe. "Poe," I said, "was perhaps the first great non-stop literary drinker of the American nineteenth century. He made the indulgences of Coleridge and De Quincey seem like a bit of mischief in the kitchen with the cooking sherry. O. Henry picked up the flagon where Poe had let it fall, and passed it on to us."

"Don't romanticize it," said my friend. "There must be other factors than liquor involved in the brevity of your lives."

I had to think that over for a while before replying. "Senescence comes up gradually over here," I began at last, "but in America it pounces on writers like a catamount. This is another reason for our going through life, such as it is, at a dogtrot. I was once about to hand a quarter to a bewhiskered old scalawag who accosted me on the street when I recognized him; he had been a sophomore at Ohio State when I was a senior. There are many other terrors that should not be overlooked: the impalpable, the imponderable, the personal income tax, the mobile investigatory units of Congress, the bears under the bed, the green men from Mars, the cats sealed up in the walls, the hearts beating under the floor boards, the faces of laughing girls that recede, float past, and come back again."

On my eighth drink, I tried in vain to think of an evening I had spent with any American writer at the end of which he or I had gone home. I recalled, instead, the night in 1934 when Scott Fitzgerald and I went on from 10 P.M. till eight in the morning, and I sketched in the highlights and the highballs for my shocked companion. "We were both to blame that night," I said, "but it was mainly *my* fault the day in 1936 when Thomas Wolfe came to a cocktail party at my New York apartment. He stayed until nine in the morning, and was thoughtful enough to phone back an hour later to ask if he could return to apologize for having stayed so long. It is possible that our American custom of buying whiskey by the case," I added, "may have something to do with our late hours."

Upon this, my companion had a grave question for me. "Do not an American writer and his wife ever think to leave a party before midnight?"

"I wouldn't exactly say leave," I told her. "The process is more often one of being put out. On such an occasion, the writer and his mate take up at home where they left off at the party. This is known as bringing out the jugs with the wife. It is customary, in this ritual, to telephone, at three o'clock in the morning, an old friend and his wife. If, for some reason, they cannot appear, which is most improbable, their would-be host is likely, around five o'clock, to threaten to read aloud to his wife from whatever whiskey-stained manuscript he may be working on fitfully at the time. To avert this, it is usually the wife's custom to deride the intelligence or sartorial getup of some girl he was once incredibly fond of in his Greenwich Village years."

"You may be a lost generation," my companion sighed, "but you are extraordinarily *evident* while you *last*." I could tell from the way she accented her key words that she was beginning to feel her third cup of tea. Presently, she took flight on the mothy wings of a new eloquence. "You are incurably competitive, all of you," she went on, "and a constant sense of competition is likely to burn men out in their middle years. You speak of the writing game and the publishing game. You know the score, you are forever throwing your highball past someone, and you say 'Keep pitching,' instead of 'Goodbye.' "

I had to cut in on her there. "You are speaking of our fast ball," I corrected her, but she motioned for silence.

"I fancy that even your reveries are competitive, that you dream not of the girls you have loved but of how you took them away from somebody else."

"It'stime for a toast," I told her, "to Edgar Allan Poe," and I got up and opened a bottle of sherry and poured her some, after slugging my own next drink. I did not wish to diminish the lady's fascinated dismay. "Here's to Poe," I said, "who found even his manuscripts in a bottle."

She sipped and I gulped. "Please sit down," she commanded. "It takes a great deal out of a man to drink standing up. You always seem to ride pleasure as if it were an unsaddled giraffe. You go about your other relaxations in such a way that they seem the arduous involvement of a husband trying to wash a Venetian blind. It is hard to tell your conformity from your dissent, you hit them both so hard."

I sat down reluctantly, for I had an urge to pace. "Some twenty years ago," I began, "I composed, with a writer friend of mine, a parody of A. E. Housman that seems to fit in here somehow, if you would care to hear it."

The lady gestured gracefully for more sherry, and I filled her glass. "I think," she said, "that I can now stand anything," and I began to recite:

"Loneliest of these, the married now
Are hung with gloom along the vow,
And stand about the wedland drear
Dreaming dreams of yesteryear.

Now, of our twoscore years and ten,
Forty will not come again,
And take from fifty springs that many,
It only leaves us ten, if any.

And since to look at girls in bloom
Ten small years is little room,
From out the wedland we will go
And try to find the mistletoe."

My guest set down her unfinished sherry and rose to her feet. "Grow your age, to use one of your own idioms," she said. "Rise quite above it. If poor, dear Henry James had lived in America, instead of England, we should probably not have had 'The Turn of the Screw,' to say nothing of the novels of his major phase."

She was about to start for the door when I proposed another toast, this one solemn and sincere. "I have decided to write a memoir of our so pleasant, if gruesome, conversation," I said, "and it has occurred to me that between the writing and the printing of the piece one or more of those we have mentioned, all in wonder and in awe, may have reached the top of that hill beyond which there is no going." She picked up her glass again, and I touched it with mine, and gave my toast: "God rest you tranquil, gentlemen, whom life did not dismay."

After the lady had gone, I phoned downstairs to ascertain the phase of the moon, and found that it was not good for writing. Besides, there are no odd places to work in the suites of the Stanton Hotel. I decided to lie down, instead. After all, an American writer born as long ago as 1894 cannot get too much rest. —JAMES THURBER

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POOEM

Writing here last autumn of my hopes of seeing a hoopoe . . .
—*Sir Stephen Tallents in the London Times.*

I, too, once hoped to have a hoopoe
Wing its way within my scoopoe,
Crested, quick, and heliotroopoe,
  Proud *Upupa epops.*
  For what seemed an eternity,
I sat upon a grassy sloopoe,
Gazing through a telescoopoe,
Weaving snares of finest roopoe,
  Fit for *Upupa epops.*
  At last, one day, there came to me,
Inside a crusty enveloopoe,
This note: "Abandon hope, you doopoe;
The hoopoe is a misanthroopoe.
  (Signed) Your far-off friend, *U. e.*"
—JOHN UPDIKE

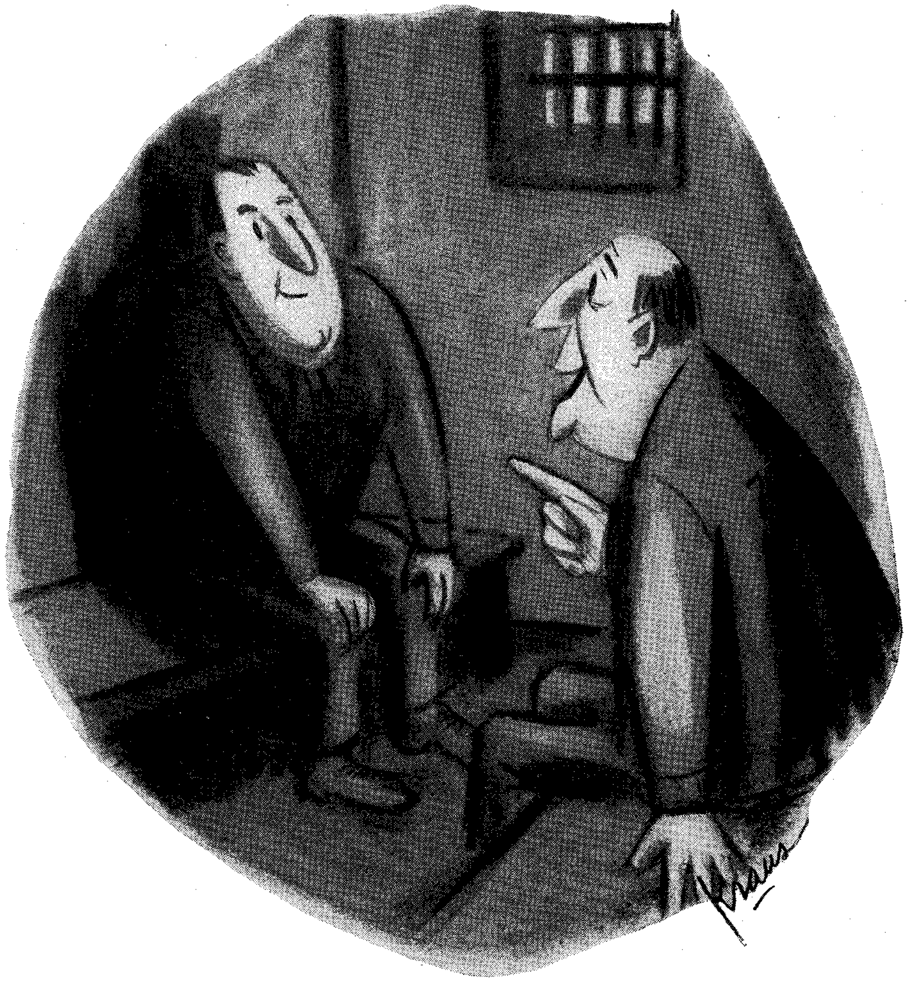
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

EVERY day, hundreds of motorists drive right past North Monroe, Connecticut, without even noticing that it is there. The center of the village lies just off Route 79, and although two signs about a mile apart mark the town line, drivers conditioned to eye-catching yellow-and-black warnings along the highways fail to see these more modest squares, which inform them, in rusty-black lettering on white, that they are entering "North Monroe—Incorporated 1836." Besides, from the road there is nothing much to see except the milky spire of the Congregational Church, barely visible through the trees in summer. Beyond the church, there appears to be only the quiet hills, but there is more. For tucked snugly against them are the old houses, and in the houses the people live. North Monroe is like an anthill that way—greener, of course, but rounded and apparently deserted until something disturbs it. Then it becomes a wildly active colony, bent on pushing things about until everything is as it used to be in the first place.

In the past fifty years, only a few things have been big enough to have any effect on North Monroe, and they were acts of God and not of man. The hurricane of 1938 brought an ancient elm crashing through the church steeple, and almost as soon as the wind died down, a scaffold was erected to repair it. Old man Dudley and his son Abel did the work, even to the painting, but the steeple never has looked quite the same to the people of the town, although they agree that it might pass muster with a man on a galloping horse. For a number of years after this catastrophe, nothing much happened. The Second World War rumbled by, a faint noise in the distance, with only the unmarried Hotchkiss girl, who had once spent an entire summer in England, attempting to put a finger in the dike. She made a nuisance of herself going from house to house, urging everyone to buy War Bonds. But with Roosevelt in the White House, the inhabitants of North Monroe held tight to their first mortgages and Connecticut Light & Power bonds, and her appeals went unanswered. Then came the summer of the drought, when all the surface wells went dry and the air throbbed with the sound of Henry Parmelee's deep-well driller pounding its way through the Connecticut rocks. The necessity for deeper wells created quite a lot of bad feeling between neighbors. Five women stopped speaking to Mrs. Griswold, who turned out to be first on Henry Parmelee's list, not—ugly rumor had it—because she had hired him before the others had, but because he put her there himself. It reminded everybody of how he used to hang around her place the winter after Charlie Griswold died. Mrs. Griswold was taken back into the fold when her well came in with sixteen gallons of water to the minute. The women, carrying pails of water out of her kitchen, decided to let bygones be bygones. After this came a whole series of hurricanes, with their lashing rains and adventurous gales. And more trees fell, providing wonderful fireplace logs and letting sun into windows that had never known sun before.

Everyone grew almost fond of hurricanes. It was exciting to walk to Norton's gas station to ask if the town of Monroe, which lay eight miles away, on Long Island Sound, had been wiped off the map. There was the unexpressed hope that it had, because Monroe, like its sister cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, was a little too rich for North Monroe's blood. It had, for instance, all those summer people, with their station wagons, and a beach club where cocktails were swilled night and day, a beach on which scantily clad women disported themselves, a moving-picture house with a wide screen, and God alone knew how many television sets. When the barometer began to fall and the electricity went off, North Monroe thanked its lucky stars that it had none of these pleasures of the flesh and therefore a fifty-fifty chance of survival.

IT was after the last hurricane of 1954 had fizzled out disappointingly that the greatest tragedy of all befell the town. The Reverend Benjamin Watrous died. He had been pastor of the North Monroe church for fifty years, and although everyone knew that man was mortal, it was a blow when Dr. Watrous proved to be, too. He had survived two wives. And ever since he had buried the second, the former Harriet Thayer, of Nut Hill, thirty years before, he had been looked upon as father, husband, and tower of strength by the members of his congregation, who were mostly female. He sighed his life away in his sleep, lying in his bed with the high black-walnut headboard, his thin old hands relaxed on the patchwork quilt



"It just goes to show. I think you have a very honest face, too."

that had been presented to him by the Ladies' Society. Anna Higginson, who came in every morning to get his breakfast, found him. She stood looking down at his slight, frail body, and then began to put away the clothes he had taken off the night before, so that the room would look neat when the neighbors came in. As she stooped to pick up his soft, high black leather shoes, it never occurred to her that they might be hard to fill.

In the bleak days that followed his funeral, his name was spoken in whispers, and it was agreed that all the little things should be attended to just as though he were still alive. The parsonage was cleaned daily, Mrs. Bishop kept the church filled with asters and chrysanthemums until the frost got them, and old Mrs. Hotchkiss stopped by every evening to see if Abel Dudley had swept up. The Reverend Paul North, of Monroe, offered to come over Sundays after the services at his own church were over, and his offer was gratefully accepted. On his first visit, the North Monroe congregation noticed that he had parked his Buick right on the grass by the side door; took a good look at his wife, who sat in one of the front pews, wearing that hat of hers with the pink veil; listened to his clipped Harvard accent as he preached; and noticed that his socks had clocks. He was not asked back. Mrs. Hotchkiss said that she thought the church's pewter candlesticks had better be put under lock and key, now that outsiders had set eyes on them and no doubt knew their value; that the hand-hooked carpet covering the center (and only) aisle should be rolled up in mothballs and placed in the care of some responsible person (herself); that the oil painting of the old pastor, Reverend Andrew Fowler (1860-1904), executed by her own dear mother, should be removed from the east wall, where it had hung for seventy-five years, and placed in a dry, safe place; and that the church door should be padlocked. "At least that will take care of the removable treasures," she said. She managed, without actually saying very much, to give everyone a picture of the Reverend Paul North clawing his way into the church in the dead of night, stripping the place, and driving off with his Buick loaded. The congregation agreed with her suggestions a hundred per cent. She thanked them. "Of course, there's no way of protecting the outside carving from vandals," she said.

In the months that followed, several ministers from various parishes in the state were invited to North Monroe to be looked over by the church committee, which consisted of Will McGraw, who was a nurseryman, and Dave Harts, who had inherited his father's hardware business. Both of them were over seventy, and Dave Harts was extremely hard of hearing. Though not officially a member of the committee, Mrs. Hotchkiss was invited to sit in on the discussions, since there was no earthly use in the committee's coming to a decision that she did not approve of. The candidates were given tea at the parsonage, and were then carried off to dinner by Mrs. Hotchkiss, and some time during the evening they—for the most part inadvertently—went aground on one or another of her rocklike prejudices.

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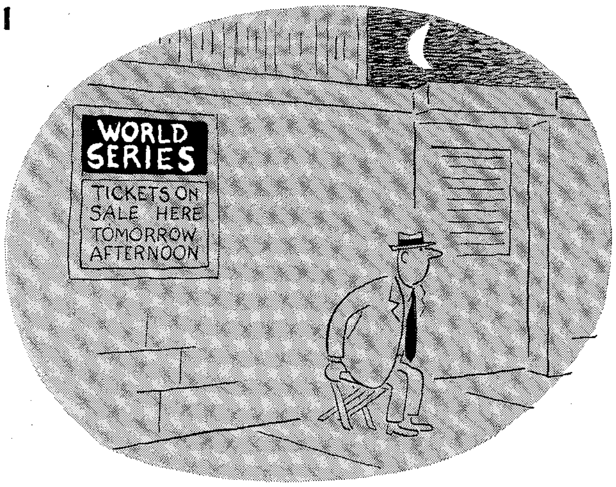
WORLD SERIES
TICKETS ON SALE HERE TOMORROW AFTERNOON

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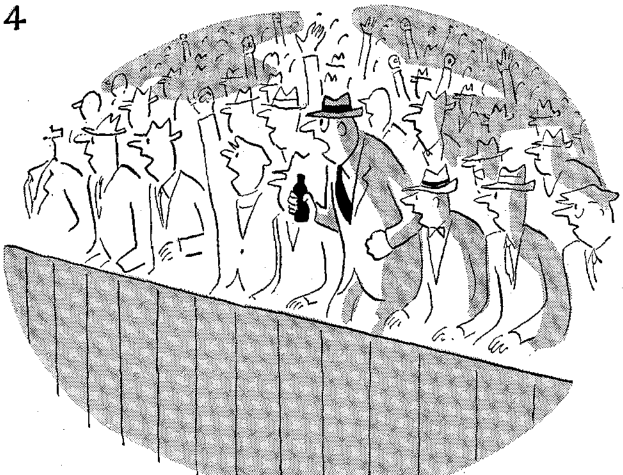

With the church closed, life became very dull for people in town, and there was considerable discontent. Mrs. Griswold was the first to come right out and say anything. The day after the Reverend John Hoadley, of Hammett, was turned down, she stopped by at the Hotchkisses', on the pretext of returning a tea cloth she had borrowed, and brought up the Reverend Mr. Hoadley.

"Really, Myra," she said, "I thought he was quite nice. What's wrong with him?"

Mrs. Hotchkiss raised her eyebrows. "Wrong with him?" she asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Griswold said. "We get all these men here, and then you pass final judgment on them in a very highhanded manner."

"My dear Clara," Mrs. Hotchkiss said, "do you want a man in your church who started life as an Episcopalian?"

"He's been good enough for Hammett," Mrs. Griswold said.

"Hammett has been so busy the last few years making an artificial lake out of that swamp of theirs *and* unloading fifty-foot lots onto out-of-towners that it hasn't had time to check on the man who heads their parish," Mrs. Hotchkiss said.

"Well, we've had others here," Mrs. Griswold argued. "Quite nice ones, and they didn't suit you. Frankly, what do you think people are saying about us with an empty church?"

"The Lord is everywhere," Mrs. Hotchkiss reminded her.

"I'm sure of that," Mrs. Griswold said. "But no servant of His has set foot in our church for almost a year."

"Do you think a man born and bred in Rhode Island would be suitable?" Mrs. Hotchkiss asked. "That's what they sent us first. Or did you like that one who was almost seventy years old? If *he* moved in on us, we would simply have to go through all this again in a few years."

"I realize that," Mrs. Griswold said thoughtfully. "We *could* get in touch with Yale, the way East Adams did. They got a perfectly dear young man."

"Yale," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "Yes, *they* should do the right thing by us. Mr. Hotchkiss went to Yale, and so I'd be inclined to trust them implicitly."

FOUR weeks later, the proper formalities having been observed, Charles Rowland, of Yale, was invited to act as pastor to the North Monroe Congregational Church for a few weeks, with the understanding that he might be asked to stay on. He took the train to Monroe and the Middletown bus to North Monroe, and got off at

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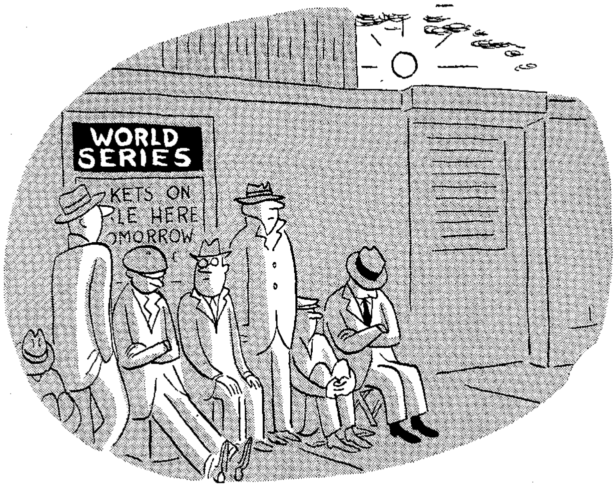

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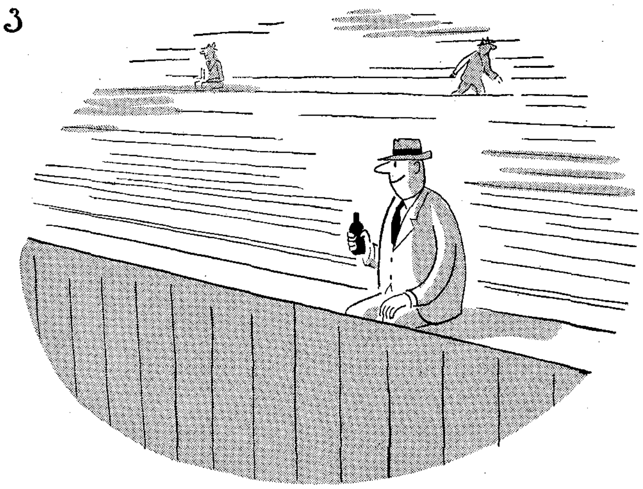

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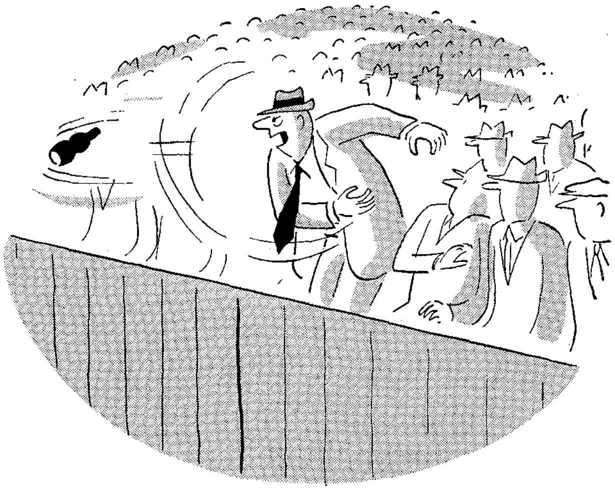

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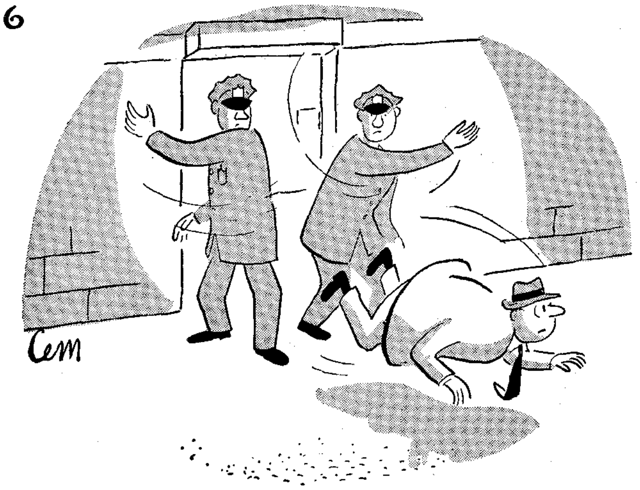


the crossroads. It was a warm September day, and as the bus moved away, he stood by the side of the road, looking around. There wasn't a soul in sight. There was a gas station about fifty yards up the highway, and he started walking toward it, carrying his two suitcases. Wild asters, goldenrod, and Queen Anne's lace grew thick along the way, and through the leaves to his left he could see the spire of the church. The sun shone on it, and he would have liked to go directly to it, but since he was not sure what would be considered the proper thing to do, he decided to wait. As he walked on, he kept his eyes on the steeple and smiled. It was his first church.

Mr. Norton was sitting in the swivel chair in his office at the gas station when he heard steps at the door, and he swung around to see who was there. A stranger stood in the doorway—a tall, thin young man in a dark-blue suit. And Mr. Norton, following his policy of letting the other fellow have the first word, stared at him in silence. "I wonder if you could tell me where Mrs. Hotchkiss lives?" Charles Rowland asked.

"Why, I guess I could," Mr. Norton said slowly.

Since he volunteered no further information, Charles Rowland waited before he spoke again. "She's expecting me," he said.

"You got a car outside?" Mr. Norton asked. It was an idle question, as he had heard no car and he had seen the Middletown bus go by.

"No, I haven't."

"Mrs. Hotchkiss, you said." Mr. Norton tipped back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. "Let's see, now."

"She's expecting me," Charles Rowland repeated. "I'm the new minister. My name is Rowland."

"Well," Mr. Norton said. He got up and held out his hand. "Pleased to meet you, Doctor."

"Just 'Mister,'" Charles Rowland said. "I haven't a doctorate yet." They shook hands solemnly.

Mr. Norton walked to the door. "You'll see a dirt road a couple of hundred feet north," he said. "Keep on it till you hit the crossroads, and turn right on the old Factory Road. You'll come to a mailbox. It says 'Hotchkiss' on it. That's her."

"Thanks a lot." Charles Rowland said. "About how far is it?"

"Couple of miles, maybe," Mr. Norton said. He watched as Charles Rowland turned away from the door, and then he called to him. "Mr. Rowland!"

"Yes?"

"I don't think she's at home," Mr. Norton said. "I think she's waiting at the parsonage for you, her and some of the others. Yes, they're all waiting there."

"Oh," Charles Rowland said. "You didn't say." He glanced at Mr. Norton to see if, perhaps, he was laughing at him, and decided that he wasn't.

"You asked me where she lived," Mr. Norton said. "And I told you. Now I'm telling you she ain't there."

"Well, thanks again."

"The parsonage is right back of the church," Mr. Norton said. "You can't miss it."

Charles Rowland nodded to him, and started down the road again. The sun was very hot, and when he thought of the people waiting to look him over, he wished he could take the next bus away from the place. But then he saw the church spire through the trees, and he walked on, his eyes fixed on it hopefully.

The meeting at the parsonage turned out to be quite pleasant. About a dozen women and two old men were waiting for him there. They asked a few polite questions and smiled at him as he gratefully drank the iced tea, fragrant with lemon and mint, that Anna Higginson had made. He was led through the house on a tour of inspection, the men remaining in the living room, the women following close behind him until they reached the bedroom. They stood modestly in the doorway as he entered. He looked at the spotless white counterpane on the bed, the easy chair near the window, the shelves of books, the marble-topped bureau, and the big mahogany wardrobe, and felt that he was lucky. It was all much nicer than he had expected, and the people were sweet. And he made up his mind, then and there, to give them some of his time. Not all of it, of course. But enough to make them feel useful and wanted. He had read about old-age problems and was sure he understood them; old ladies, especially, simply needed to feel *wanted.*

Back in the sitting room, he had more iced tea and several pieces of cake, and there were little jokes and laughter, until it was time for goodbyes. He stood by the door, smiling, shaking hands, trying to remember names, until everyone had left but two ladies. These, he remembered, were Mrs. Griswold and Mrs. Hotchkiss; Mrs. Hotchkiss was the tiny one, sitting in the rocking chair, and Mrs. Griswold was the rather pretty woman in the gay print dress. They were both old, though. Dear old grannies, he thought. As soon as they left, he would unpack his things and look over his notebooks to see if he could find a suitable and timely subject for his first sermon.

"Tell me, young man," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "Are you from Connecticut? Is it your birthplace?"

"Yes," Charles Rowland said. "I was born and raised right here in the state."

"That's good," Mrs. Griswold said. "Where?"

"Bridgeport," he answered.

"*Bridgeport?*" Mrs. Hotchkiss repeated, her voice disapproving. "That *is* a pity!"

Charles Rowland looked at her, puzzled. "Why?" he asked.

"It's a factory town," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "Factory towns are always so different. Besides, anything below New Haven nowadays is so suburban. I very seldom get below New Haven."

"What did you think of Monroe as you came through?" Mrs. Griswold asked.

"I didn't have a chance to see much of it," Charles Rowland said. "I did notice they had a golf links."

SUMMER'S EARLY END AT HUDSON BAY

The old sandpiper contemplates his age
As one only can, with ignorant unease,
And the scene imparts a mood of sad alarm.
A steady wind bends the thin grass,
And the sunlight, too, streams thinly, distantly;
The first ice gleams on the water,
Embracing the rocks and reeds with brittle strength.
The flock is nervous; like clockwork toys, the shapes
Mill and bob, a confusion of white and gray;
A hundred dances of anxiety
And fluttering movements begin and flare
And subside. The old one, too, turns on his rock,
Round and round with ceremonial steps,
His eyes wary for the others; and this old land
That had been so alien once
And then so familiar is alien again—
A point of coldness.
The imperfect young are fledged or dead,
Scarcely remembered now.
Upon the evidences of the scene
Mount tremors, warnings, subtle arguments
That urge his shivering nerves and awkward wings—
The other land is an impulse he must keep.
Into the uncertain air, on painful wings,
The aging migrant labors,
Dull to the image of the other land
And to the storms that prowl
The long seas of Brazil.

—Hayden Carruth

• •

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "They have a golf links. They have a great many things, unfortunately." She shook her head and sighed. She opened her bag, which lay in her lap, and took out a sheet of paper covered with fine, spidery writing. "I've made a list of our activities here, Mr. Rowland. We are members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and we meet once a month. Then we have the Ladies' Society, with its various committees. And our Missions. You'll find them all here."

"Thank you," Charles Rowland said. "It was kind of you to take all that trouble." He took the paper from her.

"No trouble," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "I had them all at my fingertips." She turned to Mrs. Griswold. "And now, Clara, maybe Mr. Rowland will tell us what he's planned to talk to us about next Sunday."

"We've all been dying to get an inkling of *that,*" Mrs. Griswold said, smiling at him. "Dr. Watrous was so inspiring. His Christmas sermon was especially delightful."

"I'll never forget the one he gave the Sunday after the New Haven-New London trolley went off the tracks," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "I've always felt that his sermon, more than anything else, was responsible for putting the trolley line out of business."

"It was very powerful," Mrs. Griswold agreed. "He repeated it at the sinking of the Lusitania—making a few necessary changes, of course."

They looked at Charles Rowland expectantly. He frowned, thinking. "My first sermon," he said. "Well, I haven't decided definitely. But I am interested—very interested—in what I consider the greatest problem we have today."

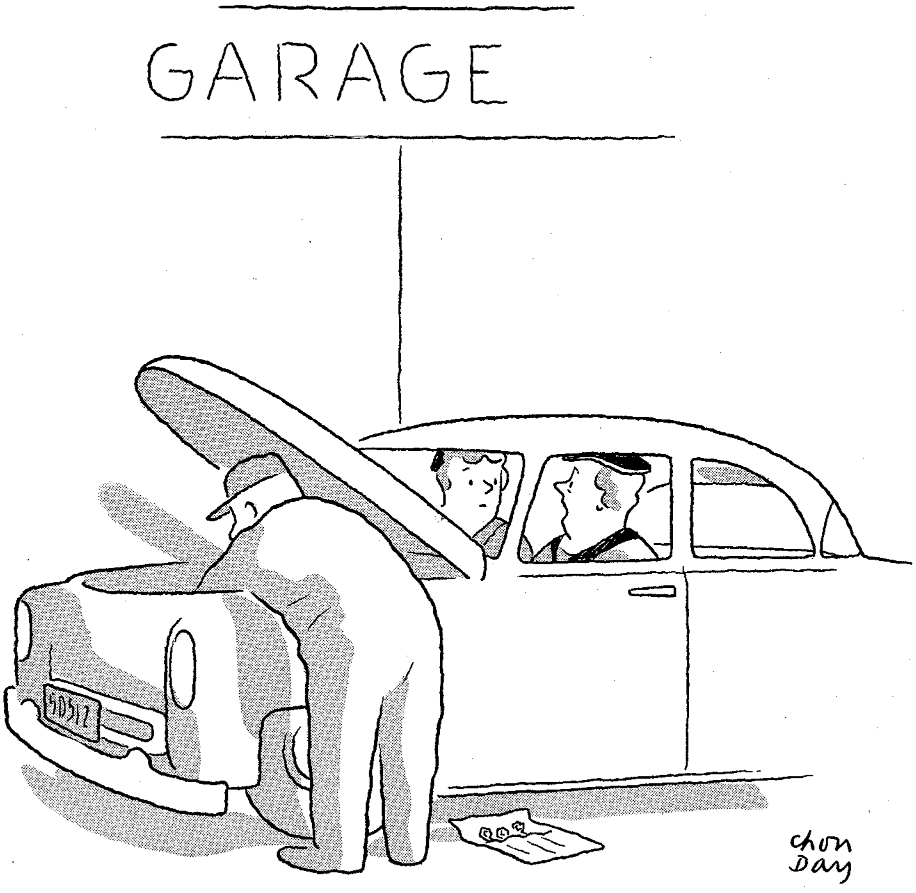
"Atom bombs!" Mrs. Griswold said. "Dr. Watrous gave us such a lovely talk about them. He said they could be a force for good as well as evil."

"I don't think we're in any danger from bombs, Clara," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "Besides, they've never worried me in the least."

"I wasn't thinking of the atom bomb," Charles Rowland said. "My forte, you might say, is juvenile delinquency. I agree with that great founder of Boys Town that there is no such thing as a bad boy."

Mrs. Hotchkiss's laugh rang out in the room. It had a surprisingly youthful sound. "*Who* said that?" she asked. "No such thing as a bad boy! No such thing as a *good* boy, he should have said, whoever he was. They all should be sent to reform schools."

"Oh, no!" Charles Rowland said,



"I looked under the hood once. I couldn't drive again for a month."

• •

shocked. "I've worked with them, Mrs. Hotchkiss."

"Doing what?" she asked.

"Well, not *doing* anything, exactly," he said. "I mean, I've tried to help them with their problems, and—"

"Problems!" Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "They don't know anything about *problems!* Wait until they get old enough to pay taxes."

"The man Mr. Rowland was referring to was a priest, Myra dear," Mrs. Griswold said. "I saw it in the movies."

"Moving pictures!" Mrs. Hotchkiss said scornfully. "Oh."

"We had a perfectly dreadful boy in North Monroe, Mr. Rowland," Mrs. Griswold said pleasantly. "The Collins boy. You would have loved to have seen *him*, if you're interested in delinquency. *He* was delinquent right through. You could have learned a lot from that one! I don't think even New Haven could have shown you one like *him!*"

"Well, his folks moved away," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "So Mr. Rowland won't get a chance at him. He was a bad, thieving boy and needed a strap taken to him."

"I'm not only interested in boys who— well, need help," Charles Rowland said. "I'm interested in all young people. I hope I'll be able to do something for them here."

"You'll have to find them first," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "We only have a few. We have a younger *group*, of course. My daughter is one of them. You didn't meet her today. She went to New Haven to match some wool. She drives her own car on the Post Road and all over. She's a Holyoke graduate—class of '35."

Mrs. Griswold had been studying Charles Rowland, and now she came out with her opinion. "Myra," she said, "I think I know what Mr. Rowland wants. He wants to do *good*."

"I should hope so," Mrs. Hotchkiss said acidly.

"I mean *good*," Mrs. Griswold said. "So why don't we send him to see Mrs. Kady?" She gave Charles Rowland a dazzling smile. "Mrs. Kady drinks! And she and her husband *fight!* He drinks, too."

"Mrs. Kady is not a member of this parish," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "Their house is just over the line. She'd be a member of the East Adams parish *if* she was a member of any church at all!"

"Oh, I *know*," Mrs. Griswold said tolerantly. "But if Mr. Rowland wants to do good, he could stretch a point and see her. I was racking my brains to think of someone he would enjoy working on, and I couldn't think of a soul but her. She's just dreadful, Mr. Rowland, and you'd get a lot out of seeing her. I hear their house is *something!*"

"I won't hear of it," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "Mr. Rowland is not an evangelist, I trust. Are you, Mr. Rowland?"

"No," he said.

"Then we'll have no more nonsense about drinkers and delinquents," Mrs. Hotchkiss said firmly. "There are plenty of good, decent people for him to worry about." She stood up and took a key from her bag. "Here is the key to the church." For a minute she held it, and then she handed it to him.

"Thank you," he said. "I'm most anxious to see it."

Mrs. Hotchkiss walked over to the window and stood looking out. The late afternoon sun rested on her gently. "It is just a small church," she said. "And for fifty years one man held that key. He was a very good man. We thought highly of him in this town."

"I'm sure you did," Charles Rowland said, looking down at the key.

"I remember when he first came here," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "I was a young girl. He was a brilliant man. I used to wonder why he never minded *staying* with us. There isn't very much here, you know. But what is here is here to stay." She smiled at him. "I'm trying to tell you that you are very young, and you may think we're too old for you."

"Too old! I like that!" Mrs. Griswold said gaily.

"Oh, Clara! I didn't mean *you*," Mrs. Hotchkiss said.

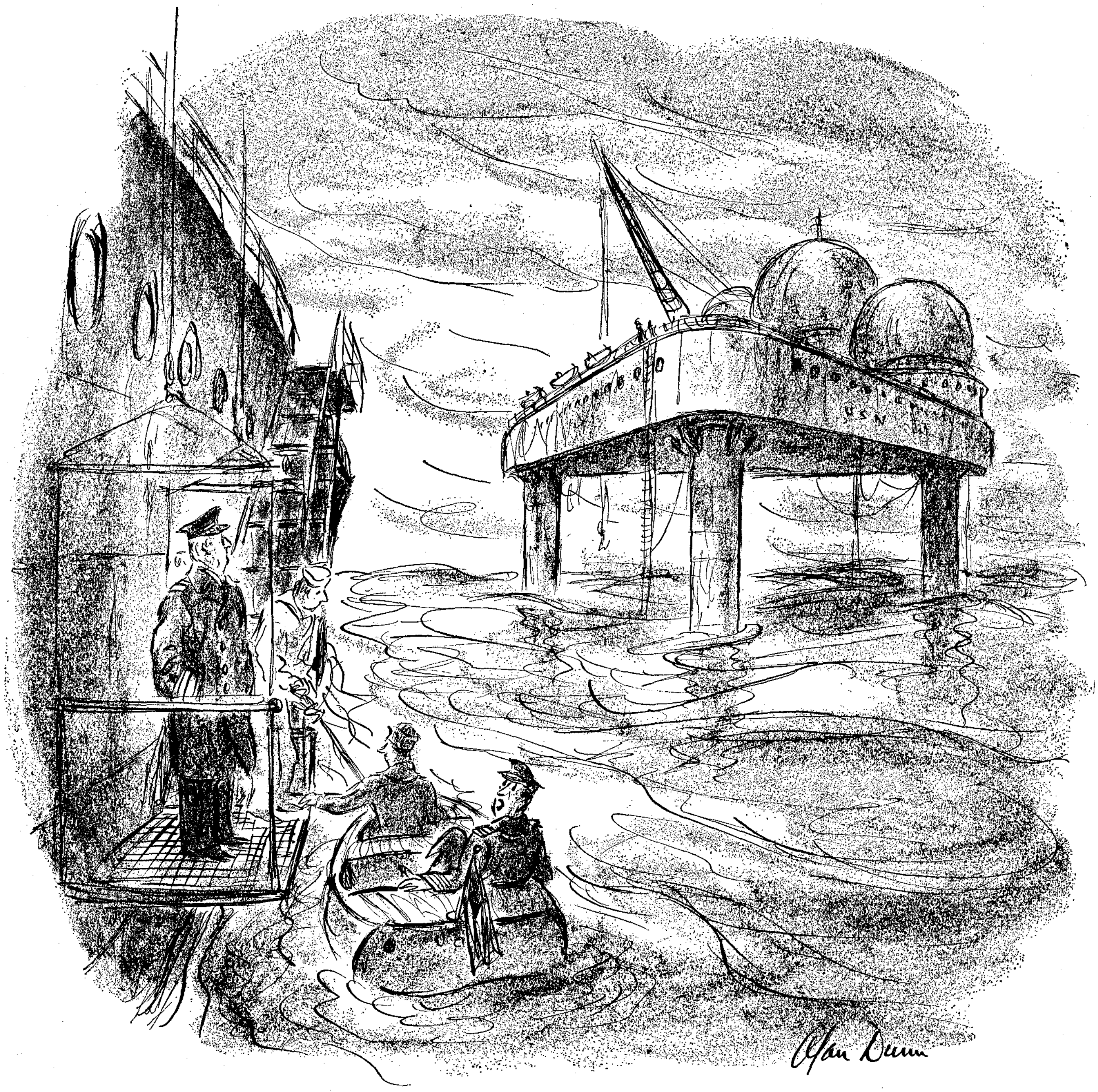
"Of course, I don't mind telling Mr. Rowland I'll never see sixty again," Mrs. Griswold said, laughing.

Charles Rowland suddenly felt ashamed for being young. He stood watching Mrs. Hotchkiss as she pulled on white cotton gloves and adjusted her black felt hat. She looked slight and brittle, standing in the wide doorway. "Come along, Clara," she said. "Mr. Rowland probably wants to take a look at the church."

"Aren't we going with him?" Mrs. Griswold asked.

Mrs. Hotchkiss held out her small, gloved hand, and Charles Rowland took it. "I think he'd rather go alone," she said.

He waited until they were out of sight, and then he walked down the worn path to the church. A late althea bush bloomed beside the door. The ground underneath it was rosy with the



"One more question, sir. In case of trouble, am I supposed to go down with the damn thing?"

• •

blossoms that had fallen. He opened the door and went in. Pewter candlesticks shone on a table to one side of the pulpit, a bowl of purple and white asters between them. The place smelled of soap, wax polish, and old wood. It smelled religious. He saw a picture hanging on one wall, and walked over to it, stepping quietly. It was a large oil painting in a gilt frame, and whoever had painted it had been painstaking with detail. The whiskers of the man on the canvas were magnificent. A mustache hid the mouth. The nose was fine, and the eyes were unflinching, with no compromise in them. He read the inscription on the brass plaque underneath: "Reverend Andrew Fowler. 1860-1904." Forty-four years. And after him there had been the Reverend Benjamin Watrous for fifty years. He went over and sat down in one of the back pews to think.

IT was almost dark when the Reverend Charles Rowland locked the door of the North Monroe Congregational Church and walked back to the parsonage. The scent of homemade bread met his nostrils as he entered, and he could hear Anna Higginson moving about in the kitchen as she fixed supper. He sat down at the desk in the living room, thinking of his first sermon and wondering what to do about it. He opened the top drawer to see if there was paper, in case he did think of something that would be just right. Something that would please everybody. In the drawer he saw a leather-bound book, and, taking it out, he found that it contained a number of the Reverend Benjamin Watrous's sermons, written in ink. He began to read them. And by the time Anna Higginson came to the door to tell him that his supper was on the table, he had come across one that, with a little fixing, he thought he could use for a start. Just for a start.

—SALLY BENSON

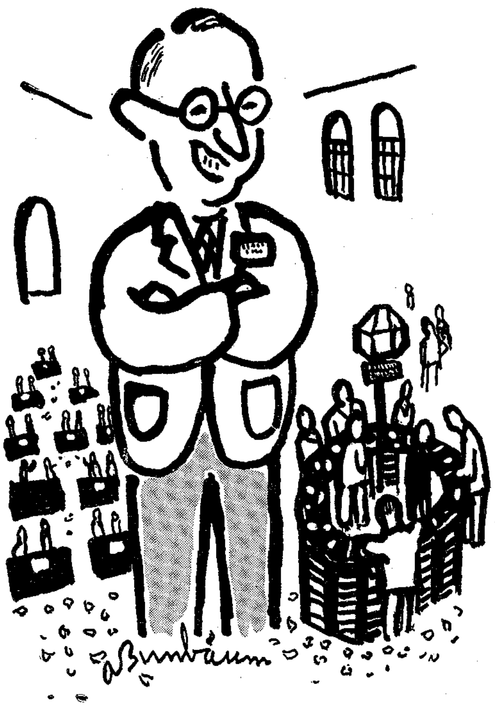
•

Your off to a head start for autumn fun.—*Leaflet from Abercrombie & Fitch.*

Oh no, were not!

PROFILES

THE TRUE MOBILITY



David S. Jackson

THE principal problem nowadays of Wall Street public-relations men, who are a good deal more numerous than they were back when William H. Vanderbilt could cheerfully and with impunity damn the public, is no longer to expunge the hoary picture of a capitalist as a bloated, cigar-smoking plutocrat wearing a top hat, a cutaway, striped pants, and a dollar sign for a watch fob as he tramples on widows and orphans. Their problem, as they see it, is to expunge the newer picture of Wall Street as a place where professional "insiders," possessed of special and highly advantageous information, devote themselves to luring the gullible investor into entrusting them with his money and then smoothly divest him of it. In the unceasing struggle waged by the public-relations men to eradicate the impression left on what they fear is a great many Americans that Wall Street's operations have something in common with those of Yellow Kid Weil, John Henry Strosnider, the Narrow Gage Kid, and other famous confidence men, one of the callings they most often feel obliged to defend is that of the stock specialist. And, in a world of cynics and skeptics, with some reason. The stock specialist is a man who is in the satanic position of being privy to information that gives him an unfair advantage in dealing in securities and is at the same time in the saintlike position of being expected to use that information for the good of the public. As he goes about fulfilling his socially beneficent function, the scrupulous specialist not only must turn his back daily on juicy opportunities to make an illegitimate killing but must frequently, in the line of duty, take the risk of personally losing as much as a hundred thousand dollars in a matter of a few hours, or even minutes. "Some men, including very rich ones, just aren't cut out to be specialists," a leading specialist on the New York Stock Exchange remarked not long ago, adding, with neat understatement, "You can't be the jumpy type that lies awake nights."

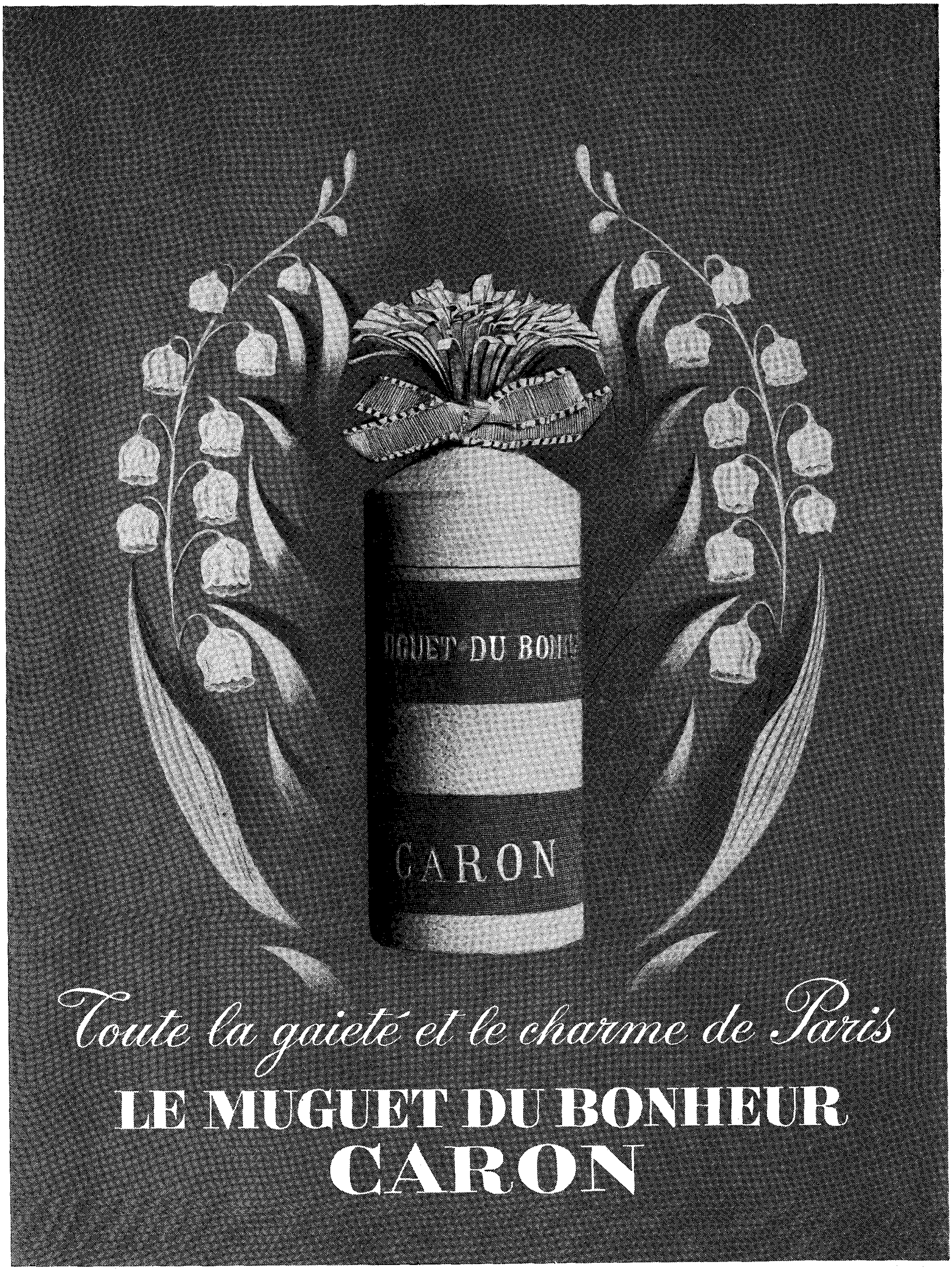
Every exchange that has any registered specialists at all has enough to cover every listed stock. Edward T. McCormick, the president of the American Stock Exchange, has said that "as far as the floor is concerned, [the stock specialist] is the most important individual in the securities business." More specific advocates of the specialist argue that he keeps the stocks he specializes in readily marketable and orderly in their fluctuations, and that without him prices would tend to rise and fall too often and too fast, causing unnecessary losses to the public and making stock investing even riskier than it inherently is. As *The Exchange*, the monthly publication of the New York Stock Exchange, summed things up in a recent issue, the specialist's job is to supply liquidity and continuity of trading. "It is this factor of liquidity which gives capital the true mobility which is vital to a capitalistic economy," *The Exchange* went on, in periods that might have appealed to Gilbert and Sullivan.

In acting as oil on the troubled waters of the stock market, the specialist operates in two ways—as a broker for other brokers, and as a trader on his own, using his own money. When he is functioning as a broker's broker, his usefulness lies in the fact that he—or one of his assistants—is always present at the stock-exchange post, or booth, at which the stocks he specializes in are bought and sold. Since brokers' clients frequently place orders to buy or sell a stock several points below or above the current market quotation—which requires somebody to keep a vigil at the stock's post for hours or days, or sometimes weeks, until the price is right—and since there are thousands of stock issues on the market, it is clear that no one broker can handle all his business by himself. Instead, as each order comes in, he hands it over to the appropriate specialist, who executes it and gets a small cut of the commission the broker charges his clients. When the specialist is functioning as a trader using his own money, he has by no means the freedom of choice ordinary speculators enjoy. He is called upon to use his money, within reason, to maintain what is known in financial circles as a close market, and toward that end he must trade (except in very unusual circumstances), whether he wants to or not. A close market is one in which there is only a narrow gap between the highest price being bid for a stock and the lowest price at which it is offered. When the gap grows too wide, it tends to paralyze trading in the issue, and it is then up to the specialist to volunteer, at his own risk, to get the stymied stock moving again. If, say, the top price bid for a stock is 5 and the lowest asked is 10, everybody is likely to stand pat, and there is no trading in the issue. At this point, the specialist is expected to step in with both an offer to buy the stock and an offer to sell it, at prices calculated to encourage action. In the event that his offer to sell the stock is accepted, he most likely sells it "short," which means that he sells stock he doesn't actually own. A short seller guarantees to deliver the sold stock to the buyer at the agreed price within a stipulated time. If by that time the price of the stock has dropped, the short seller can buy it for less than he sold it for and pocket the difference, but if, on the all too likely other hand, the price has gone up, he must buy the stock at the increased valuation and take a loss. Sometimes the specialist happens to be "long" in, or own, some of the stock in question, in which case he simply sells it—sells it long.

The specialist's offered prices must be fairly close, on both the bid and the asked sides, to the price at which the stock has most recently changed hands; in the instance of the 5-bid-10-asked stock, if the last price paid for it was 8, he may offer to buy at 7¾ or to sell at 8¼. Having thus set himself up as at once the highest bidder and the lowest offerer, he has, to use the Wall Street expression, "made the market." The impasse is broken, trading in the stock gets under way once again, and the capitalistic economy has been given another shot of the true and vital mobility. As for the specialist, in doing his duty—which, on the average, requires him to be personally involved in something like a fifth of all the deals in the stocks that are his specialties—he may or may not have acted in conformity with his own best judgment as a trader. A good, shrewd specialist winds up a loser on around forty per cent of his obligatory deals. The remaining sixty per cent (which, together with his brokerage commissions, constitutes his living, since he is not an employee of the exchange or of anyone else) represents those occasions when the job of supplying liquidity and continuity of trading happens to coincide with the opportunity to make a profit—when the common good and private gain enter into a happy, utilitarian congruence.

It is the information that the specialist picks up regarding the strength or weakness of the stocks he has taken under his wing which gives him an advantage over ordinary speculators and prompts some of the less informed to look at him with a fishy eye. For example, a specialist who receives an order to buy a large number of shares of a stock at a price slightly below its current one knows that this order puts a fairly solid "floor" under the stock and that if it starts to drop it probably won't drop far. So valuable is such information that the specialist on the American Stock Exchange is allowed to reveal the contents of his orders-on-hand book only to a member of the floor-transactions committee, a body that the board of governors of the Exchange has set up expressly to keep a policeman's eye on every professional move made on the floor. If the specialist is found guilty of a sin either of commission ("marking up a position," "selling short on a down-tick," or any of a number of other abstruse peccadilloes comprehensible only to specialists and learned brokers) or of omission (failure to inject himself into the market when he should), his registration, or, more bluntly, his permit to work, may be revoked. But despite the chanciness of the specialist's means of earning a livelihood and the stringency of the rules under which he operates, a specialist's registration is much sought after. One reason for this is the fact that he deals only with professionals, and never directly with the public; as an expert in a complex business, he is spared the exasperating task of constantly trying to put everything into ABCs for the layman. Another reason is that there are few, if any, stock specialists in poorhouses and a good many of them in country houses; the guaranteed steady flow of brokerage commissions often keeps a specialist's pot boiling in times when his own trades go sour. Another, non-economic inducement, in many cases, is the obligation to be constantly getting in and out of the market. "A good specialist," a good specialist said not long ago, "is a born gambler—a fellow glad to take either side of a fair proposition—who has a responsible streak, possibly traceable to a guilty conscience about being a gambler. He likes to combine the thrill of taking a big risk with the moral glow of serving a useful purpose—a strange breed of cat, as even I am willing to admit."

THIS breed of cat is well exemplified by a small, thin, sharp-faced, seemingly excitable but actually steel-nerved, bespectacled man named David Sidney Jackson, who has been a specialist on the American Stock Exchange—formerly the New York Curb Exchange—since 1925. Jackson, who has three associates, and by midtown standards makes enough money most years to entitle him to an office rug three inches thick, has no office at all. He hasn't even a business telephone; to make or answer calls, he uses one of a battery of booths that are ranged along the northern and southern ends of the trading floor in the Exchange building, at 86 Trinity Place, and are served by two switchboards from which the operators summon traders to take incoming calls by means of a public-address system. "I could rent an office if I wanted to, but what's the use?" Jackson says. "I'd never be there. I'm on the floor during trading hours, and then I go home." Last March, Jackson got his name in the papers, as stock specialists seldom do, during the Fulbright Committee's Washington hearings on the stock market. Probably no member of Congress had ever heard of him until the American Stock Exchange's president mentioned his name on the witness stand in answering some questions about a startling transaction that Jackson had figured in two months earlier. On January 10th, Pantepec Oil, one of the stocks Jackson specializes in, opened with the sale of a block of 357,500 shares—


GUET DU BONH
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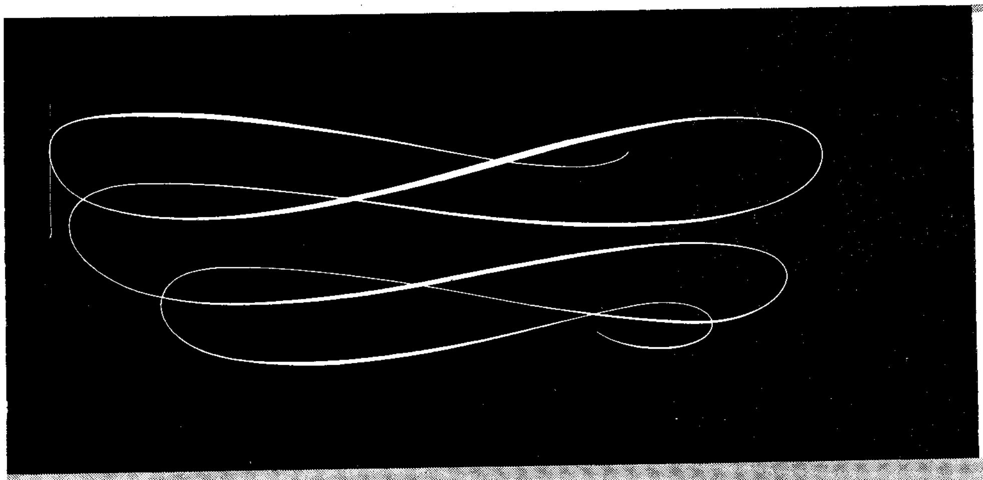
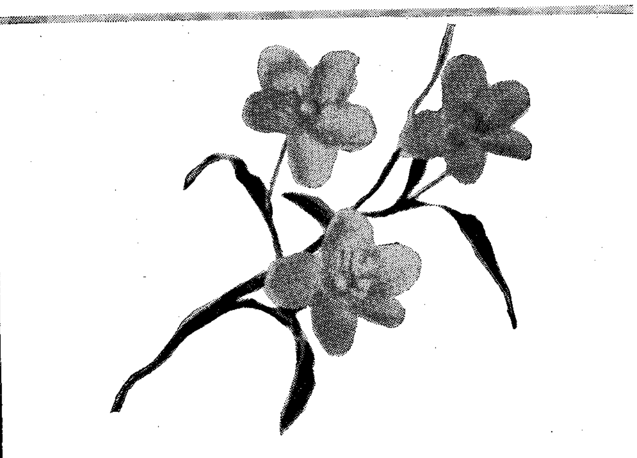
the largest block of any stock ever traded on any exchange in the United States. In this huge opening trade, which appeared to have been touched off by a remark or two Walter Winchell had made the previous evening on radio and television, Jackson sold 234,500 shares of Pantepec stock for brokers' clients and also personally sold 122,500 shares of the stock short—122,500 shares, that is, that he did not own. There is no more vulnerable position for a trader to be in than that of a short seller. Had Jackson been long the stock, he would have had little to fret him other than running calculations of what a rise in the stock would have netted him if he had hung on to it; concomitantly, if the situation had been reversed and he had felt impelled to buy the stock, the most he could have lost would have been the money he put up for it, even assuming that it dropped to the point of having no value at all. But by selling short, there was no limit to what he stood to lose if the stock should go up and up and up. Jackson's big plunge—motivated by a desire to open the stock at a fair and reasonable price in the face of the hysterical orders to buy—involved such a potentially stupendous personal risk that it is safe to say that the board of governors, sympathizing with him in his predicament, would have withheld punishment, or even criticism, if he had declined to shoulder it. His was a case of specializing above and beyond the call of duty, and it impressed even the specialists on the larger, richer, and more austere New York Stock Exchange, where much of the specializing is done by big firms with substantial reserves. (On the New York Stock Exchange, more than one specialist firm devotes its attention to one or another of the active higher-priced stocks, such as General Motors, and, among them, they can absorb an occasional loss of a few hundred thousand dollars and suffer nothing more than a spell of grouchiness.) Commenting on Jackson's action in the Pantepec panic, a prominent and respected specialist on the New York Stock Exchange later said, with only a trace of condescension, "That was an excellent example of good specializing. Those penny stocks are the ones that can hurt you. A fellow that'll push out over a hundred thousand shares like that, I'd say he's a good little specialist." In Wall Street's view, as reflected in its jargon, inflation has reached the point where a penny means a dollar. As for the diminutive, the specialist may have been referring to Jackson's physical height (he's five feet three and a half) or to the average size of the transactions handled by the American Stock Exchange as compared to those of the New York Stock Exchange, where some specialists are multimillionaires of long standing and where it is by no means uncommon for one of them to hold positions amounting to millions of dollars in the stocks he deals in.

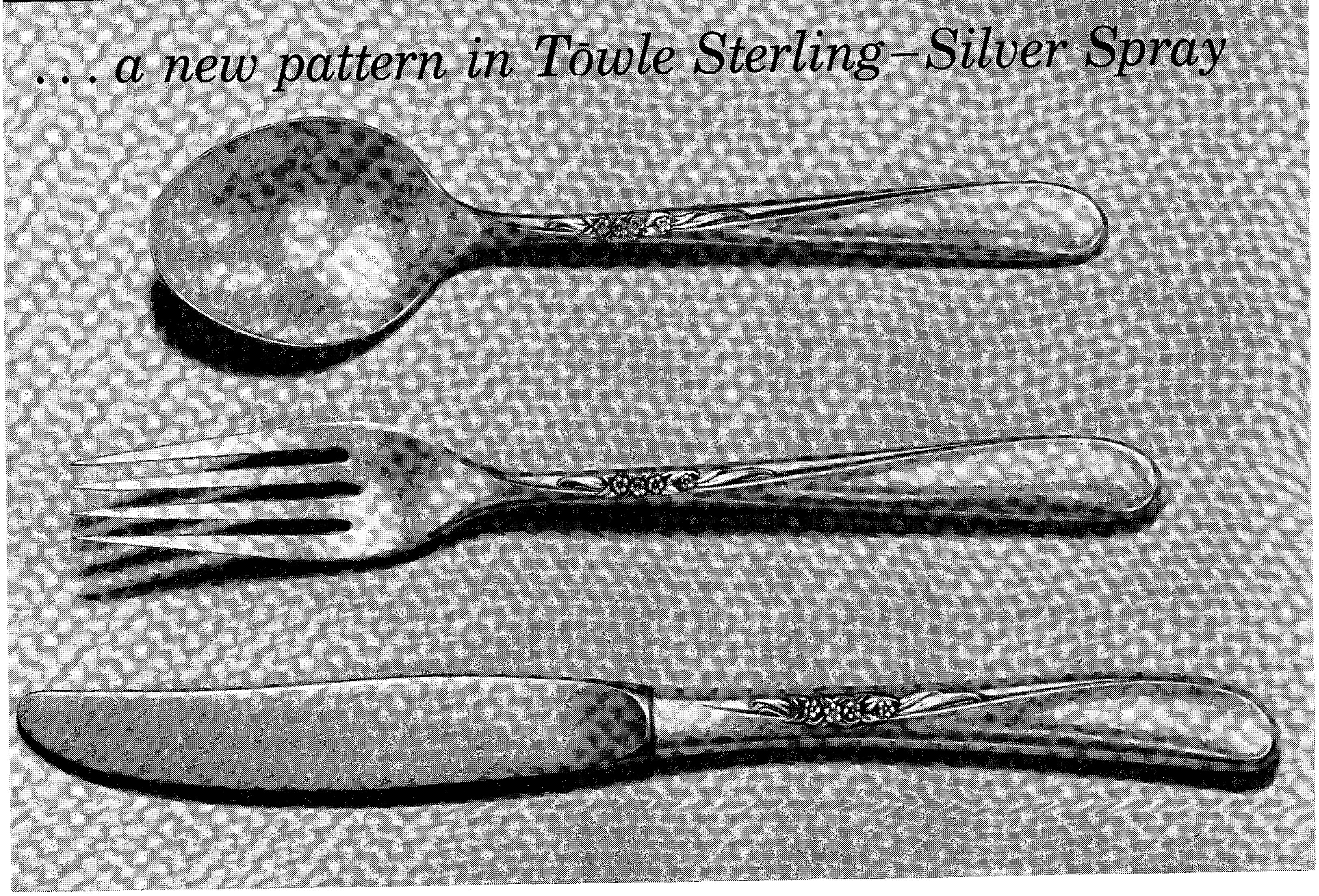
Ordinarily, Jackson, like most of his specialist colleagues on the American Stock Exchange, does not push out anything like a hundred thousand shares at a time. At the ten-o'clock opening hour on any given morning, his commitments on both the long and the short sides of the stocks he specializes in rarely total more than a couple of hundred thousand dollars, and he usually feels reasonably secure about the majority of these transitory investments. Of the fourteen stocks that he represents as a specialist, some, like Pancoastal Petroleum and Israel-Mediterranean Petroleum, are among the so-called penny stocks, selling for no more than a few dollars a share. Among his quality stocks are Venezuelan Petroleum, in which the gigantic Sinclair Oil Corporation owns the majority interest, and such steady dividend-payers as Mead Johnson (makers of Pablum), Thew Shovel, and Shoe Corporation of America. Most of the time, Jackson has to work harder at making a close market in his quality stocks than in his penny ones. Penny stocks are usually bought and sold by speculators so freely and so often that they need little help from him, but quality stocks tend to be bought up by conservative investors—either individuals or institutions—who, particularly in these boom days, when selling usually involves whopping capital-gains taxes, put them away in safe-deposit boxes, and so take them out of the market. When a buyer puts in an order for one of these stocks, and there is no seller in sight, Jackson obliges by selling it himself—frequently short. He is not, of course, always happy about this. The specialist's ideal market is an up-and-down, backing-and-filling one; a relentlessly rising market in a high-grade stock, while fine for the safe-deposit-box investors, is a dangerous one for him, since one of his obligations is to act as a drag on a rise by selling. All during 1945—a great year for Pablum sales—Mead Johnson stock bulled its way up, starting at around 50 and ending at around 300, and all that time, with each fractional point rise, Jackson was selling Mead Johnson short in an effort to keep the rise, if there had to be one, orderly. He lost

From the sweeping grace of the "curve of beauty"... the charm of a tiny bouquet





. . . a new pattern in Tōwle Sterling–Silver Spray



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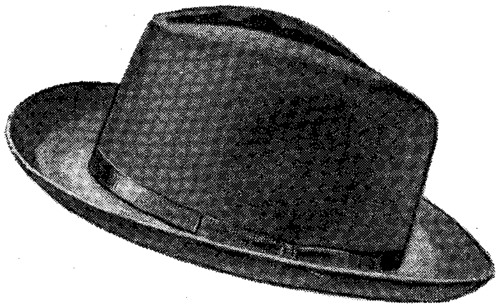

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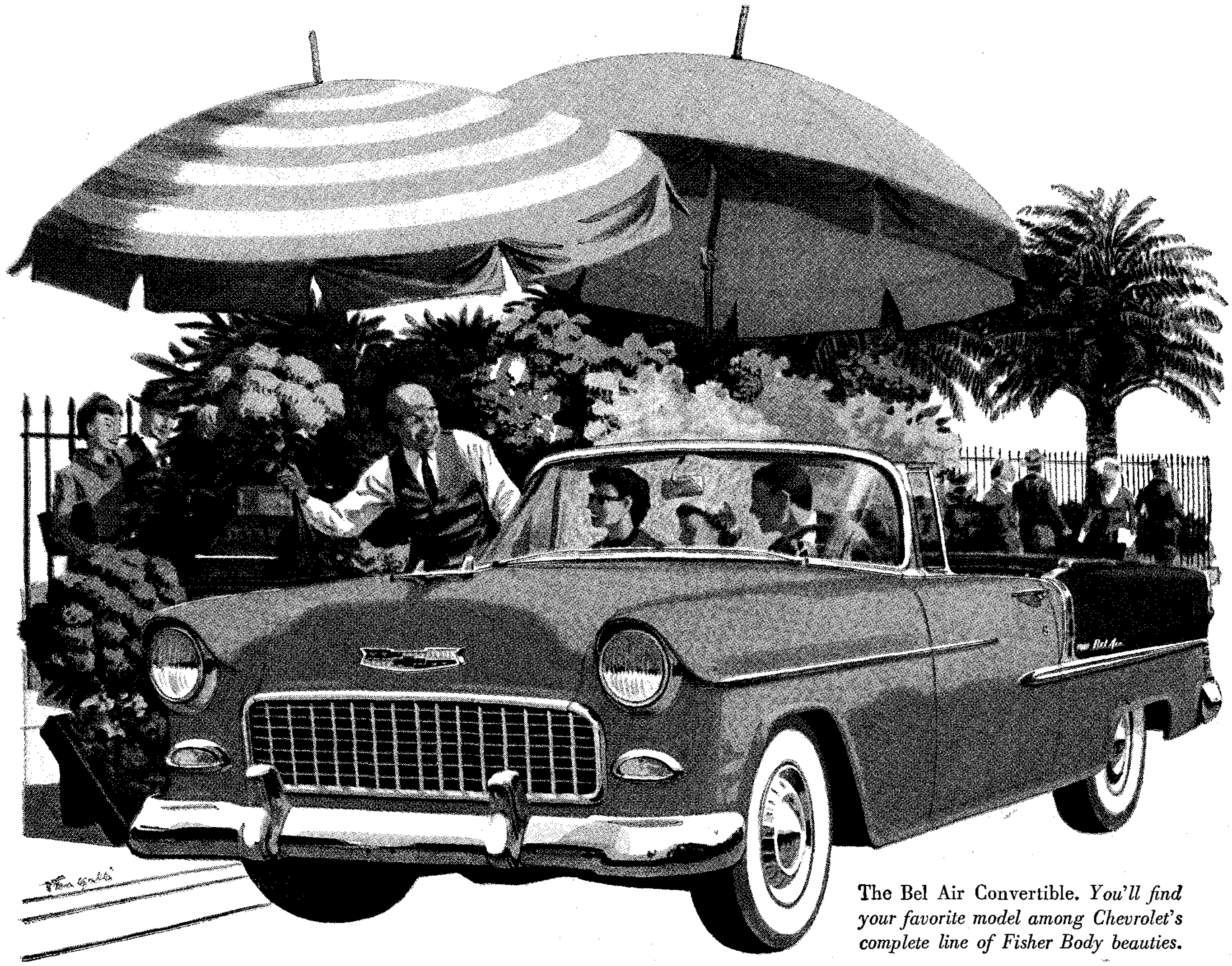
more than fifty thousand dollars that year slowing down Mead Johnson. "A perfectly splendid company," Jackson said amiably, after balancing his books.

Another perilous situation confronts the specialist on the day he has to launch a new stock of uncertain value on the market. Coastal Caribbean Oils, a speculative Florida drilling venture whose stock had never previously been traded, was admitted to trading on the American Stock Exchange on February 2, 1953, with Jackson as its specialist. No one had the slightest idea of the company's prospects or, in consequence, of what price its stock should sell at—5, 25, 75, anything. Before the opening bell that morning, Jackson found that brokers had put in orders to buy 77,000 shares "at the market," meaning at whatever price asked by the sellers. To fill these, he had orders to sell only 12,000 shares, at prices up to and including 5½. Jackson, following his usual custom when he encounters a glaring imbalance between the number of buyers and sellers, began trying to even things up; in this case, he got in touch with the brokers in an effort to whip up enthusiasm for selling Coastal Caribbean short. But the brokers—or, rather, their customers—were bullish on Coastal, and not interested in selling the stock short. Jackson shrugged his shoulders, said, in effect, "Well, if you won't sell it, I will," and filled his orders by going short 65,000 shares of Coastal Caribbean at 5½. He spent the next hour or so praying—with understandable fervor—that Coastal wouldn't report a gusher, since he was in a position to lose sixty-five thousand dollars each time the stock rose a single point. However, no gushers were reported, and after an opening flurry the stock began to plummet at a speed extremely satisfying to Jackson. Each time the asking price dropped an eighth of a point, he bought 10,000 shares to fill his commitment at 5½. By noon the next day, he was covered—he had bought all the 65,000 shares—and had a profit of about forty-five thousand dollars. He did not, as one might expect, knock off and take a month's vacation; his experience as a specialist had taught him that before long he was bound to find himself in a deal that would go the other way, and that he would need the Coastal Caribbean profit to cover his losses.

Jackson was quite right. Fifteen months later, he suffered the worst setback on a single deal that he has had in his whole career as a specialist. On April 21, 1954, Canada Southern



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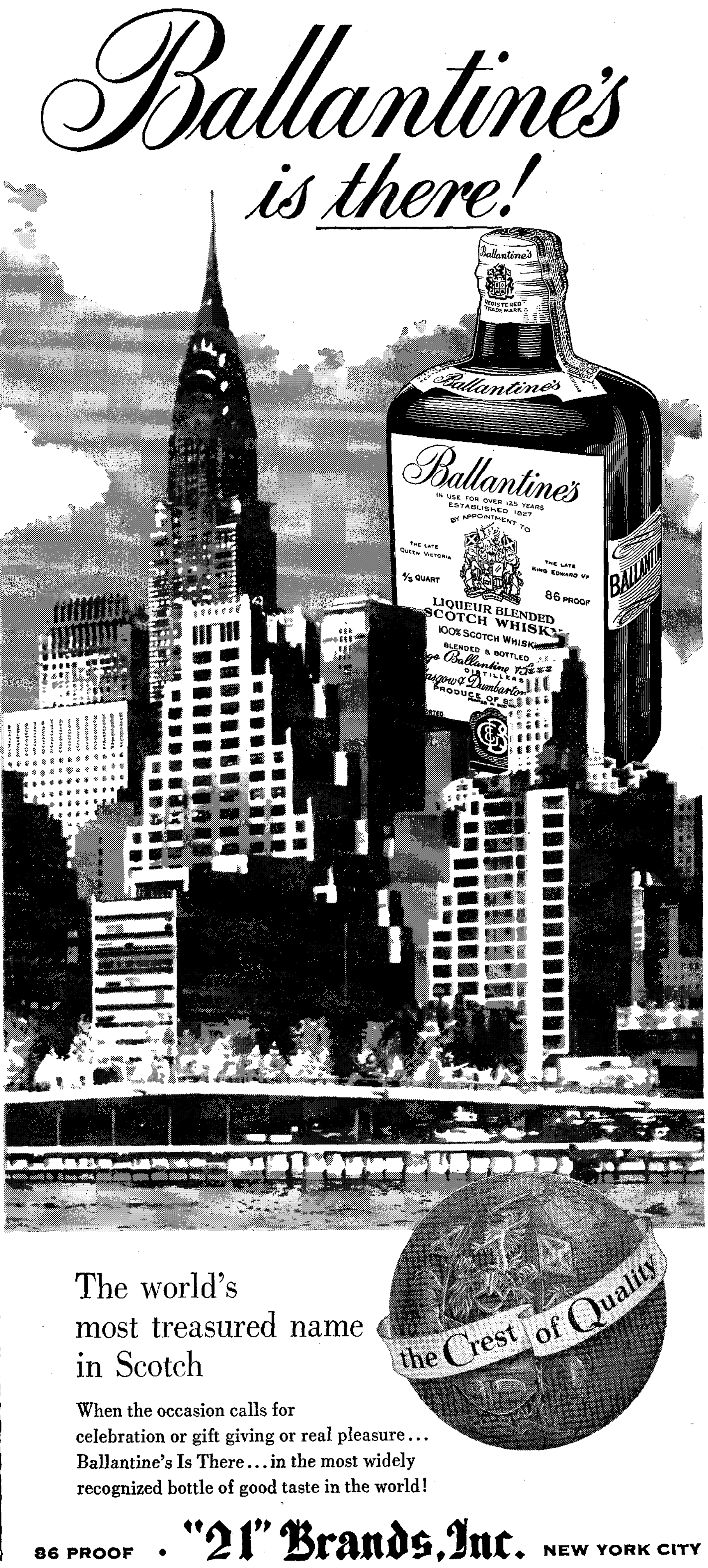
Petroleum, one of his stocks, indulged in what is known as a spin-off—splitting itself up to form new companies, in this case, Canso Natural Gas and Canso Oil Producers. The first few trades after the spin-off reflected confidence in the trio resulting from this feat of economic fission, but in the weeks that followed, the stocks of the two new companies began to sink precipitously—Canso Natural Gas from 2⅞ to 1 and Canso Oil Producers from 11½ to 3. Canada Southern Petroleum, the parent company, held fairly firm at around 3. In an attempt to halt the decline of the infant stocks, Jackson repeatedly bought shares of both Cansos. At times, there were absolutely no bids from the public to buy Canso Oil Producers at any price, and Jackson, with grave misgivings, would grit his teeth and go on buying it himself. (His alternative would have been to ask the board of governors for permission to let the stock drop unchecked, but in Jackson's view this would have been like a football player's complaining to the coach about a Charley horse as soon as the game gets rough.) Within a month, Jackson found himself "eating" Canso stock—holding a great many shares of little value or promise and in no demand—in which he had invested a large part of his capital. He finally got out of the mess at a loss of a hundred thousand dollars. Usually Jackson is too hardened to the vagaries of the market to be emotionally affected by them, but this time he was a trifle shaken. Feeling an intense desire to get away from the floor of the Exchange for a while, he counted up what he had left and, finding that he had enough to keep his business going, with three transatlantic boat fares to spare, he announced to his wife and daughter that they were all going to Europe for a two-month vacation. And off they went.

THE nature of a specialist's job teaches him to look on triumph and disaster with a fine, Kiplingesque impartiality, and the same goes for the specialist's wife, for whom a bad day or two on the floor may have disastrous consequences. Jackson is a second-generation specialist, and his wife is thoroughly inured to the life, as is his mother. Before Jackson was born—in 1902, on Henry Street, on the lower East Side of Manhattan—his father, Emanuel, was for a time in the crockery business, at which he did so well that he decided to move his shop to better quarters. The move was ill-advised, for during it the van overturned, reducing his stock to fragments and leav-



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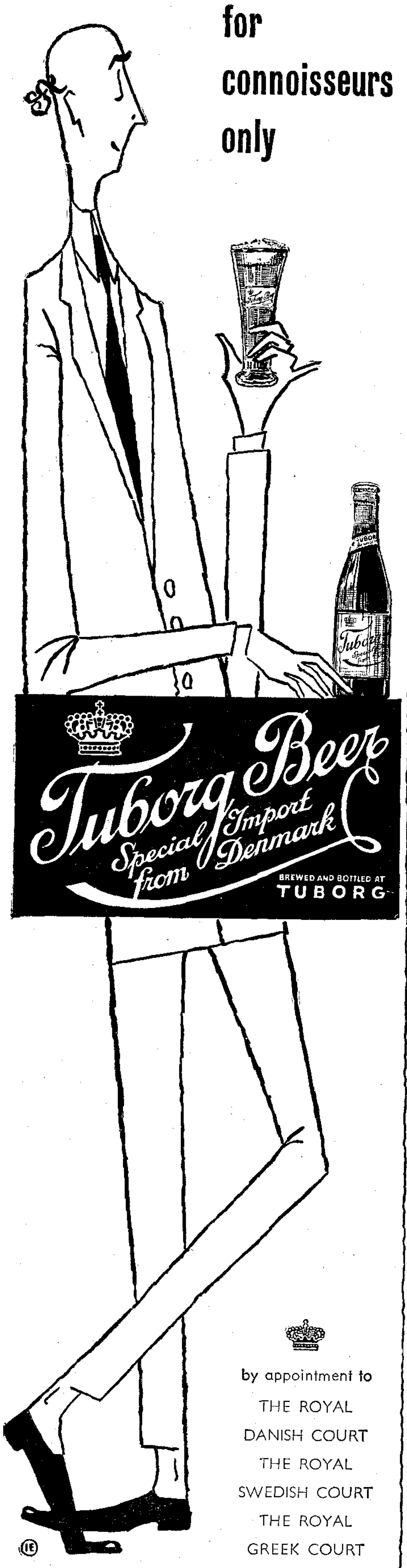

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ing him with no other resort than to enter politics. He did as well in this field as he had done in crockery, rising to the estate of Tammany district captain and forsaking Henry Street to set his family up in the more rustic Borough Park section of Brooklyn. In 1908, when David was six, the senior Jackson tired of politics and became a stock specialist at the old outdoor Curb Market, on Broad Street. In those days, the Curb had no board of governors and no rules to regulate the activities of specialists. No registration was required; all a man had to do to become a specialist was to appear one morning on Broad Street and begin soliciting orders to buy and sell whatever stocks interested him.

The old Curb was equally informal in many other ways, and it was a strenuous place, too. Its origins have been lost in the mists of history, but it is believed to have been started around the beginning of the nineteenth century by a group of rugged, outdoors-loving brokers who refused to follow the New York Stock Exchange when it left the sidewalk and moved inside. For a while, the Curb was situated on Wall Street, near Hanover Street; then, at about the time of the Civil War, it drifted to William Street, between Exchange Place and Beaver Street. There was no formal organization and no opening and closing hours; trading went on, in all kinds of weather, more or less from dawn to dusk. Often the brokers would head uptown after nightfall to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at Twenty-third Street, and continue trading in the corridors there until the early hours of morning. Sketches of the Curb in its William Street days show bearded brokers in top hats standing about in imposing groups while ragged urchins—either messengers or artistic symbols of the oppressed classes—slink around the fringes of the gathering, munching on apples. The Curb was always highly peripatetic, and early in this century it moved from William to Broad Street, just below Exchange Place. An important reason for this move was the invention of the telephone, which revolutionized the securities business by making it possible for people all over the country to place orders quickly; as it happened, Broad Street was lined with office buildings whose lower floors were ideally suited to serve as offices for Curb brokers. Each broker installed a telephone near a window looking down on the exchange, and in each window sat a clerk, wearing a telephone headset, who received orders from customers and transmitted them to his employer on the side-

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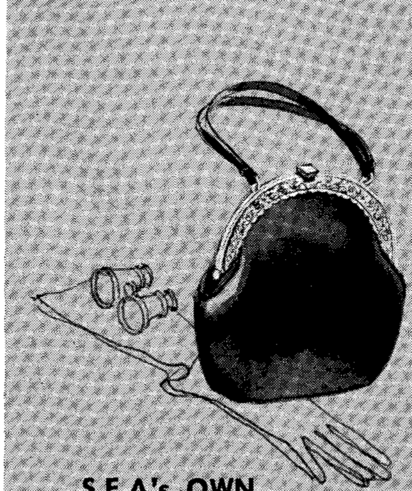

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walk by means of a sort of deaf-and-dumb language. In 1908—the year of Emanuel Jackson's arrival—traders on the exchange, theretofore an amorphous lot, banded together in an organization they called the New York Curb Agency, and three years later they changed its name to the New York Curb Market Association. In 1921, over the loud objections of some of its hardier members, the Curb followed the New York Stock Exchange indoors, establishing itself in its present building—since modernized and enlarged—on Trinity Place, just behind Trinity Churchyard. Two years ago, the Curb finally acknowledged the fact that it was no longer on the sidewalk and rechristened itself the American Stock Exchange.

Life on the Curb in its Broad Street days is not hard to reconstruct, since many members of the present Exchange were active there, and others, like David Jackson, have, or had, fathers who were. Although trading was still pretty rough-and-ready, definite hours of trading had by then been established. (An electric bell signalled the opening and closing, and when it was out of order, as it often was, the members paid a street-cleaner to fill in for it by banging a couple of garbage-pail covers together.) Many of the members, in order to make themselves more readily identifiable to their telephone clerks perched in the windows above, sported strange headgear—green derbies, bright plaid caps, and the like. The clerks sitting in the windows, with their legs dangling out, would bend intently as they transmitted their orders or received word from below that transactions had been completed, and occasionally, in the excitement of a big deal, one of them would fall to the street. "Sometimes when that happened the stock the clerk was ordering would tumble a point or two out of sympathy," an old Wall Street folklorist said not long ago. "But then, unlike the unfortunate clerk, it would rise again."

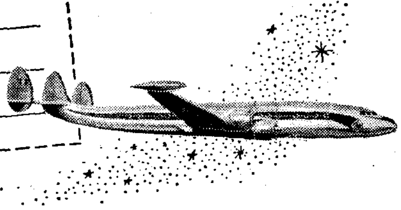
As far as anyone can recollect, the Curb was never closed on account of bad weather—neither for the blizzard of '88 nor for the great heat wave of 1918, when the mercury touched a hundred and two degrees. On stormy days, the members bundled up in stocking caps, sheepskin coats, and galoshes, and wrapped towels around their necks. Quite naturally, they were, by and large, a hard-drinking lot, and in the later outdoors years, their hangouts were the Brokers' Cafe, at 40 Broad Street, which was conveniently right next door to the scene of action; Robbins Restaurant, at 54 Broad; and the Epicure, at 45 Broad, although this one was shunned by some members on the ground that not only its name but everything else about it was too high-class for their taste. There were very few college men on the outdoor Curb; all in all, it was a fairly roughneck crowd, much given to horseplay, and in the course of their trading the members shoved one another around quite a lot, and now and then clinched a deal with a fistfight. Even in the horse-and-buggy days, this mob of brokers, habitually spilling off the sidewalk and onto the street, was a traffic hazard, and with the arrival of the automobile, things became much worse. Sometimes, in their high spirits, several members would get together and pit their strength against that of a passing Ford or Maxwell, with the result that on more than one occasion an indignant driver found himself riding backward although his gears were set for full speed ahead.

As a specialist on the Curb, the elder Jackson experienced financial ups and downs that were not only frequent but so pronounced that they had an appreciable effect on the family's standard of living, and David, as he watched his parents alternately sipping fine imported wines and stalling off grocers importunately flourishing bills, grew up assuming this to be a normal state of affairs. As a boy, David visited the Curb often, usually going there on afternoons when his father had promised to knock off a little early and take him to a ball game; by the time he was sixteen, and a student at Peekskill Military Academy, he was beginning to play the market a bit on his own. After Peekskill, he went to Brown, but he left during his third year—chiefly, he says, because he was too small to make any of the athletic teams. Returning to Brooklyn (his family had moved from Borough Park to Sea Gate, then a fancy

vander noot

community on the western tip of Coney Island), he entered St. John's University, where he studied law for a year at his father's urging. He quit to work, briefly, as a reporter for the Brooklyn *Citizen*. In September, 1925, the elder Jackson, who, in addition to being a specialist, had his own customers' brokerage business, decided that he was getting tired of floor work, and transferred his seat on the Curb to David.

THUS, Jackson arrived on the Curb as a full-fledged member, but with no apprenticeship behind him and with little experience in dealing in securities. At the outset, he was not a specialist; an older brother, Jack, had already become a member of the Curb, and the senior Jackson, when bowing out, had entrusted him with his specialties. But it was not long before David felt inclined to become a specialist; within two or three months, in fact, he was handling some of Jack's stocks for him, and in 1938, when Jack sold his seat and took up another line of business, he took over all of them. Looking back now at his early years on the trading floor, Jackson can recall many tense days, but none so tense as the day he first showed up there in the role of a member. By then, of course, the Curb had moved indoors, and with the move it had taken on a new tameness and respectability. But it had brought one old carefree custom in from the street with it—an initiation ceremony to which every new member was subjected. On the neophyte's first morning, the veterans would arrange to have him receive an order to buy a vast amount of a fictitious stock, with instructions to execute it at once. Everything possible would be done to give the charade a semblance of reality—brokers would make competing bids for the stock, clerks would busily jot them down, and so on. "On my first morning, I was handed this staggering order, so I went in and timidly made my bid," Jackson said recently. "But somebody was there ahead of me. More of the stock was offered for sale, and I bid for it again, and again I didn't get it. I got scareder and scareder and kept yelling 'I'll take it!' to each sell offer, but somebody always got it before I could. The stock was going up and up, nightmarishly. I yelled to my brother, 'Jack, Jack, help me buy this stock! It's getting away from me!' But Jack just said coldly, 'Get in there and execute your order.' He was in on the con, naturally. If he had tipped me off, I'd have shown it and the other members would have been



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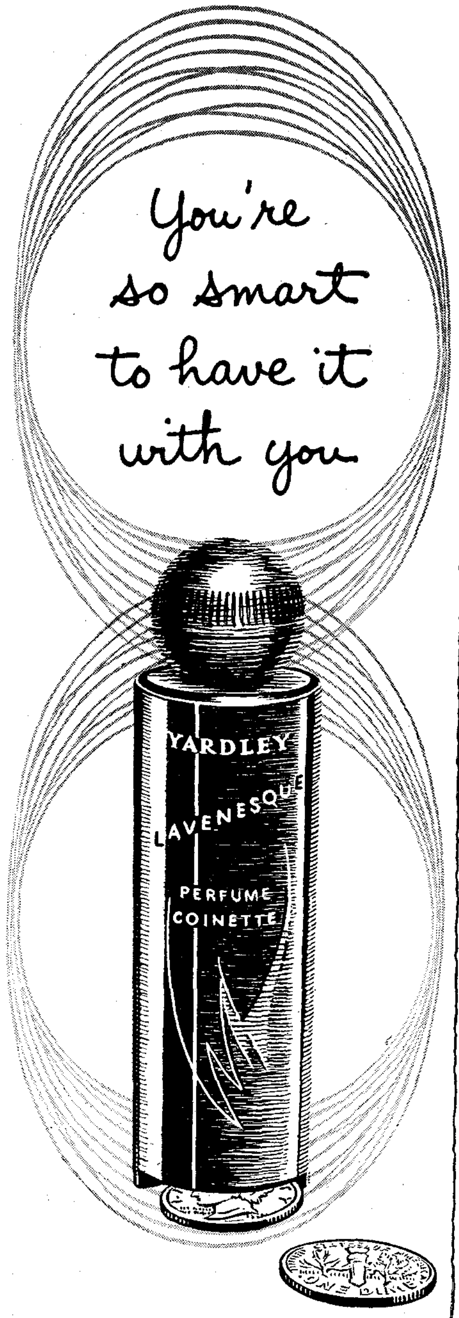

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down on him. So I kept bidding and bidding, until the point was reached where no more of the stock was being offered, and finally everybody started to laugh and whoop, and then they tore the shirt off my back, which was the symbolic climax of the ritual."

During the late nineteen-twenties, everybody made money in the stock market, including the specialists, who were allowed by law and custom to operate in an extremely free-and-easy manner. (Many of the restrictions governing their activity, as well as most of the other current restrictions on financial dealings, came in as a result of the passage, in 1934, of the Securities Exchange Act.) The disadvantages to a specialist in a steadily rising market were not what they are at present; moreover, Jackson was not as conscientious a specialist as he is now. Like almost everybody else in those hysterical years, he was out to make a million dollars. Indeed, so highly did he regard this goal that he even let it influence his plans for matrimony. In 1926, he met Freda King, an attractive, blond young lady from Brooklyn with the calm look of one who might be able to withstand a harrowing fiscal life, but it was not until May, 1930, when he had his million in the bank, that he married her. "I thought it was a wise thing to be a millionaire before you marry," says Jackson, who doesn't mind throwing away a line now and then.

Jackson did not remain a millionaire long. Although he handily survived the first wave of the crash, in 1929, he was badly caught up in the second wave, in the summer of 1930; before he had been married a year, he had spectacularly improved upon the example set by his father as an intermittent breadwinner by going stone-broke, not so much because of his specialist activities as because of his sideline market dealings, which in those days were many. Jackson and his wife, who had settled in Great Neck after their marriage, economized by moving with their young daughter to a farm in Monroe, New York, and he succeeded in borrowing the money that he had to have if he was to remain in business as a specialist. He recovered rapidly, and by 1937, while not yet back in the millionaire class, he was doing well enough to be living in another house in Great Neck and to have three servants. But that year the market went into another tailspin, and Jackson was broke again. This time, his misfortune was directly attributable to his specializing; while trying to keep the decline of his stocks orderly (and expecting an

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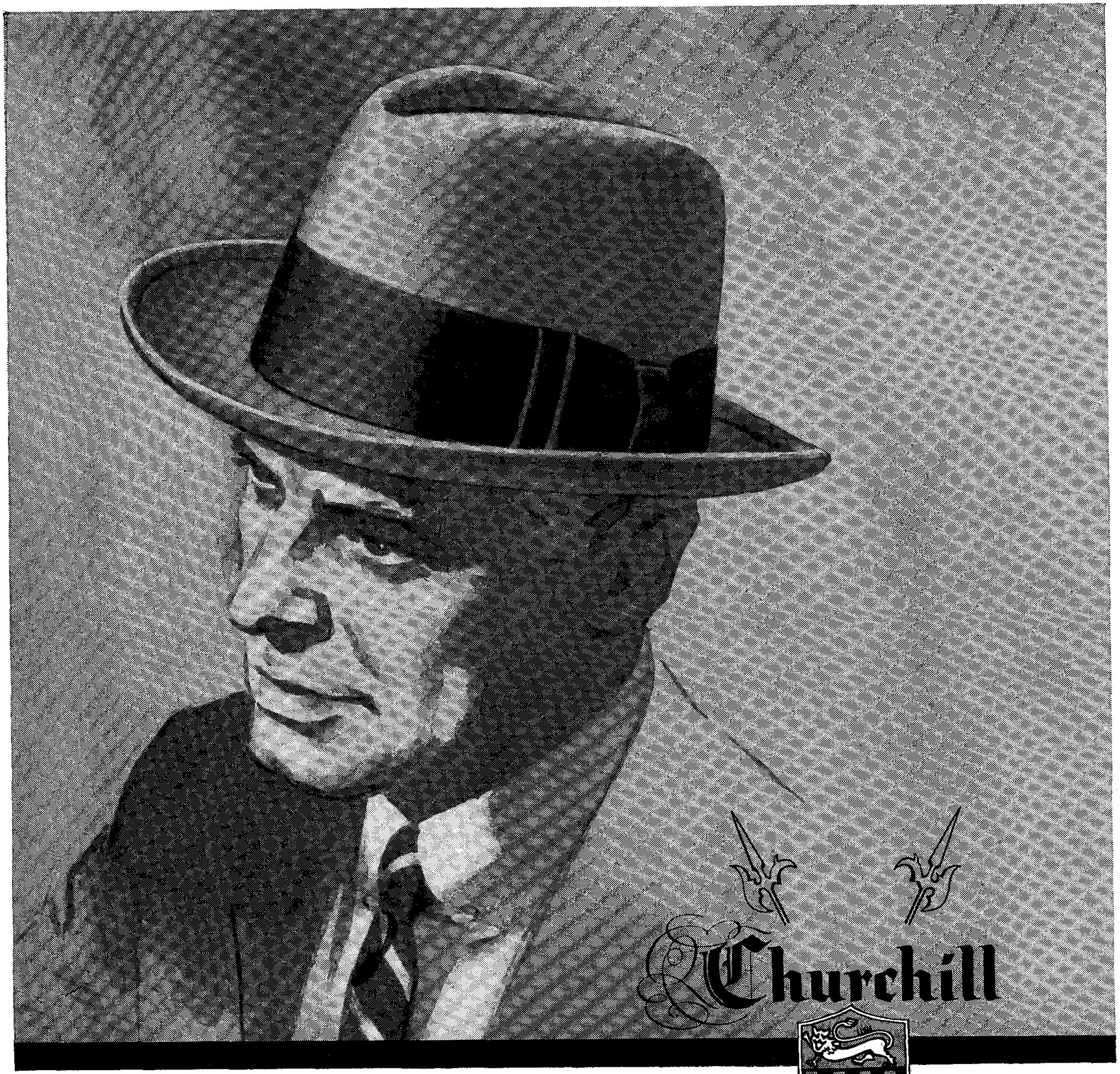

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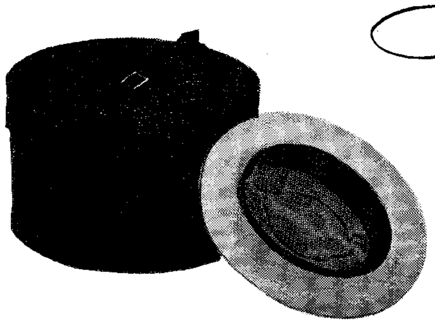

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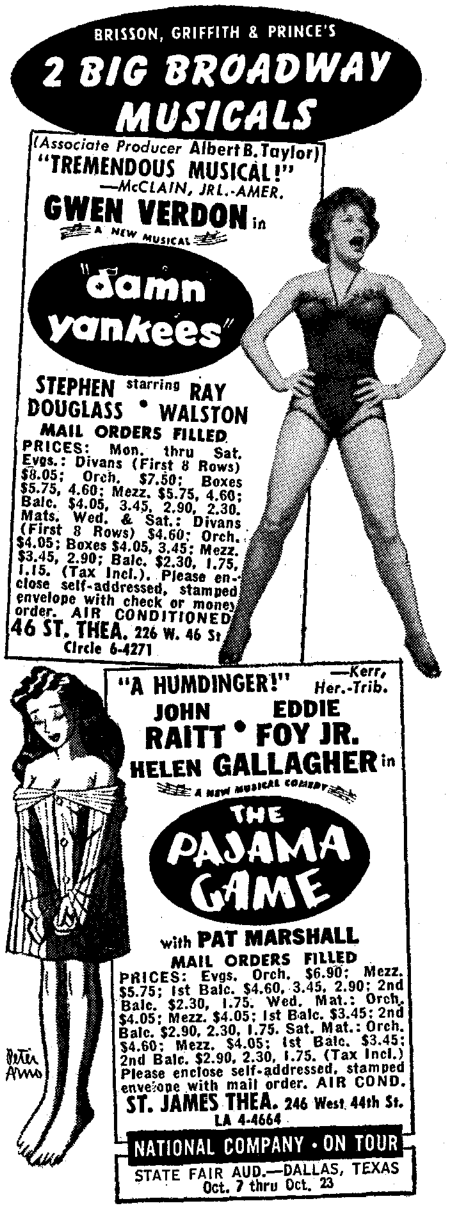
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upturn), he kept buying in a sellers' market to such an extent that, as prices continued on down, he finally found himself unable to meet his obligations.

His second comeback was more arduous. In 1937, when the depression had become a way of life, it was not so simple for formerly wealthy men to borrow money as it had been a few years earlier. In 1938, the Jacksons and their daughters—there were two now—moved to a small house in Cedarhurst, where Jackson learned to cook in order to make things easier for his wife, and to daub ink on the cuffs of his only business suit to conceal their threadbare edges. In time, he managed to borrow enough money on his reputation to resume work as a specialist. "I was getting bored with going broke," Jackson says. So, no doubt, was Mrs. Jackson, who knew, and knows, nothing about the stock market except what she had learned from some rather vivid object lessons. Jackson has never been broke, or anything like it, since that second debacle, but no matter how astute he is, or how lucky, he will probably never be a millionaire again; as a specialist, all his profits are taxable as short-term capital gains. He accepts the present tax setup the way a horseplayer accepts the cuts the track and state take out of the pari-mutuel pool—as a regrettable but inexorable part of human destiny. In 1944, he went so far as to vote for Roosevelt. For the past nine years, up to this month, the Jacksons lived in a comfortable nine-room stucco house on a half-acre plot on Highland Avenue, in Great Neck; now the elder daughter has married and her sister is a freshman at Finch College, and their parents have moved to an apartment on East Sixty-eighth Street.

WHILE Jackson's approach to his job as a specialist is fairly orthodox in most respects, it is highly individual in others. For he firmly believes, unlike the majority of specialists, that the condition and prospects of the companies in whose stock he specializes are none of his business. The movements of these stocks' prices are for him part of an intricate mathematical game in which the stocks themselves are the counters, and he does not care to have the play sullied by any mundane considerations of how the company behind the stock is making out. Whether the company's prospects for the future are good or bad, his interest in it is limited to the number of buy or sell orders it will produce and the effect these will have on his efforts to preserve a close market, and he considers the occasional dividends he gets, when he happens to be long in a stock at distribution time, something of a nuisance. He does not believe in watching the gyrations of the market as a whole in an effort to detect a trend, and claims that he hardly ever bothers to look at the ticker, even though an enlargement of it is constantly flowing across a fifteen-foot lighted screen almost directly above his post on the floor. He does not own a single share of stock in any companies other than those he represents as specialist. His wife has some outside holdings, but he prefers to devote all his personal cash to the counters in the game.

Jackson customarily leaves his apartment at around eight-thirty, taking a subway downtown and arriving on the trading floor at a little after nine, having stopped in the basement cloakroom to hang up his coat and hat and put on his tan working smock. Trading hours are now from ten to three-thirty, Monday through Friday, so he has almost an hour in which to check the overnight orders before the opening bell sounds. Ever since he became a specialist, his post has been No. 11, an octagonal structure, some eight feet in diameter and rather resembling a rumpus-room bar, that stands not far from the center of the floor. Its exterior surface is covered with pigeonholes, in which incoming orders from brokers are filed after being sorted. Jackson shares No. 11 with seven other specialists, and together they patrol the outer perimeter of the post, where they can be easily buttonholed by order-bearing brokers. Orders for Jackson's fourteen stocks go in the pigeonholes on the southern side of the post, and it is there that he does his trading. On reaching his post, he is likely to find his three associates—James T. Tobin, Benjamin R. Nichols, and Harry Foshko—already on hand, sorting orders. The associates do not have any capital invested in the business, but they receive a percentage of net profits and are experienced enough to carry on the whole operation without help from Jackson, a setup that enables him to take a vacation whenever he feels like it. In checking over the orders, Jackson may perch himself on a high stool that he keeps beside the post by a special dispensation of the board of governors that was granted some years ago when he developed a bad back. (A "seat" on the American Stock Exchange, although costing in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars, actually entitles—or, more accurately, compels—an able-bodied man to stand up all day.)

After checking his position in his specialties—a thousand shares long, say, in Israel-Mediterranean, five hundred short of Thew Shovel, and so on—Jackson may be informed by his staff, which has finished sorting overnight orders, that bids and offers in most of his stocks are so disparate that only one of them appears likely to open right at the bell; there is a hungry-looking broker standing near the post and proclaiming his readiness to buy five hundred shares of Venezuelan Petroleum "at the market." Jackson sees that the lowest selling order on hand for Venezuelan Petroleum is five points higher than the previous day's closing price, so, rather than let the stock jump five points in a single deal, he decides to sell the five hundred shares himself, at a rise of a mere half point. He is pleased by the realization that he is long in that particular stock just then, having bought some a few weeks before, when it was way down, and thus stands to make a nice profit on the forthcoming sale. Then the opening bell clangs, and the familiar hum of voices, now and again punctuated by a whistle or shriek of pleasure or pain, fills the big room. Jackson says to the broker, "You bought five hundred VZP at eighty." "O.K., Davy," replies the broker, noting down the price, and Jackson has begun his day by combining a righteous effort to make a close market in VZP with a personally lucrative transaction involving $40,000.

Aside from the fact that stocks are bought and sold there, the well-ordered floor of today's American Stock Exchange has almost nothing in common with the old outdoor Curb. In addition to its immunity to extremes of temperature and to precipitation, including that of telephone clerks, the Exchange has laid down, and strictly enforces, rules that make the trading floor, at least in comparison with the early days, a showcase of polite behavior. "Indecorous language, or an act subversive of good order and decorum, or serious interference with the personal comfort or safety of another person, is forbidden," sternly declares Article V of the Exchange's constitution. "Any member who shall violate this rule . . . may be fined . . . in a sum not exceeding fifty dollars. . . . Betting, or offering to bet, upon the Floor of the Exchange is forbidden." The board of governors has also banned hard-brimmed hats on the floor; this is to protect unwary members from having their eyes gouged out by free-wheeling brokers in boaters. It may be that the very existence of this rather schoolboylike code of conduct is an

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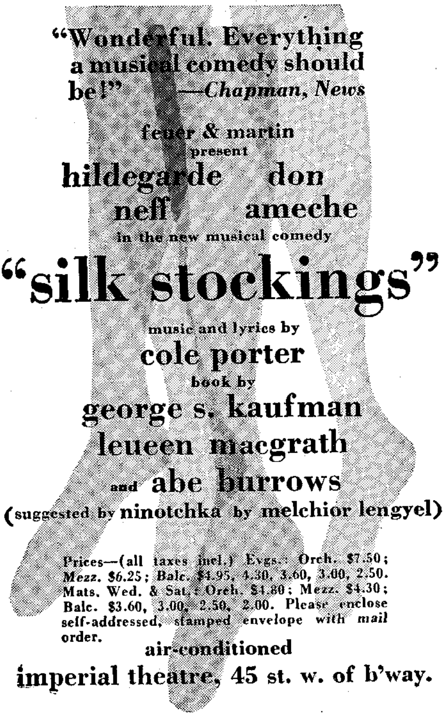

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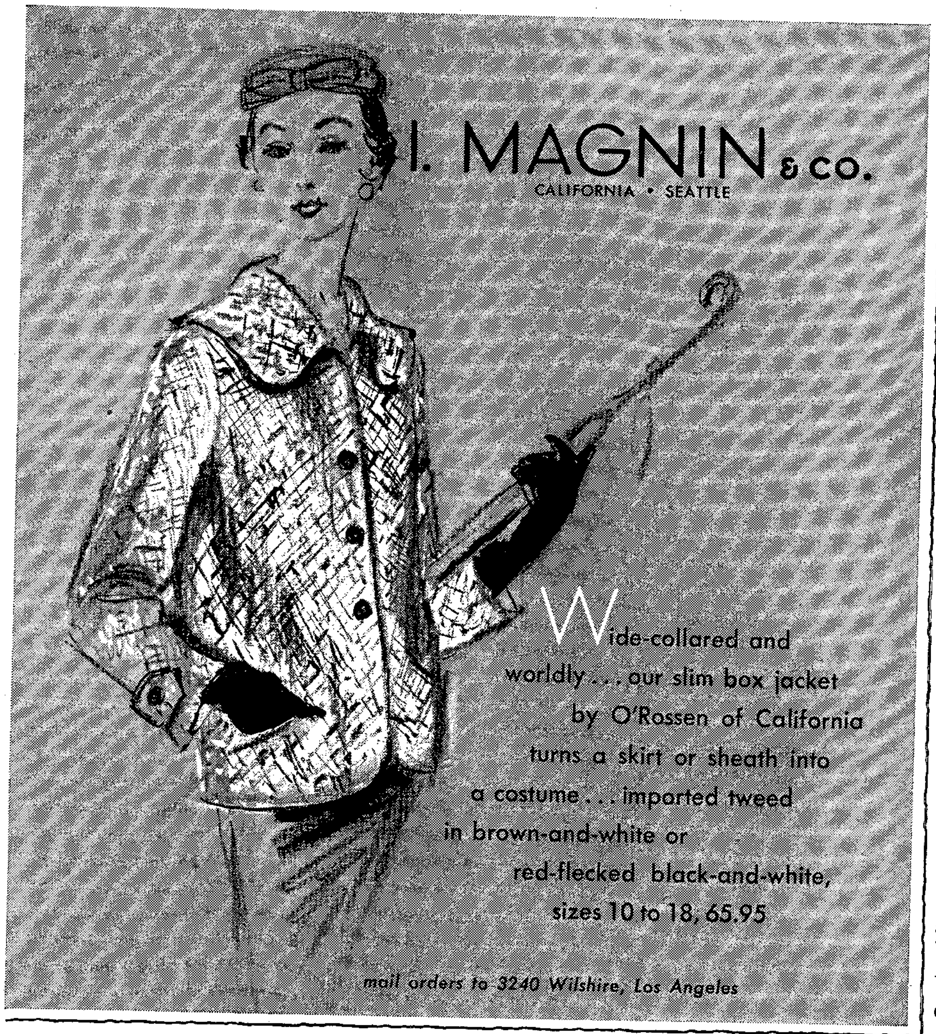
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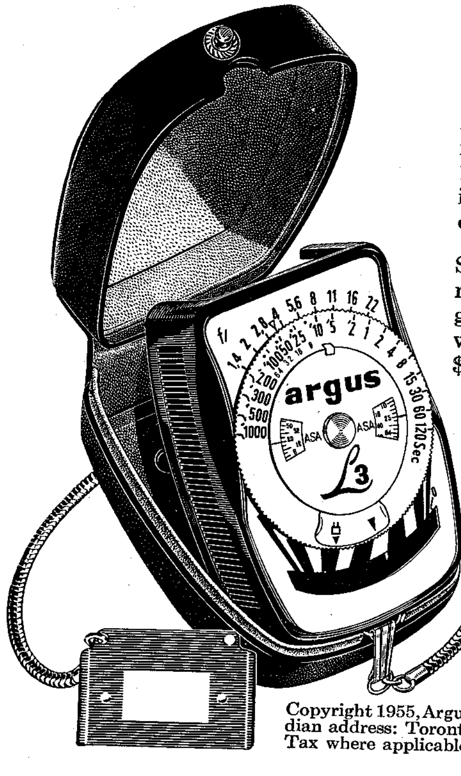

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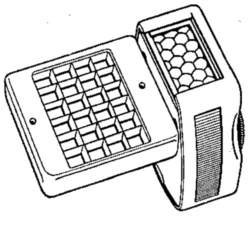

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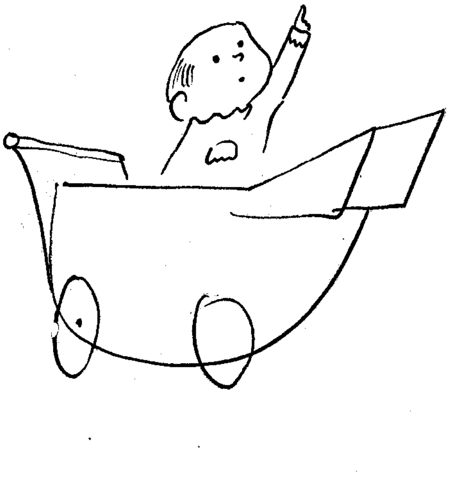
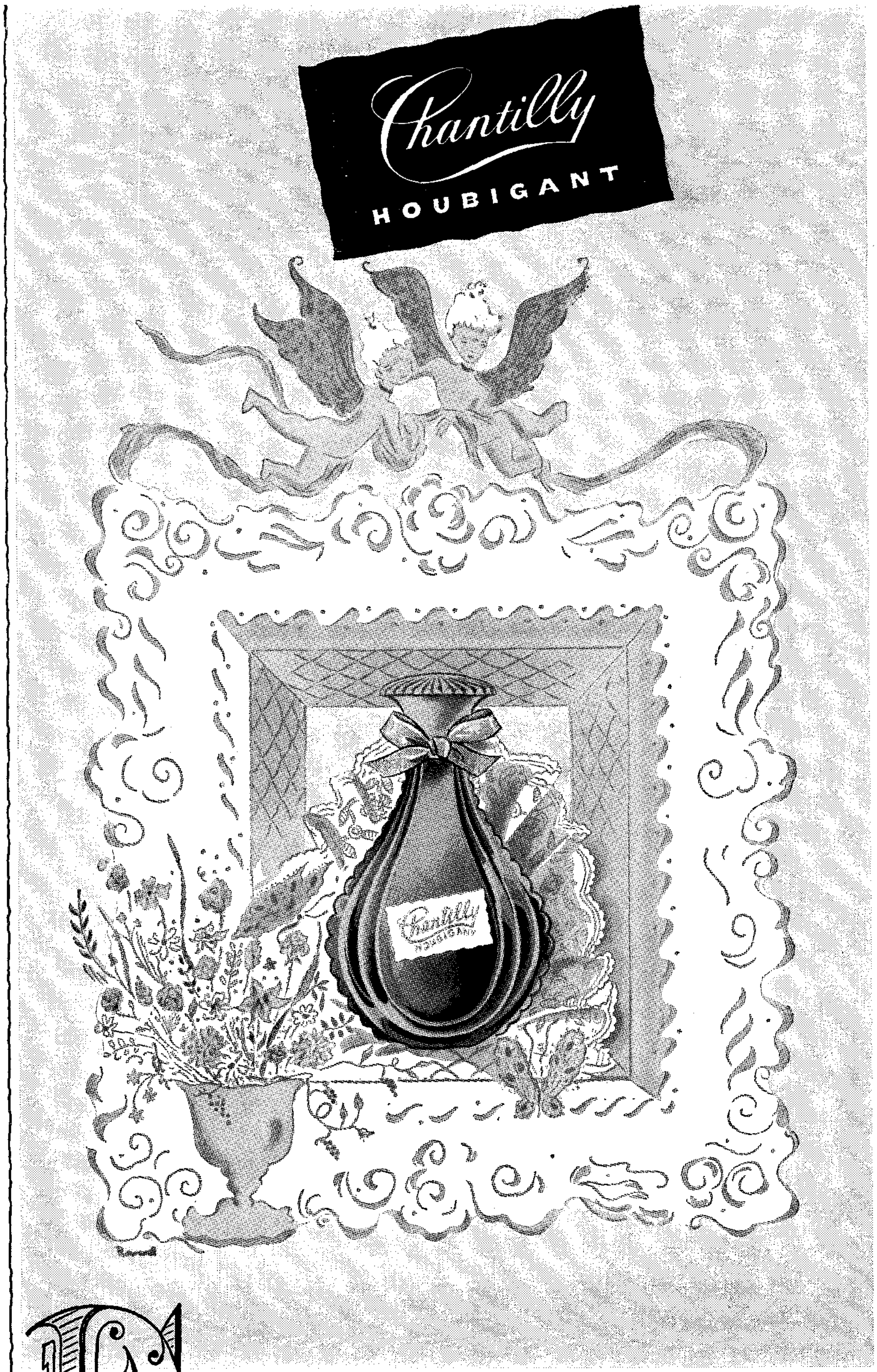
indication that the old rambunctious spirit, however sternly repressed, still lurks deep in the Exchange's unconscious, and there is enough of it left to give brokers with robust physiques something of a business advantage over their less well-endowed colleagues. The spindly Jackson has to be constantly on the alert to compensate for his small stature by whatever subtle means he can devise, while Charles J. Bocklet, a strapping six-footer who used to be a semi-professional basketball and baseball player and now specializes at Post 6 on the American Stock Exchange, feels that his build is a tremendous help to him in trading. "Say good news suddenly comes out on one of your stocks," he explained not long ago. "A stock split, an increased dividend, a new oil well brought in—anything that will bring a big rush of orders. All at once, brokers start crawling out of the woodwork and swarming all over you, grabbing your shoulders, hollering at you, waving order slips. Know what I do in a case like that? I grab the rail of my post with my two hands, and then I start pushing backward, good and hard—and I've got what it takes to do it. Then I say, 'Everybody shuddup! I'll sell you stock when I get good and ready!' That calms them down. Now, Davy Jackson, over at Post Eleven, when he grabs the rail of his post like that and tries to back up, it don't mean anything. When I see brokers nearly twice his size literally on his back, I think his knees are going to crack. He's got to get the best of them by psychology, pure and simple. And he does. When he has a rush of orders, he just stands there looking very calm and quietly saying something like 'Everyone will be taken care of in due time.' The funny thing is, before you know it he's got them lining up like ladies in a supermarket."

ON the evening of last January 9th, Walter Winchell, who, during the preceding year or so, had been in the habit of providing stock-market dope



on his program, began the second, or "editorial," part of his regular Sunday-evening radio and television broadcast by stating that, according to his financial-district experts, the purchase of a few hundred shares of all of the forty-odd stocks he had mentioned favorably on the air in 1954 would have resulted in a paper profit, up to then, of about a quarter of a million dollars. To document this generalization, he repeated the names of some of the stocks he had mentioned—Eastern Air Lines, Twentieth Century-Fox, Western Union, Bell Aircraft, Amerada Petroleum, and United States Gypsum, among others—and pointed out that their prices had recently risen anywhere from four to ninety-two dollars a share. Then, after he had issued a warning to stock-market players, urging them to investigate before investing, he said sharply, "I'll be back in a minute with other pieces of advance Wall Street news." There followed a one-minute plug for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, delivered by a network announcer, after which Winchell returned. "Here's that exciting piece of advance news," he said, and then gave it, in classic Winchell strophes: "The stock-market boom, which took a dive for two days this week, had to come. All the experts wondered what delayed it. I am told now the recovery Friday will continue, because the national payroll is up four hundred per cent and American production is up over three hundred per cent over 1929. Here is another piece of big advance news. Pantepec Oil"—Winchell pronounced the name slowly and distinctly, and then repeated it insistently—"Pantepec Oil, P-A-N-T-E-P-E-C Oil, on the Small Board. Pantepec Oil has newly discovered substantial oil reserves in the El Roble field in Venezuela. Pantepec Oil will hold a meeting on January 13th to increase its common stock to be used for stock dividends. I'll be back in a flash." In the flash, Winchell came back and turned his attention to other matters, but it would appear in the light of later events that by then the name of Pantepec had been firmly planted in the minds of his listeners.

As a matter of fact, Winchell's "advance news" about Pantepec was something less than a journalistic scoop. The Pantepec Oil Company, C.A.—a Venezuelan corporation that heads up a group of companies in which the family of William F. Buckley, Sr., has extensive holdings—had announced its El Roble discovery on the previous November 24th. As for the anticipated stock dividend, that had been reported in a



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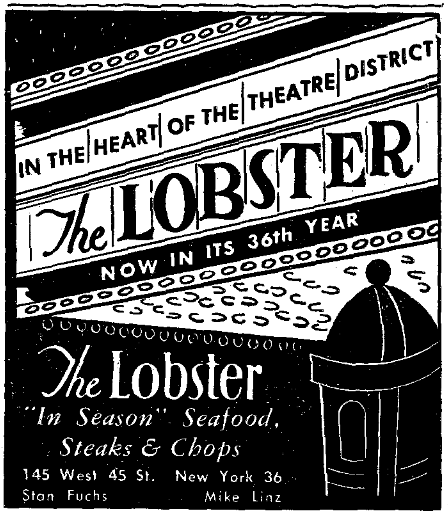

fourteen-line item on the fourth page of the New York *Times* financial section of Saturday, January 8th—the day before Winchell's broadcast. This news was not of a necessarily bullish nature, either; as the *Times* pointed out but Winchell did not, a stock dividend would mean that holders of Pantepec might expect to receive no cash dividends for some time. Apparently, though, Winchell's prestige as a forecaster was so great in many homes that his mere mention of the stock's name, along with some old news and some ambiguous news about it, was enough to set off the historic stock stampede. Then, too, the broadcast came at a psychologically opportune moment—at the end of a sensational week on Wall Street, during which General Motors common stock had risen 9½ points in one day, the volume of trading on the New York Stock Exchange on another day had exceeded that of any single session since the invasion of Poland, and reports of the dizzily spinning market had been on the front pages of most newspapers every day. The public was ready to come back in if somebody would tell it which way to come.

During Winchell's broadcast, Jackson was in his car, driving his younger daughter home from a visit to some friends of hers in Great Neck. Not being a habitual Winchell listener, he did not have the radio in his car tuned in on the program. As soon as he and his daughter reached the house, Mrs. Jackson told him that Exchange President McCormick had just telephoned from his home in Rye. "Ted said Winchell has tipped Pantepec very strongly on television, and it looks as if there's going to be a situation tomorrow," Mrs. Jackson reported. Jackson and other American Stock Exchange specialists and officials were well aware of Winchell's power to create situations; on April 27, 1953, for example, the commentator's favorable mention of Amurex Oil—not one of Jackson's specialties—had resulted in a sudden advance of 6⅞ points in the price of that stock. In the first hour after Jackson got home, he received half a dozen similarly anxious calls from friends of his in the securities business, some of them members of the American Stock Exchange and some not. Most of the callers emphasized the force and insistence, unusual even for Winchell, with which the Pantepec plug had been delivered, and expressed apprehension about the effect of his words, in view of the fever of speculation that seemed to be in the air just then.

Although Jackson felt that his friends were a trifle on the alarmist side, he played it safe the next morning by taking a train that got him into town an hour earlier than usual. When he arrived at the Exchange, at a few minutes past eight, he found the customary few early birds already on the floor—some clerks busy arranging overnight orders, and a handful of fanatical members, who love the place as they love no other place in the world and invariably hurry down there shortly after dawn to sit around reading papers, smoking, and tapping their feet in impatient anticipation of the ten-o'clock opening bell. After a glance at this reassuring scene, Jackson proceeded down to the basement cloakroom. There he ran into Henry Zoeller, a fellow-specialist. "You hear Winchell last night?" Zoeller asked. "You're going to have yourself a time with Pantepec."

"You're crazy, Henry," Jackson replied. "Nothing he said was new."

"Well, it's a sure thing that Pantepec is still going to open way up," Zoeller said. "I hope for your sake that you're long some of it, because you're going to have to supply plenty when the buy orders start coming in."

Jackson, as it happened, had no appreciable long position in Pantepec—only five hundred shares—and would therefore have to sell short to meet the demand if there should be a flood of buy orders. However, in view of the staleness of Winchell's news, he didn't think there would be any flood, and he told Zoeller that if the rules allowed it, he'd gladly bet him that Pantepec, which had closed at 6¾ the previous Friday, would find enough sellers to open at lower than 8. Zoeller replied that if the rules allowed it, he would gladly accept the bet, whereupon Jackson said, "No, Henry, I wouldn't want to take your money."

Jackson then went on up to the floor, to see what was going on at Post 11. Tobin, Foshko, and Nichols were there by this time, and the clips on top of the post, where unsorted orders are placed, were bulging. Most of the orders, Jackson noted, were to buy Pantepec; Winchell followers had evidently begun calling their brokers at home to place orders right after the broadcast. But there still did not seem to be enough of them to justify the concern of McCormick, Zoeller, and the rest. As nine o'clock approached, though, Jackson began to wonder. One by one, brokers left their telephones, in the brokers' gallery at the west side of the trading floor, and made their way to Post 11, bearing order slips inscribed with a gib-

M. S. Handler's hobbies are history and politics. He pursued them as a graduate student at three major universities, Chicago, Harvard, and the Sorbonne. For 20 years he has pursued them at the source in a dozen different European and Middle Eastern countries.

Today, as chief of The New York Times bureau at Bonn, he is reporting one of the big stories of modern history, the development of Western Germany as an independent nation.

Mike Handler is a native New Yorker who was brought up in Chicago and who grew up in Europe. He began his newspaper career with the International News Service in Paris in 1933. Two years later he switched to the United Press.

For five years, until 1940, Mike Handler reported French politics, the disintegration of the French Army and the Third Republic, the French surrender. In 1941 he covered the air blitzkrieg against London, traveled the northern convoy route to Moscow.

For five years, until 1946, he covered the Russians in Moscow and on their front lines. He visited Finland, Rumania, Iran, Egypt, Palestine. He reported the Nuremberg trials. He covered the first session of the United Nations General Assembly in London. He reopened the United Press Berlin bureau.

Mike Handler joined The New York Times in 1948 as Balkan correspondent. From Belgrade, he made several trips to Bulgaria. The Iron Curtain kept him out of the rest of his territory. In Belgrade he reported Tito's break with Moscow, became expert in Yugoslav affairs. Twice he has lectured on that country before the NATO defense college.

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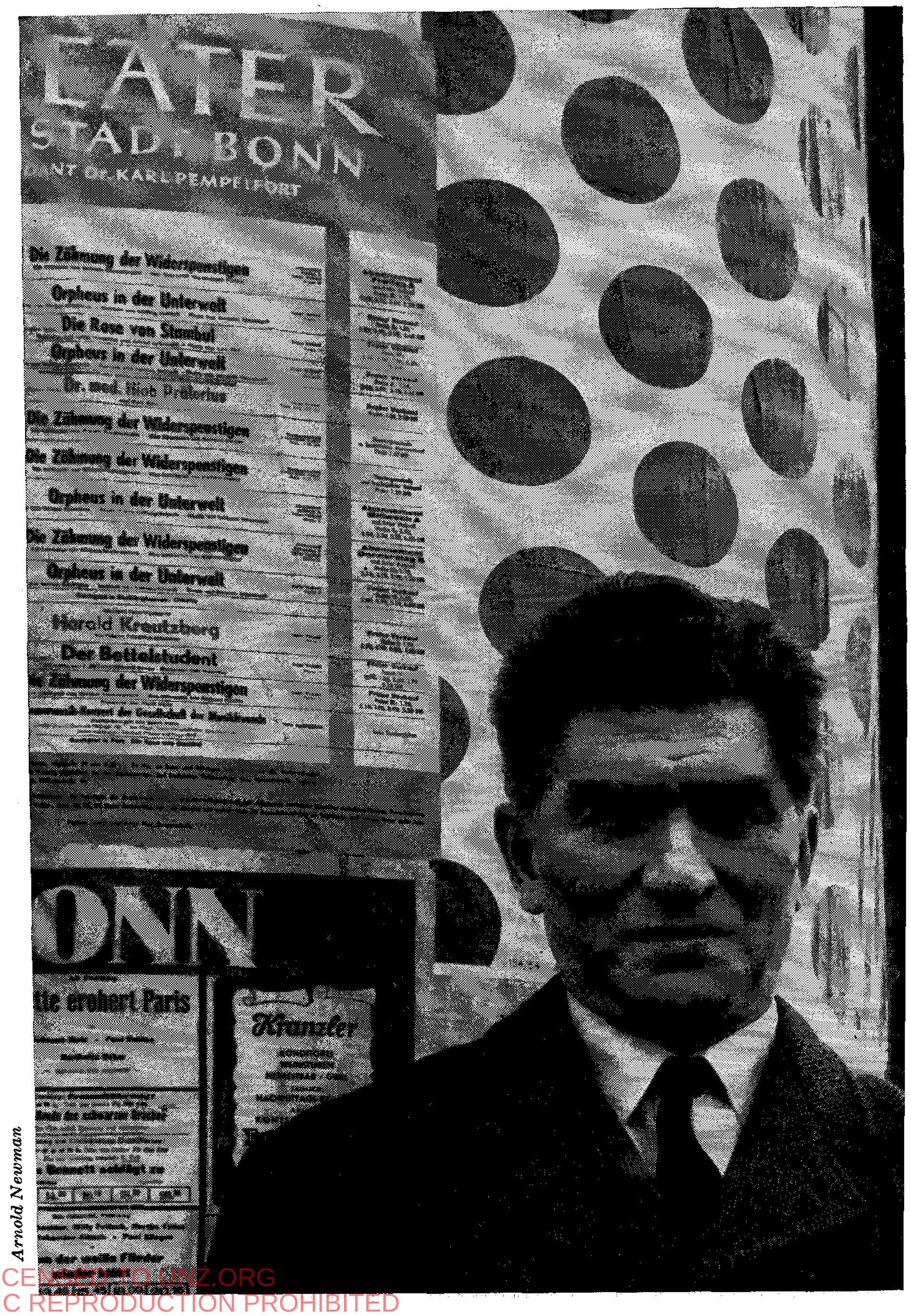
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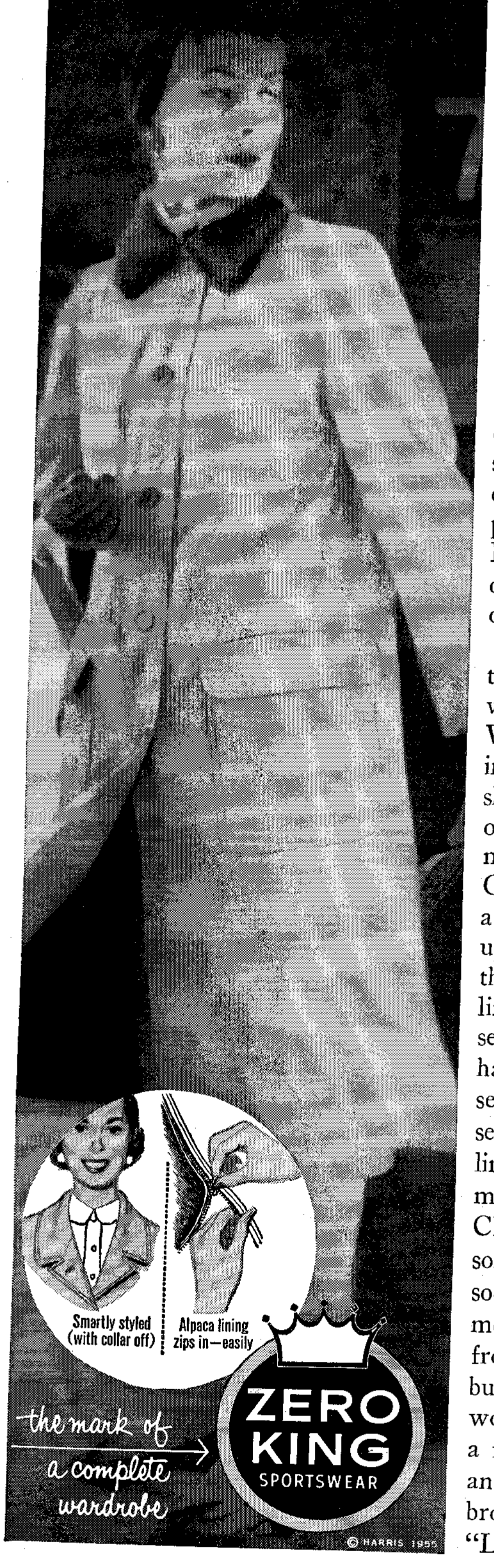

berish of symbols, which, in almost every instance, could be translated "Buy Pantepec." Nearly all the orders were to buy "at the market;" the prospective buyers were ready to pay any price for the stock.

By nine-forty-five, Jackson saw very clearly that his friends had been right and he had been wrong. He had a buying panic on his hands. The unsorted buy orders for Pantepec on top of Post 11, waiting to be sorted and filed in the pigeonholes, had piled up so high that Nichols, the tallest of Jackson's associates (six feet even), couldn't see over them; as for Jackson, he could scarcely even touch the top of the pile. It was now obvious that it would be impossible for Jackson and his crew to so much as get the orders sorted out by opening time, let alone find sellers to match the would-be buyers, so Jackson announced to the crowd of brokers around his post that the opening in Pantepec would be delayed. Meanwhile, McCormick and James R. Dyer, a member of the Exchange's board of governors and chairman of its floor-transactions committee, had shown up on the floor and, quickly sizing up the situation, had ordered all the Exchange employees not otherwise engaged to pitch in and help Jackson, Tobin, Foshko, and Nichols with their job of sorting the mountain of Pantepec orders.

About an hour after the opening bell, the sorting was finished, and Jackson was able to figure out where he stood. What he found was hardly comforting. He had orders to buy 357,500 shares of Pantepec, either at the market or at price limits so high that they might as well have been at the market. On the other hand, he had orders to sell a total of 234,500 shares at price limits up to and including 8⅞ and a few thousand more shares at impossibly high limits. There were no other orders to sell Pantepec at any price. It wasn't hard for Jackson to calculate that—setting aside the comparatively few selling orders at unrealistically high limits—he had orders to buy 123,000 more shares than he had orders to sell. Clearly, the situation was serious. Jackson's first move was to consult his associates, who, since they don't make money when Jackson doesn't, were far from apathetic. They told him, gamely but nervously, that anything he did would be all right with them. Then, in a frantic effort to even up the buying and selling orders, he shouted to the brokers clustered around his post, "Look! This stock is going to open

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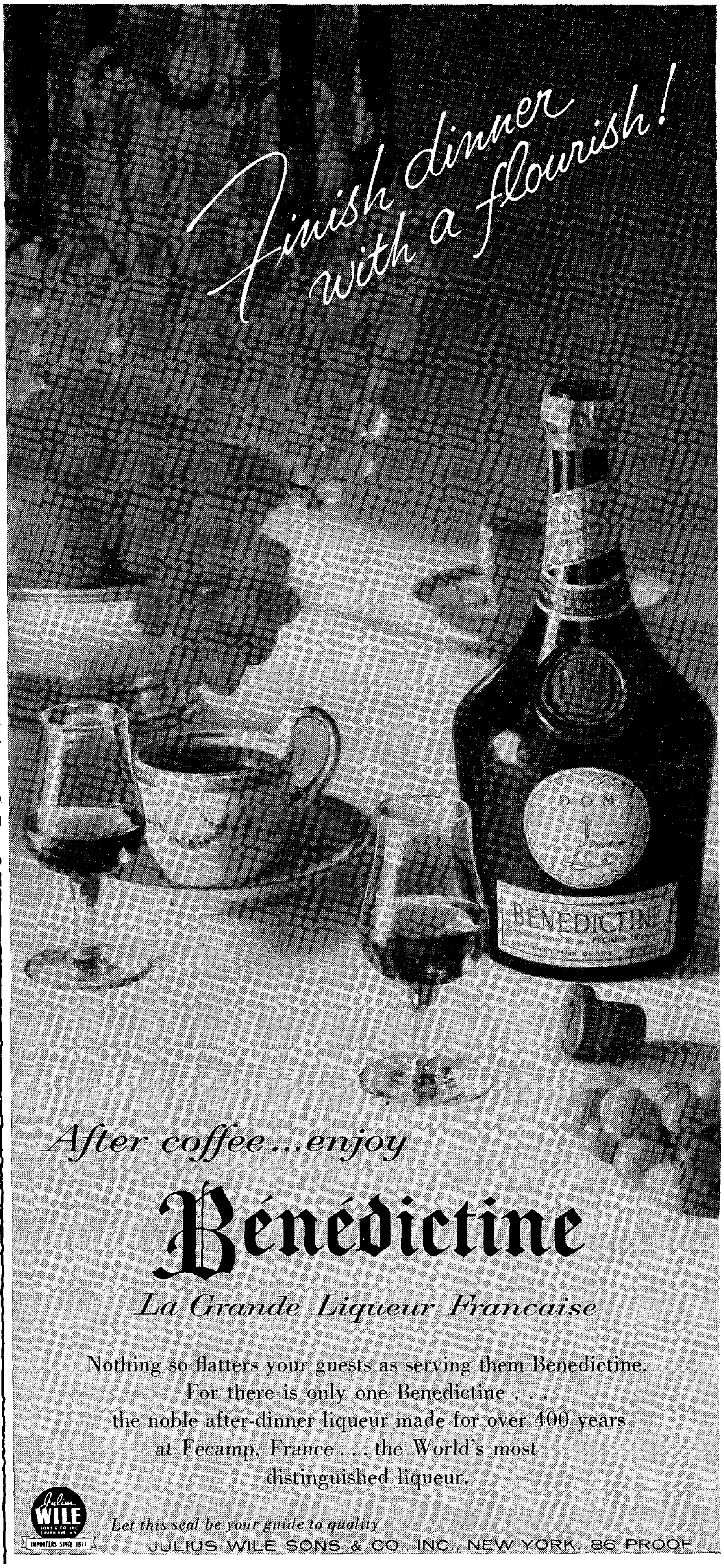
high—maybe even up around nine or ten. You'd better call your offices and tell them to try and get the customers to kill their buy orders. It's going to open high. Way up—I'm telling you! Try and get them to kill the buy orders and to bring in some more sellers."

The brokers instructed clerks to call their offices, but the strategy did nothing to dampen the enthusiasm of the buyers or to stir up interest in selling. Everything was now up to Jackson. And he had to make a decision. He could, if he chose, simply refuse to sell Pantepec short on his own account, arguing that the personal risk involved might be ruinous, in which case many of the buy orders could not be executed at all. But even though the board of governors probably would not censure him for doing this in such dangerous circumstances, it would be bad specializing, and Jackson found it unthinkable. Assuming, then, that he was going to sell over a hundred thousand shares short in order to bring the buy and sell orders into balance, the question was: What price should he sell at? Since nearly all the buyers were willing to pay 15, or even more, he could pretty much pick his own price. The higher he set the price, the less he would be risking and the greater would be his chance for a subsequent killing. On the other hand, the lower he set it, the less would be the gamble taken by Winchell's trusting followers and the better Jackson would be fulfilling his responsibilities as a specialist. To be sure, if Jackson proposed to open the stock at an unreasonably high price, the Exchange officials would be entitled to forbid its opening altogether. McCormick said later, however, "That stock could have been opened at fifteen."

Caught in the classic dilemma between easy money and a stern conscience, Jackson pondered his risks. "I was thinking as hard as I could," he has since said. "I was thinking, How far out on a limb do I dare go? What the hell's going to happen to me on this thing?" He knew the exact extent of his risk. After throwing in his five hundred long shares of Pantepec, he would have to sell 122,500 shares short. For each eighth of a point that Pantepec stock might rise from the price at which he sold short, he would lose $15,312; for each whole point, he would lose $122,500. Thus, if he sold at 9 and the stock went on up to, say, 18—an entirely possible eventuality, if Pantepec should bring in a new well or two—he would be out more than a million



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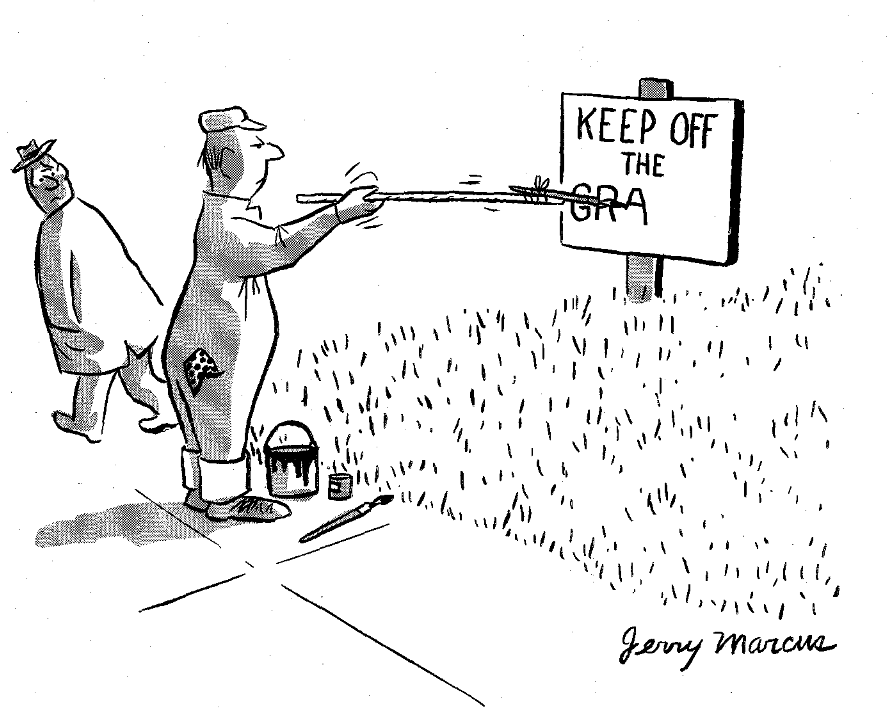

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dollars. And he did not have a million dollars.

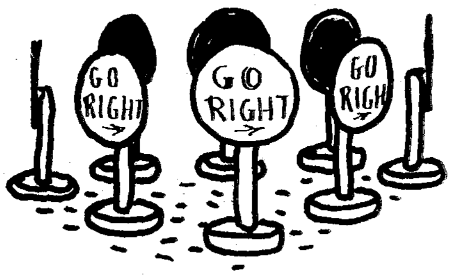
Jackson was doing his pondering in a scene of pandemonium. News of what was going on at Post 11 had travelled quickly around the floor, and everyone—specialists, brokers, Exchange employees—who could spare a moment had gathered around the post as a barroom crowd gathers around an impending brawl. McCormick, Dyer, and other Exchange officials were right in the thick of things, awaiting Jackson's decision as he stood there, the cynosure of the milling mob—a tiny, unruffled figure with a quizzical expression in his eyes as he looked out around him from behind his horn-rimmed glasses. "Don't stick it in, Davy!" friends shouted to him, using a traders' expression meaning don't sell short. "Oh, don't stick it in, boy!" they pleaded. "It's too risky!"

It was nearly noon by the time Jackson had made up his mind what he was going to do. He called Dyer over and said to him, sotto-voce, "I'm willing to supply the hundred and twenty-three thousand shares and open it at eight and seven-eighths."

Dyer, pleased and astonished by such a low figure—a jump of only 2⅛ points over Friday's closing price—nodded. "Go ahead," he said. "And good luck to you!"

Jackson was asked later why he had contented himself with 8⅞, instead of, say, 9. "I don't know," he replied. "It was something I felt in my bones. It was purely psychological."

At twelve-nine, Jackson turned from his post and said loudly to the man responsible for transmitting prices to the ticker, "Reporter, 357,500 Pantepec at eight and seven-eighths!" A cheer went up from the crowd around Post 11. Less than a minute later, the news—"PAN. L. OPD 357,500. S. 8⅞"—danced across the lighted screen above the floor, spreading the word to everybody else in the room, not to mention all the Winchell listeners who, unaware that their hopes had been riding on Jackson's decision, were doubtless staring at similar screens in brokerage houses all over the country. Another cheer



went up on the trading floor—this time a reverberating roar, since employees of the American Stock Exchange share in its profits on a bonus basis, and these are based on the volume of trading. The biggest block of stock ever to change hands on the floor of that or any other exchange meant money in a lot of people's pockets.

As the day progressed, the atmosphere on the floor gradually settled back to something like normal. Pantepec did not go higher than its opening price; in fact, it slipped a little, and Jackson was able to buy a small portion of his short stock at a profit. He was still in an acutely dangerous position, however, and he violated his custom of knocking off at three-thirty by working late that evening, going over his books. He got home shortly after midnight, and found his wife sitting up in bed, reading.

"Boy, am I tired!" Jackson said to her, with inspired banality. "I've had a rough day on the floor."

Mrs. Jackson had picked up at least a general idea of what had been going on from a late-afternoon newspaper. "Did you lose much money?" she asked.

"Not yet," Jackson replied. "But the jury is still out."

It was at this point, Jackson has since recalled, that for the first time since the excitement over Pantepec started he really began to worry. Suddenly, he realized it was at least possible that for the third time in his life he was going to be stone-broke.

IN March, when McCormick appeared before the Fulbright Committee in Washington, his testimony about the Pantepec deal brought Jackson all sorts of praise. By opening Pantepec so much lower than he needed to, McCormick pointed out, Jackson had saved misguided amateur speculators hundreds of thousands of dollars. Jackson, who went to Washington to sit in on the hearings, was gratified when, following McCormick's testimony, two other witnesses—James E. Day, president of the Midwest Stock Exchange, of Chicago, and Ronald E. Kaehler, president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange—came over to shake his hand and tell him he was a credit to the securities business. The pleasure he derived from their tributes, however, was tempered by the fact that he was by then convinced that he had acted foolishly in the Pantepec affair. "Any time a stock trader, for whatever purpose, makes a commitment that can lose him everything he has in half an hour, he

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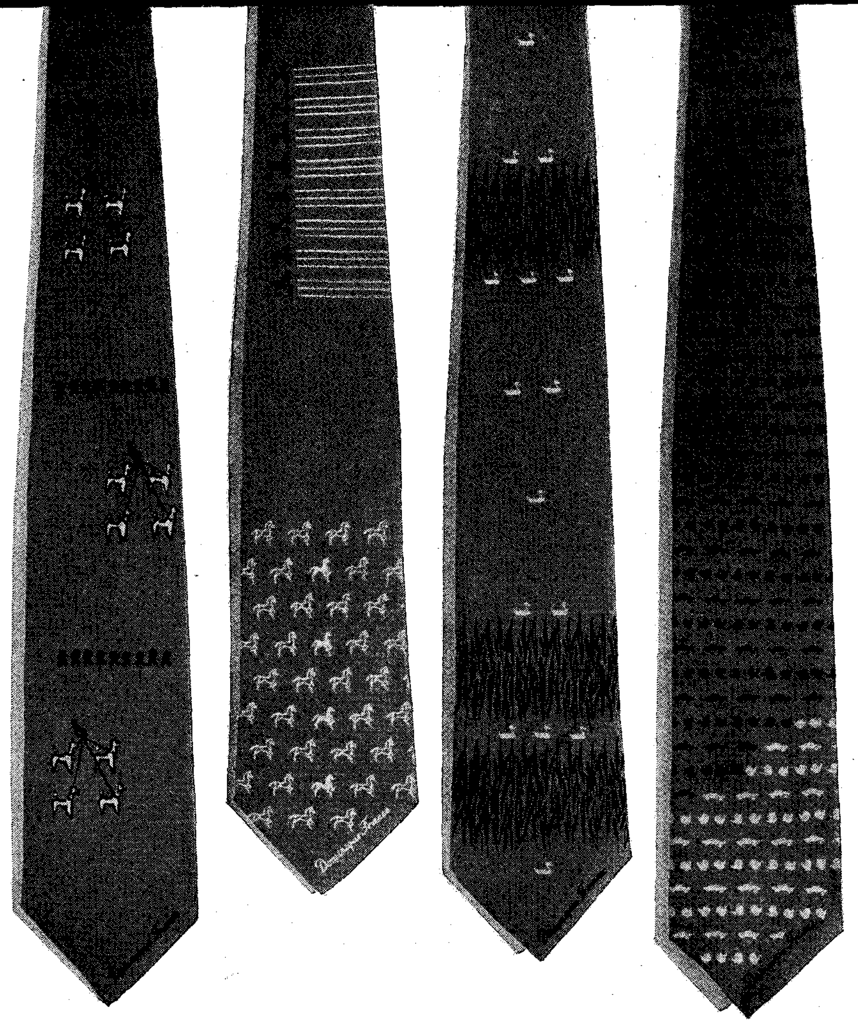

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is acting like a damn fool," Jackson says now.

As it happened, however, Jackson came out of the deal with good reason to believe that foolish virtue does not always go unrewarded. The sudden flare-up of the speculative interest in Pantepec proved to be short-lived—as is often the case in such flurries—and in the week that followed Jackson's big Monday, the stock did not reach 8⅞ again; instead, it slipped off into a decline that was to continue for some time. During that whole week, Jackson kept buying Pantepec, to cover his enormous short position, at prices ranging from 8¾ down to 8⅛. By closing time on Friday, he was practically covered and, on totting up the figures, discovered that he had no reason for gloom. His personal profit from his week-long dealings in Pantepec—quite apart, naturally, from the sense of well-being experienced by one who has acted in the public interest—came to just about fifty thousand dollars.

—John Brooks

•

NIGHT WALK

All blue we go
Where blue nights are,
On winding wind
And wimpled cloud
Turning to rose
Before the moon,
Beyond the light
In the forward room,
All blue we go
Where blue nights are,
Down thistled road
And knobbled lane
To where the shadows
Dance the grain
And gray the meadows
Bent with dew,
All blue we go
Where wonder is
And wish on stars
Across the hedge
And hear the willow
Sigh us home,
And early take us
To our beds
And wind the dark
Within our heads,
And so to sleep
Where wonder is.

—Stanley Young

•

The Yanks would have the best chance against Brooklyn in that they have by far the top team in the American loop aside from Spotty Hurling.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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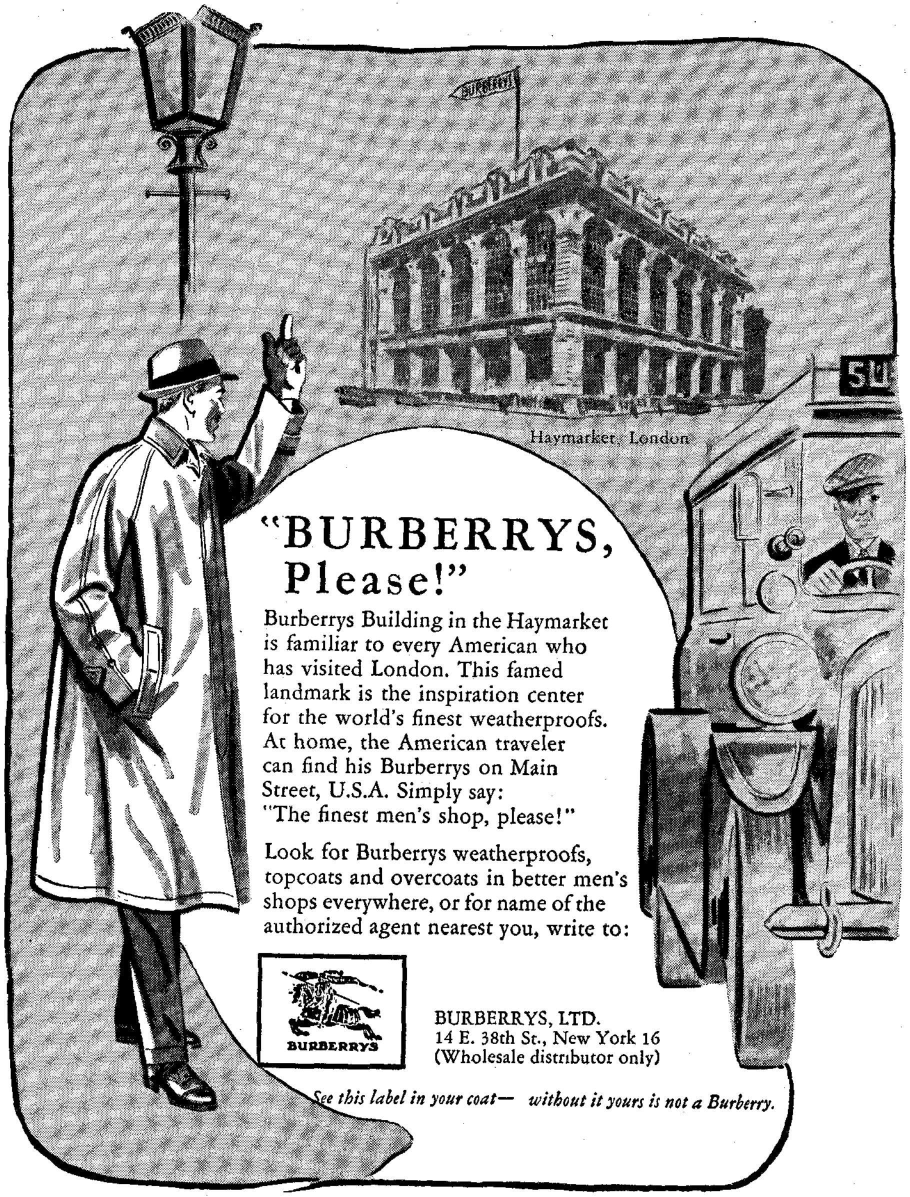

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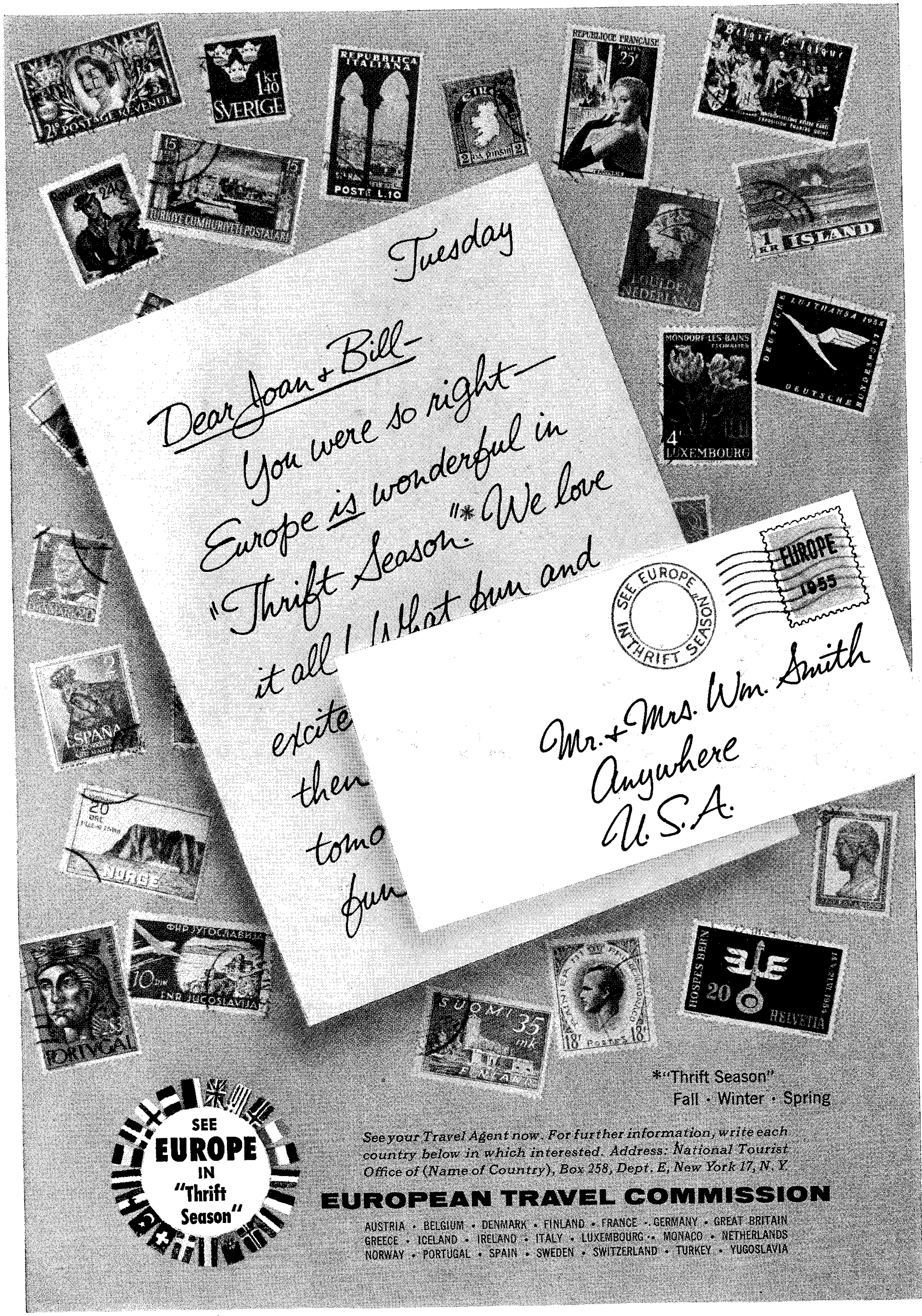
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through
the
hours

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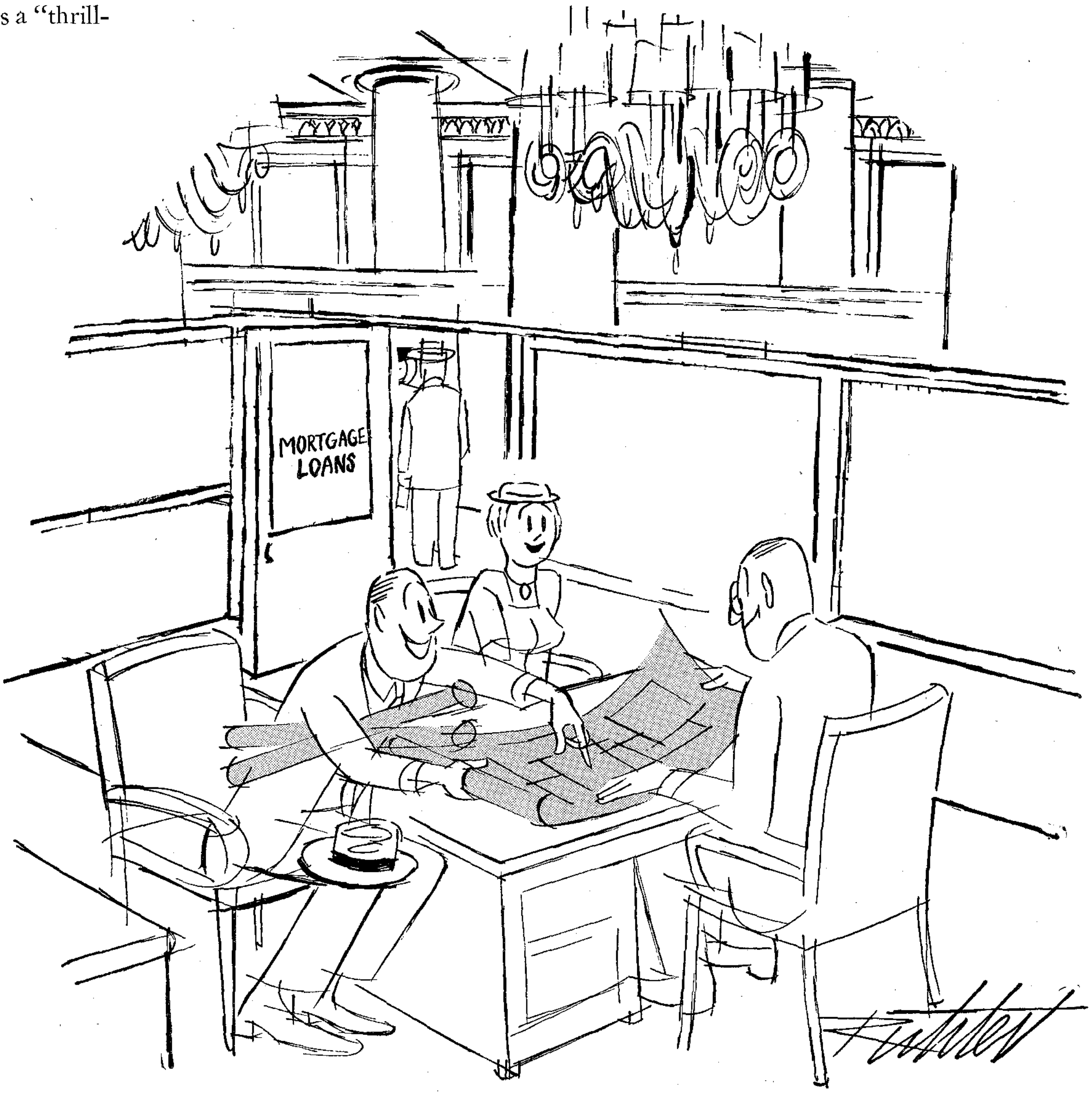
THE THEATRE

BEEP THE MEEM

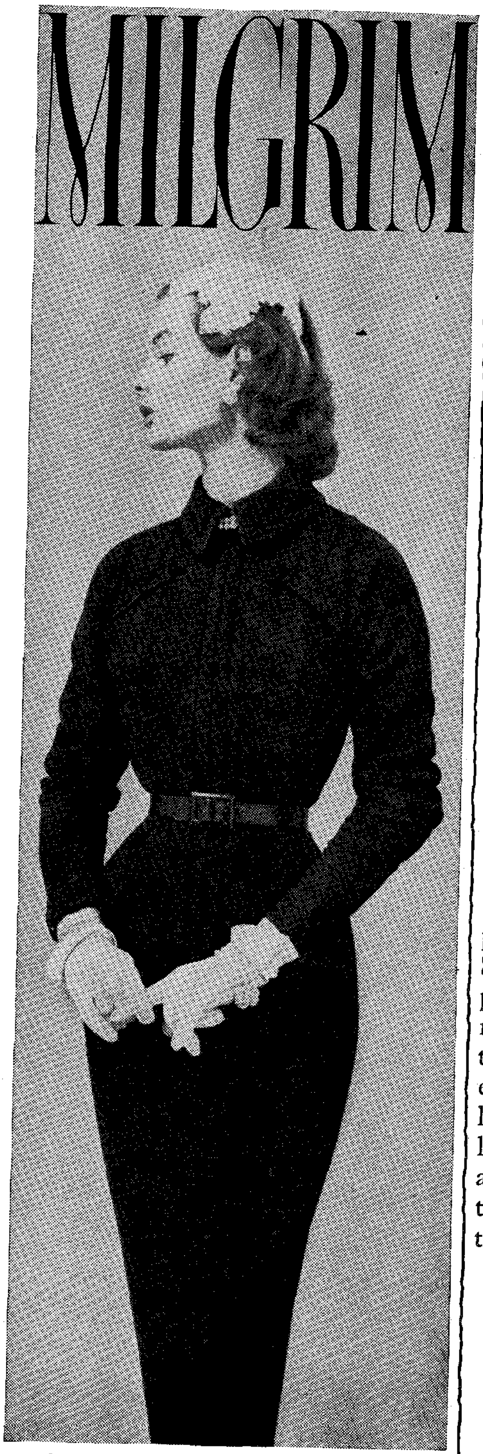
THE topic for discussion this week is the art of pantomime and, specifically, a Gallic practitioner of it called Marcel Marceau, who is now on exhibition at the Phoenix. This essay will be brief and, I'm afraid, unilluminating, partly because "mime," which most of the first-night audience chose to rhyme with "steam," is a special, hothouse art form that calls for a technical vocabulary a little outside my range, and partly because I suspect that the apathy I feel toward it is the product of a cultural inadequacy of my own and I am reluctant to expose it at any length. Several years ago, a Profile writer in these pages described his subject, Mr. Walter Winchell, as a "thrilling bore." With the addition of the word "intermittently," I think this odd phrase says approximately what is on my mind about M. Marceau. There were times in the course of the two-hour program when I was aware that he was doing something precise, difficult, and rather beautiful, in a manner rigidly stylized by tradition, and at those moments I was emotionally satisfied, in the direction of either comedy or pathos.

For the greater part of the evening, however, I found M. Marceau rather a trial. I had no doubt that he was performing in strict accordance with a set of ancient and remarkably exacting rules, but my appreciation of his work was academic at best. My attitude was presumably like that of a man at his first bullfight, who understands that a great and complicated ritual is involved but actually sees nothing except a man going enormously out of his way to kill a bull. This Philistine response was probably caused to some extent by the fact that a good deal of Marceau's material has to do with Continental customs and backgrounds bafflingly outside my experience, but the monotonous exercise of a single and to me not particularly fascinating skill had a lot to do with it, too.

Several of my colleagues, who apparently had hell's own time at the Phoenix, found occasion to compare the performer very favorably with Chaplin, and a similarity certainly exists, in the sense that the same technique is employed and the same essential personality created—a touchingly inadequate figure in conflict with a contemptuously hostile society. The primary difference, I should say, is in degree of talent, Chaplin being a man of delicate and subtle perception and extraordinary comic invention, and Marceau a far broader, more conventionally inspired, and considerably less appealing clown. The secondary one, of course, has to do with the method of presentation. The current exhibit is pantomime in its purest form. Marceau, that is, works alone, wearing a chalk mask and a variety of baggy costumes, and he employs no props except a wooden box or two. Chaplin, on the other hand, was assisted not only by elaborate scenery and a surrounding cast but also by a full-scale plot. It is obvious that the former is an infinitely more demanding form, and its self-imposed limitations probably put it in a higher category of art, at least in the eyes of proper aesthetes. It is my own opinion that no basis for serious comparison exists, but since it has been made, I can only say that I have an idea I will be remembering that little business with the forks and the rolls in "The



". . . and right here, as you come in the vestibule, a plaque with your name on it."



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Gold Rush" long after I have forgotten who Marceau was or what he did. I even suspect that I'll still remember old Joe Jackson, too, but then, of course, *he* had that bicycle.

There were fifteen items on M. Marceau's bill the night I was there. The eight that composed the first section were described in the program as "style pantomimes," and among their titles were "Walking Against the Wind," "The Public Garden," "At the Clothiers," "The Dice-Players," and "Youth, Maturity, Old Age, and Death." The second section was devoted to the activities of a character called Bip, who appears, variously, as a butterfly hunter, an amateur artist, a lion tamer, a tightrope walker, a railway passenger, a skater, a guest at a dance hall, and, simultaneously, David and Goliath. Most of these offerings are sufficiently defined by their headings, and I will describe them only to the extent of remarking that M. Marceau did indeed look amazingly like a man struggling uphill in a high wind or trying on a tight pair of gloves or annoying a lion, as the case might be. They were exact, polished, and particularly impressive to me in the feeling they gave of almost perfect timing and muscular control. Standing out above these feats of simple physical mimicry were "Youth, Maturity, Old Age, and Death," which actually and miraculously compressed the essence of a lifetime into something like two minutes, and "David and Goliath," which was one of the funniest and most ingenious double impersonations I have ever seen. I haven't anything else to say about M. Marceau, ex-

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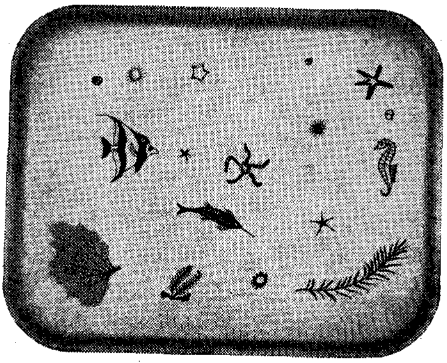

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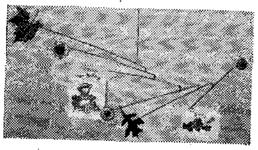

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cept that every now and then, for a disconcerting instant, he reminded me very strongly of Miss Judith Anderson as Medea. I have no reason to suppose that this was intentional.

—Wolcott Gibbs

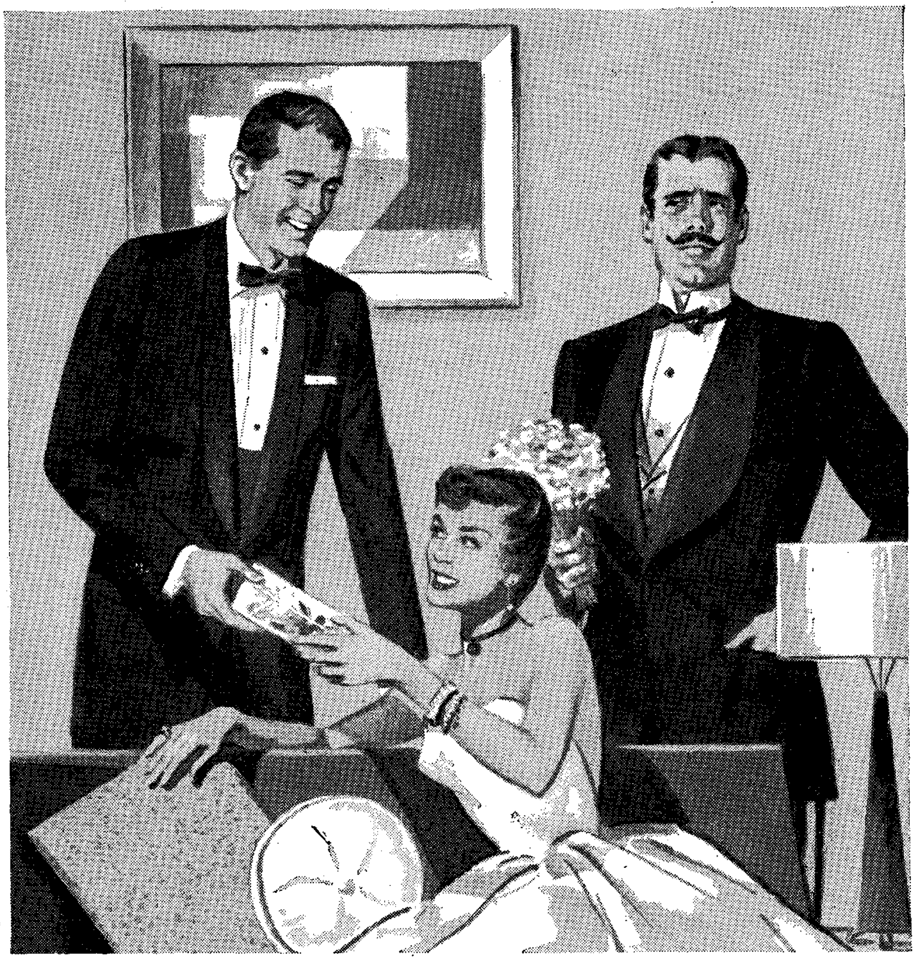
•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

(HIGH WIND ALL THE WAY)

[*From "The Moving Waters," by John Stewart Collis*]

When we consider that an Atlantic hurricane can last from nine days to four weeks, travelling 10,000 miles at rates up to 250 miles an hour, with a diameter of from seventy to 500 miles; when we hear witnesses describing the strength of a hurricane as equivalent to a steam turbine of 100,000 million horsepower, enough to run all the dynamos, motors, and steam-engines in the world for three or four years; when we remember that in some hurricanes 50,000 people have been killed and whole towns wiped out, and that the storm which fell upon the east coast of America in September 1938 caused the Empire State Building in New York City to sway over and nearly fall, and destroyed 26,000 motor cars, 20,000 miles of electric lines, and 275,000,000 trees, while houses built of stone were torn from their foundations: when we pass in review the fantastic effects of those elephant's trunks let down from the sky, those supernatural ropes and snakes and vacuum-cleaners called tornadoes, the noise of whose approach has been variously described as 'the bellowing of a million mad bulls', as 'the roar of ten thousand freight trains', and 'like that of a million cannons'; when we learn that the force of these tornadoes is such that pebbles and sticks and even straws are turned into bullets and spears piercing right through harder material than themselves; that their destructive power is so appalling that a tornado in 1925 cut a swathe of ruin 200 miles long, injured 3,000 people, and wrecked thirty-six towns; that their speed can reach, as at St. Louis in May 1896, 550 miles an hour; that their suctional updraught can transport cows and horses and motor cars and houses and trees considerable distances, on one occasion a barn with a girl milking cows in it being lifted up and borne off and then gently lowered down unharmed, though the girl left off milking, while lesser fry, such as frogs, fish, toads, lizards, tadpoles, rats, snails, worms, periwinkles, and crabs, have been known to disappear into the sky until later, at some distant place, it has rained flesh and blood in the form of fish or frogs, or rained crops as in 1804, when a shower of wheat which had been carried across the Straits of Gibraltar from a threshing floor at Tetuan fell on Andalusia, so that Spanish peasants reaped the benefit of a second harvest for which they had not sown: when we rehearse only a few of these things, then indeed we begin to realize the resources of the atmosphere, the strength of its arm, and the range of its attributes, and to appreciate the majesty of the conception in the Book of Job when God gave His tremendous answer from out of the whirlwind.



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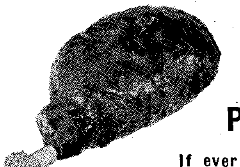

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sacerdotal Southpaw

Humphrey Bogart, an actor who has maintained over the years a singularly decent professional standard in his work for Hollywood, keeps his regimental colors flying high in the movie called "The Left Hand of God." The picture is set in China in 1947, and it develops into a fairly substantial item. Mr. Bogart, who is the hero, is introduced to us as an American Catholic priest arriving at a remote Chinese mission. His approach to his holy duties is pragmatic and unsettling, and it takes very little acuity to suspect that he is not the dedicated man he pretends to be. As it happens, the mission is occupied by a doctor, who doesn't think much of the clergy; the doctor's wife, who figures that Mr. Bogart isn't too strong on theology; and a devout young nurse, whose reaction to Mr. Bogart is powerfully irreligious. This troubles the young lady, and it also troubles Mr. Bogart, and eventually, under the goading of the doctor's wife, he is induced to take up the matter of his emotional outlook with a Protestant clergyman in a nearby compound, who looks and acts as if he were the hero of one of *Fortune's* stories about a nut-and-bolt tycoon. Under the probing of the Protestant, Mr. Bogart rips off his Roman collar and identifies himself as an American pilot who, after being shot down over China, became an adviser for a Chinese war lord. It then turns out, in a flashback, that a Father O'Shea has been murdered by the war lord's henchmen, and that Mr. Bogart has assumed the priest's identity in order to escape from the wicked warrior chief. Along in here, the plot gets a bit shaky, and even outlandish—especially for a man like me, whose experience with the Orient extends no farther than Mott Street. Anyway, Mr. Bogart does a fine job as the mock priest, and sees to it that his sacrilegious conduct never gets too far out of hand, even though at one point he shoots dice with the war lord for the safety of the mission. His stake in the game is a five-year stretch in the war lord's service. The message of the film, as I get it, is that there's a bit of the priest in all of us.

Mr. Bogart has the help of E. G. Marshall, who plays the doctor; Agnes Moorehead, who plays the doctor's wife; Lee J. Cobb, who plays the war lord; and Gene Tierney, as the girl who forgets her religion in the face of Mr. Bogart's self-evident charm. Quite a praiseworthy crew.

Having seen "My Sister Eileen" in about a hundred versions, I can say for the latest workout of the theme only that it is thin and arch. Betty Garrett appears as Ruth, and Janet Leigh as Eileen. The current movie, like "Wonderful Town," another interpretation, is musical. If you're fond of music, you'd do well to look up the score of "Wonderful Town" and forget about this.

The most decorated man in the United States Infantry during the last war was Audie Murphy. He himself plays the hero of "To Hell and Back," which records his story. I am told that he is a modest man, and he behaves modestly here. However, the events described in the picture have a factitious air about them. Maybe the spontaneity of actual heroism just can't be duplicated in the movies.

—John McCarten

•

OVERVIEW

Temples have pillars, and façades
Displaying gods.

Palaces have moats
And mossy coats.

Houses of state
Have up-to-date

Green grass.
Cathedrals have stained glass.

Hospitals have most all these things—
And wings.

—Sue Smart

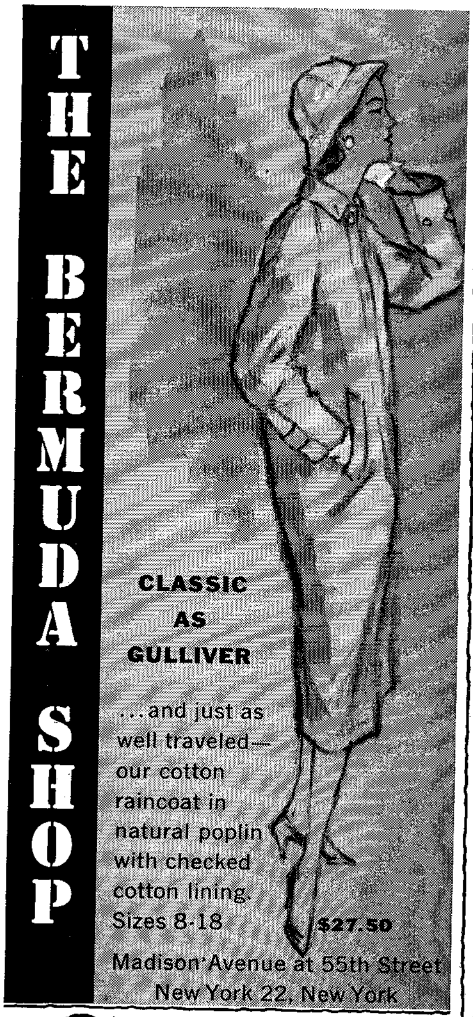
•

Mr. Edwin John Dick, 83, retired Post Office official, of Alfriston Road, Battersea, drew his monthly pension at Northcote (Battersea) post office today. He was counting the money when a young man standing behind snatched £14 in notes from him.

The man then ran out of the post office and jumped on to an orange-coloured bicycle and rode away. Police searched for him.

A pullet owned by Mr. Fred Judge, of Walton Highway, Cambs, laid a 7½ oz. egg.—*London Evening Standard.*

In the excitement?



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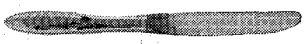

The Gorham Sterling knife handle is made from a single seamless silver tube—not two halves soldered together. It is dent-resistant and rattleproof. "Celeste" place settings—including place knife and fork, place spoon, salad fork, teaspoon and hollow-handle butter spreader—at $35.00 (Federal Tax incl.). Prices subject to change without notice.

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Elizabeth Arden

MAKASSAR ROBBERY

THE Grand Hotel in Makassar has that air of drab pretension that is almost as inescapable a part of the conventional picture of the tropics as stengahs, beachcombers, and monsoon rains. Makassar is, of course, the capital of the Indonesian island of Sulawesi—or Celebes, as it was called by the Dutch. I had been spending some time in Bali, and, still having a week before I was to meet my husband in Java, I thought it might be pleasant to see a little more of Indonesia. I arrived in Makassar in the middle of a morning thunderstorm, went in a pedicab through the flooded streets from the ship to the hotel, and noticed at once, with a comfortable sense of recognition, the Eurasian clerk at the desk, the red-faced European in a corner of the lobby drinking gin at nine o'clock, and a couple of rather shady-looking types in Muslim caps talking in low, serious voices over small cups of coffee. Of course, much of the old grandeur is gone. The Grand Hotel, where the menus are still typed in Dutch, doesn't expect its guests to dress for dinner any longer. In the lounge, the locked piano and the dusty band platform are an apologetic reminder of distant dance nights, of blond girls in sleeveless dresses strolling through the tall glass doors to the terrace and the cool night and the indeterminate rustling in the dark garden. The bar, with its large beams stained a deep brown, its wooden bar stools, and its fretwork pictures that screen the wall lights, still makes a halfhearted attempt at intimacy. But I saw people in the bar only once—a Chinese family, who ordered Orange Crush for the children and tea for the adults.

The public rooms make up one wing of the hotel. The other wing, which contains the bedrooms, runs parallel to it and is connected to it by two whitewashed arcades that now have greenish patches of mildew under their eaves and little cushions of moss between the tiles of their floors. A long veranda runs the length of the bedroom wing and all the rooms open on it. On the veranda, in front of each bedroom, wooden screens form a sort of living room. Long-term residents have given some of these living rooms a touch of hominess, strangely contradicted by their lack of privacy. The one next to mine, for instance, had cushioned chairs, reading lamps, a coffee table with a lace cloth on it, and a radio. My own had two rattan chairs, a table, and a desk.

My bedroom itself was very dark, and the damp had outlined fantastic maps on the walls. The bed and a small table were enclosed in a metal screen, a protection against mosquitoes, and you got in through a little door in the screen. Seedy and depressing as the room looked by the light of the foggy overhead bulb, it was equipped with all kinds of senseless gentilities. You could, for instance, draw a curtain around your mosquito screen, like a covering on a parrot cage, to insure privacy while you slept, or you could drop your cigarette ashes in a miniature dog bowl guarded by a small metal dog. On the backs of the chairs were dreadful bits of embroidered cloth to save the upholstery from hair oil. For some reason, the sight of antimacassars made me feel very glum.

Only the garden, inside the hollow square formed by the hotel wings and arcades, retained a look of luxury. Great banks of pink oleanders grew there, along with an extravagant flowering of cannas and zinnias, two frangipani trees in heady blossom, and a trellis covered with purple morning-glories.

WHEN I had been shown to my room, I left my luggage there and went to see what I could find to do in Makassar for a five-day holiday. I had a disappointing morning. I hired a pedicab at the hotel and asked the driver, in a mixture of Malay and English, to take me to see the sights.

"Sights?" he repeated, looking baffled.

"Well, whatever there is to see."

"There is nothing to see."

"There must be *something,*" I said. "Old buildings? The market? Anything."

He pointed across the street to a high, lichened wall. "Fort Rotterdam?" he asked doubtfully.

"Good. We will drive through Fort Rotterdam," I said.

"It is forbidden to enter. The soldiers are there."

"Indonesian soldiers?" I asked.

"Yes. There is discontent in Sula-

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wesi. They are meant to keep peace."

"But they make difficulties for you?"

"We are half dead from the soldiers," the driver said. "There is no trouble in Makassar. Upcountry, there is discontent. Yet we get the soldiers, and upcountry they are free."

So we drove along the road by the bay and briefly visited the market, moist and half empty because of the intermittent rain. Piles of fruit—mangosteens, smelly durians, big green pomelos—lay about partly sheltered by banana leaves. Women crouched under umbrellas. Here and there, the owner of a restaurant stall stood over his charcoal stove grilling bits of meat on bamboo skewers. Eventually, we went soggily back to the Grand Hotel, and there, unexpectedly, my pedicab driver said, "If you like, this evening I can take you to the Sirène. It is the best thing to see in Makassar."

I had no idea what the Sirène was, but at least it sounded romantic. "Let us go now," I said.

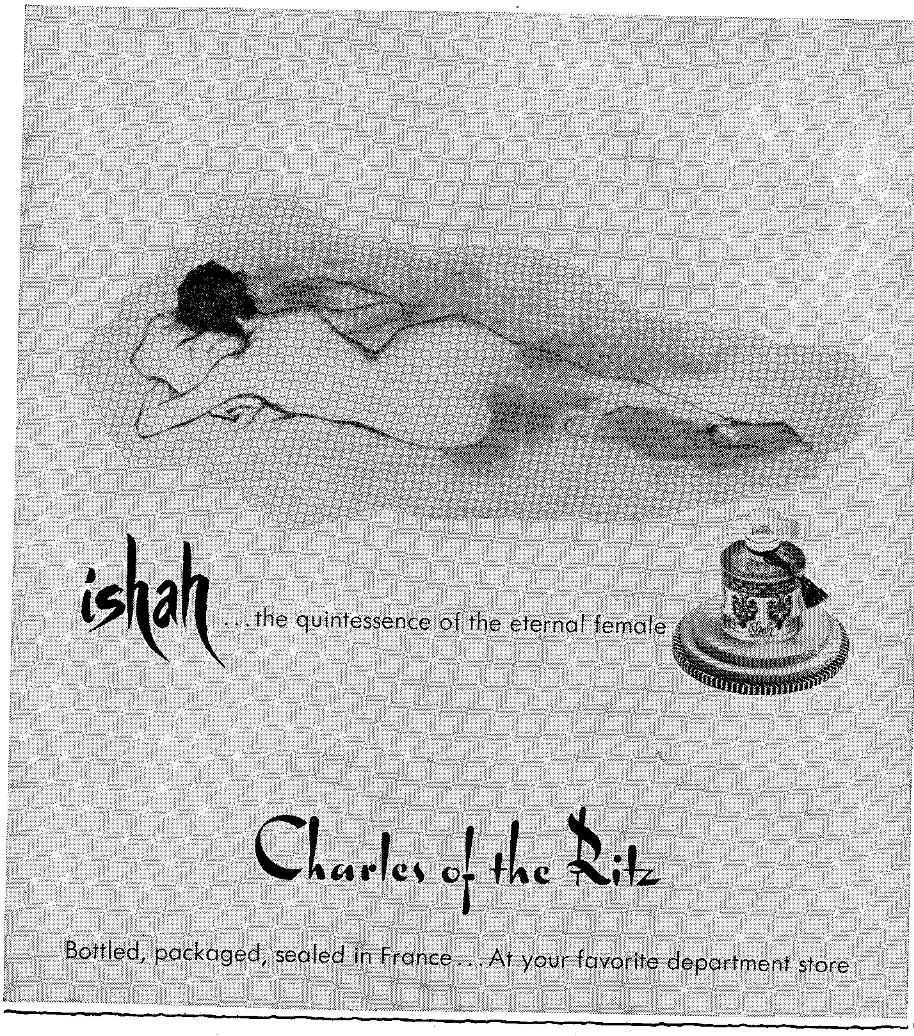
"Not until six," he replied firmly.

Mystified but expectant, I spent the remainder of the day in the lobby of the hotel, reading detective stories and gazing out of the doors at the passersby—men in bright sarongs, women with white gauze shawls over their heads, neat government clerks in Western clothes. At six, the pedicab driver appeared, and a little later he set me down, with a satisfied flourish, at the door of the Sirène. It was a movie theatre, showing an old Indian film.

I was, of course, disappointed, and the driver couldn't understand why. "This is what people like to see," he kept repeating. When I insisted that I didn't want to see the film, he sulkily took me back to the Grand Hotel, and I went to bed.

EVEN with the bedroom door opened wide, the air inside the mosquito screen was stuffy and smelled of damp. I didn't sleep well. I thought the stuffiness was to blame, or the hard wooden bed, or simply the depressing prospect of four more days in Makassar. Rustlings and footsteps mixed with my dreams, and I woke before daylight. As soon as I got up and went out through the door in the mosquito screen, I found why at least part of the night had been troubled. I had been robbed.

Clothes from my suitcase were scattered about the floor. A basket of fruit that I had bought at the market had vanished. About a hundred rupiah (nine dollars) that I had left in a jacket pocket was gone. I rushed back to the table by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the bed and looked anxiously through my handbag; passport, traveller's checks, tickets were all safe. Apparently, the thief hadn't come inside the screen.

It was now seven o'clock, and the room boy appeared with tea. He looked with astonishment around the disordered room. "There has been a thief," I announced proudly. "Money has been *taken*."

I waited for sympathetic noises, commiseration, or at least a regretful shaking of the head.

"You should lock your door," the boy said casually, and slapped the tea tray on the table.

Rather nettled, I asked, "Is there no night watchman in the hotel?"

"There is a night watchman."

"Then it should be his job to watch at night," I said.

"He is here at night," the room boy said patiently. "He has to be here, since his job is to be *night watchman*."

"But he doesn't see thieves when they enter the hotel?"

"No, he doesn't see," said the boy. "He sleeps at night."

I went to see the manager of the hotel. He listened to me with the dignified concern of an undertaker. "This is very bad," he said in Dutch-accented English. "You have been robbed? Is it true?"

"Yes," I said irritably. "I can't think why the night watchman didn't see the thief. He must have walked in perfectly openly through the veranda door."

"The night watchman sleeps," said the manager.

"So I heard. Why don't you fire him?"

"I cannot do that," the manager said, alarmed. "I must pay him four months' wages for firing. And what is the use? *All* night watchmen sleep at night."

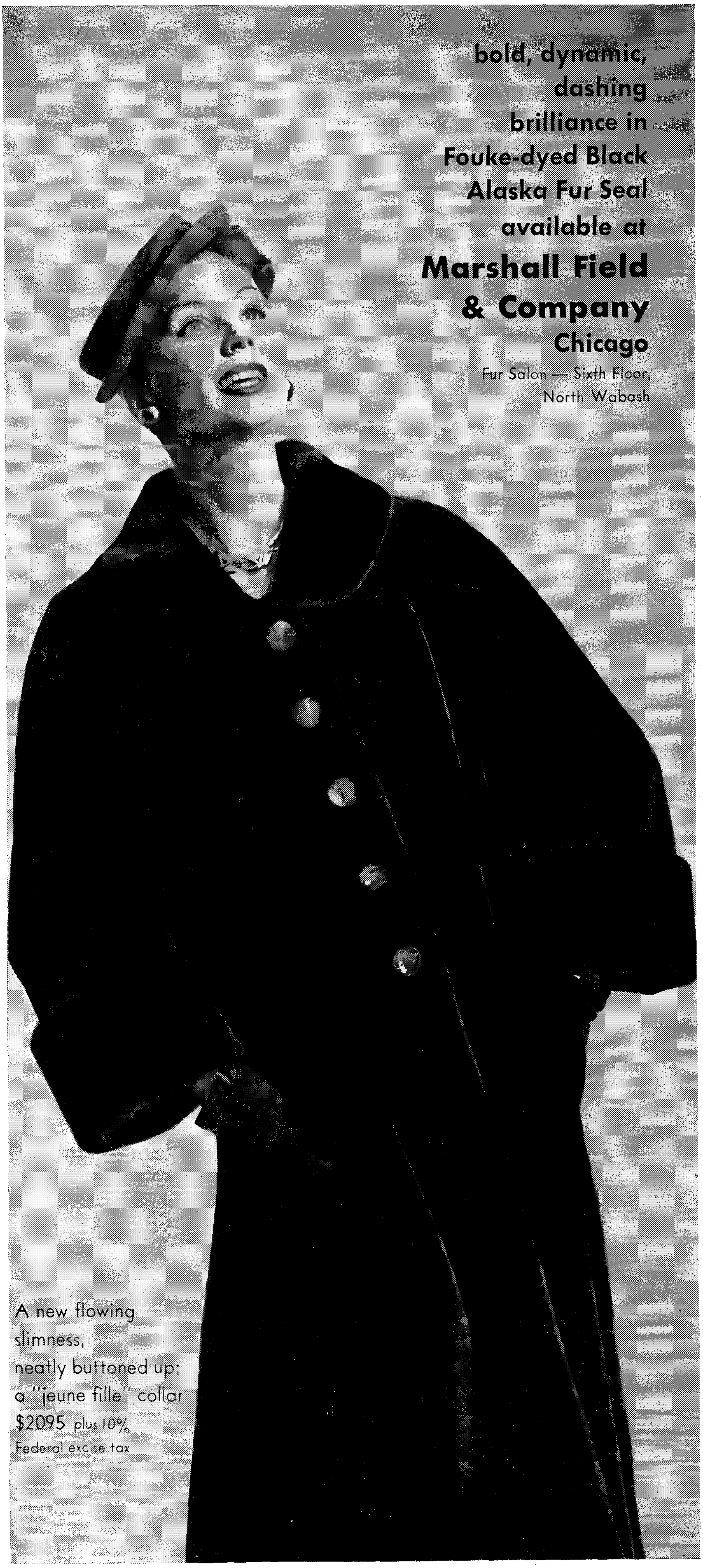
I couldn't think of any answer to that.

"Was much things taken?" the manager asked.

"About a hundred rupiah," I told him. "The rest of my money was in my bag by the bed. The thief didn't come inside the screen."

The manager laughed genially. "It is a timid thief, I think," he said. He assured me that he would call the police.

Later that morning, I was asked to come to his office and talk to the police inspector, who proved to be a cheery, good-looking young man, delighted at the opportunity to practice his English. At first, he was very correct. He seated himself behind a table and, in an



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impressive official manner, asked for details of the burglary. "Actually, I can tell you very little," I said. "Someone walked into my room last night and took some money from my pocket."

"Only money?" he asked, and when I nodded, he said sadly, "Ah, in that case it is hopeless. The Chinese family in the next room have good chance. From them, a camera is taken." I must have looked startled, because he explained kindly, "A camera is something to search for, but money is hopeless. You know, probably, the man which took these things?"

"No," I said, now thoroughly puzzled, and I added loftily, "I arrived only yesterday. I am not yet acquainted with the criminals of Makassar."

The policeman bounced anxiously in his chair. "You are not yet acquainted? In Sulawesi, we peoples are very friendly."

"Really?"

"In Sulawesi, it is a custom, peoples come from abroad we must welcome them," he went on. "They enter my house, I must offer them food and to drink. This is the Muslim way."

Becoming interested, I said, "We have the same custom in my country, India."

"But you are not Muslim?" he asked.

"No. I'm Hindu."

"Ah, we have the better chance than *your* men!" He laughed loudly at the little joke he was about to make. "We can marry four wives!"

A room boy had come in a few minutes before, and was standing listening. "What does she say?" he asked in Malay.

The conversation and the joke were translated for him by the policeman. The boy shook his head. "To keep four women in one house, a man must be brave like a tiger," he said.

"Or clever like a snake," I suggested. (I didn't know the Malay for "tactful.")

"Or, best of all," the policeman said, slapping the table and trying to suppress his laughter, "best of all, blind like a bat, which sees nothing in the day and at night goes out of the house altogether!"

At this sally, there was an appreciative murmur from behind me, and I turned to find that a couple of strange men had come in by a door I had not noticed before. I wondered confusedly if they had come to see the manager about something. One of them asked, with a slight air of offering a correction, "But is it not true that the Hindus, too, may have more than one

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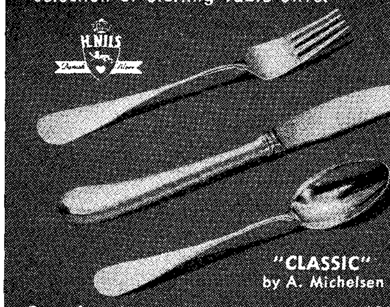

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wife? In Bali, which is Hindu, it is done."

"Yes, sometimes, but nowadays it is discouraged," I answered.

"And you?" the stranger asked. "Your husband has probably another wife?"

They all looked at me eagerly. "No," I said. "He is American."

"*American!*" they all said with interest, and smiled at each other.

The man behind me who had not yet spoken remarked wistfully, "I, too, would like to marry an American."

His companion nudged him indulgently and explained, "An American film was here last month. Ever since, his dreams have been of Doris Day."

At that moment, a waiter came in, unbidden, bringing cups of sweet, black Indonesian coffee for all of us. Imperceptibly, the atmosphere in the room had changed, and now we were all part of a social gathering of which, somehow, I was the hostess.

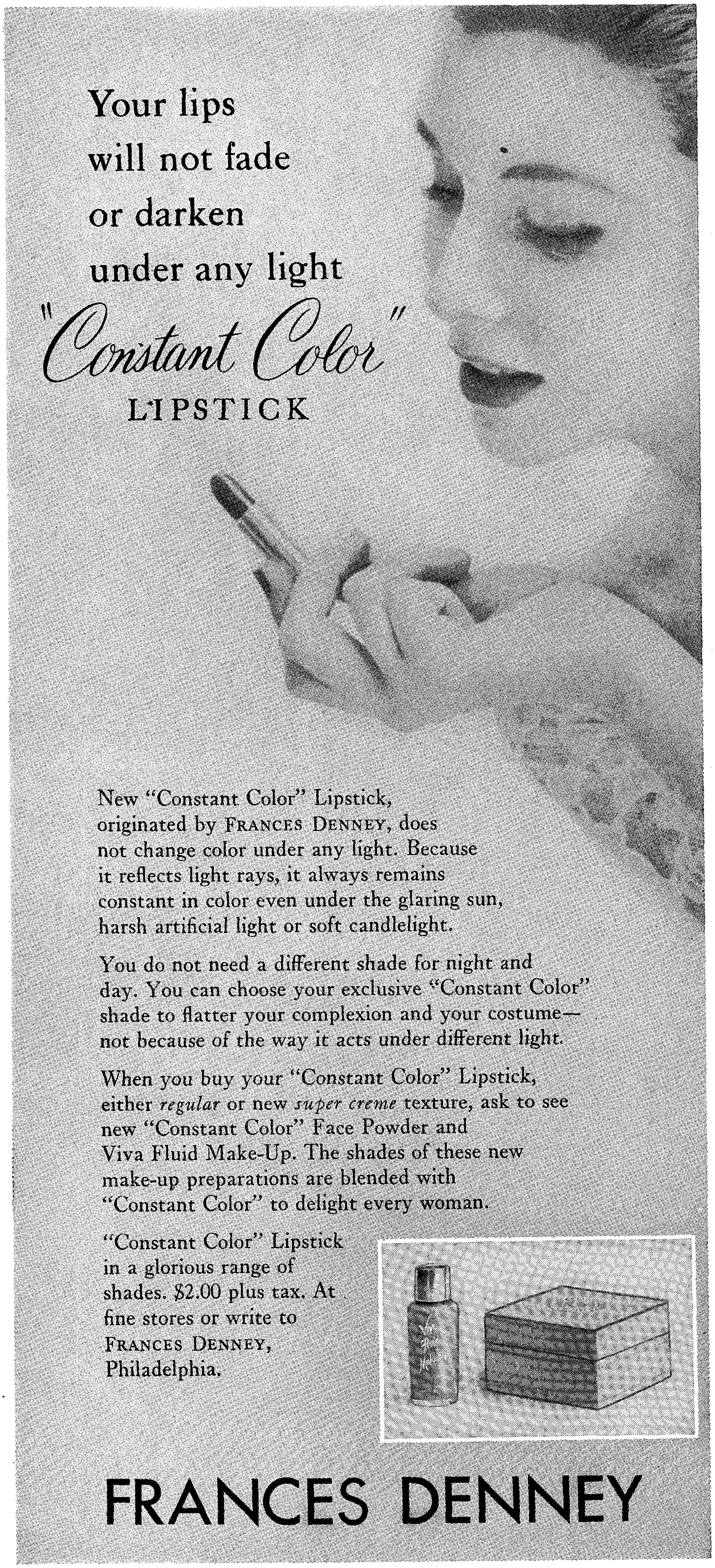
"You have quickly learned our manners," the policeman said joyfully as he sipped his coffee.

"It is a pleasant custom," I said, feeling guilty about taking credit for the appearance of the coffee but afraid to abdicate my role as hostess in case someone else should have to pay for it. I supposed that the manager must, thoughtfully, have sent the coffee, assuming that I would want it served.

"You came here only yesterday!" one of the newcomers announced with pleasure, and when I nodded, he asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Well, at the moment I'm reporting a burglary," I said.

The policeman took out a ball-point pen and a notebook, and asked me, with a brief return to his official manner, where I could be reached in the next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(*Advertisement*)

O. D. J.

—or, Old Dr. Johnson made one remark that a Scot can approve

WE HAVE no reason to love the memory of Samuel Johnson. Our business is in Scotland, and the great lexicographer said some things that have rankled in Scottish memories for nearly two centuries.

In his famous dictionary (the first important one in the English language), he wrote this definition; "Oats: a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." In conversation with his biographer Boswell (a Scot himself), Johnson made such remarks as: "The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad which leads him to England." And, "much may be made of a Scotchman if he is caught young."

It is therefore a pleasure to recall at least one remark of the great Doctor which we can quote with approval. It deserves italics: *"There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."*

Since the old Doctor spent a large part of his life in taverns he spoke as an authority. And if he were alive today, he would be delighted to find how far the "tavern" has progressed. If he were in the men's bar of a good club or hotel in America today, and if he were served a spot of 12 year old Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky, he would almost surely be moved to compose a tribute to Scotland, in praise of its finest product.

The risk in this fantasy is that the bar might be out of Scotland's Prince of Whiskies when Dr. Johnson dropped in. Alas, that happens occasionally. The demand for Chivas Regal has grown so great in America that your barman or spirits merchant may sometimes be unable to serve you. The supply of Chivas Regal — a blend of thirty-three of the finest whiskies of Scotland — is inevitably limited by nature. Please forgive an occasional disappointment, and ask again!

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few weeks. I gave him my address in Java, to which I would be returning for another month.

"Bogor?" the room boy interrupted, catching the name of the town. "My wife's family come from Sunda. Their music is very good."

"And their women are the most beautiful in Indonesia," one of the men behind me added.

"And their countryside is the loveliest I have ever seen," I contributed.

"We also have beautiful rice fields," the policeman said. "Have you seen? No? You will do me the honor, perhaps, to take tea this afternoon with myself and my wife—my *only* wife." We all laughed. "And then we will drive to Sungguminasa."

"Thank you. That is most kind," I said.

"Do not miss the palace of the Raja of Goa," said the man who admired Doris Day.

"Or the brick factory on the way," his friend added.

Nothing more was said about investigating the robbery, and we spent most of the rest of the morning chatting about ourselves, about travel, and about the beauties of the island of Sulawesi, which, I was told, to Indonesian eyes is shaped like an orchid.

THE expedition that afternoon was delightful. The policeman's wife, silent and smiling, sat beside me on the back seat of a pony cart while the policeman, splendid in a fuchsia sarong, sat next to the driver. To the accompaniment of the bells that bedecked the pony, we drove through Makassar, past the houses of friends of the policeman, who called out greetings to them, explaining who I was and where we were going. We jingled along between bright-green rice fields, past charming painted wooden houses, each with a frivolously decorated bird cage hanging from its eaves. We watched a football game in Sungguminasa and drove by the sprawling wooden palace there, returning at last to Makassar just after dark.

The policeman and his wife and I met often in the days that followed—to sip coffee at tiny stalls, to watch some Chinese rehearse a dragon dance in preparation for the coming New Year celebrations, or simply to stand on the sea wall in the flaming evening and stare at the square-sailed boats that came gliding in between the islands of Makassar Bay. Nobody mentioned the burglary again. I didn't think of it myself until my boat was moving away from

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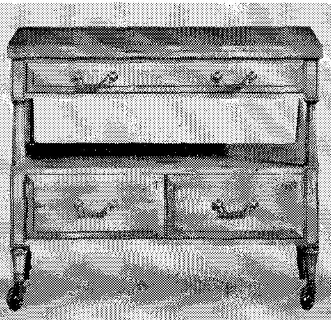

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the Makassar wharf and I was gazing regretfully at the pink and turquoise sarongs of the people lounging against the warehouses—and then I felt glad that the thief would never be caught.

—SANTHA RAMA RAU

◆

THE OVERFLOWING HEART

[*Adv. in the Cookeville* (*Tenn.*) *Putnam County Herald*]

THANKS

I am deeply grateful! My heart overflows with love and affection for the good people of Putnam County. Our American liberty gives to every voter the right and privilege to vote for the man of his choice and I thank God, the guiding hand of this universe, that we are permitted to live under the flag of the stars and bars; under this wonderful form of Government, in the USA, and in the mountains of Old Putnam County, where I was born and reared and where I hope to be laid to rest, and I beg that you, "bury me in Old Tennessee, in the land where I was born, for it will be mighty close to Heaven on the Resurrection morn."

To those who voted for me for Sheriff, you know that I love every one of you for so doing. To those who voted against me I want to prove my friendship and worthiness, by making Putnam County the best law enforcement officer that has ever served as high sheriff, but I want to officiate with kindness, politeness and consideration for my fellow human beings.

I hold no personal malice against Mr. Webster and love Ed Dedmon and Bill Burgess.

The unofficial report of votes, shows that I won by over 700 votes. I carried or tied every district, but three, and carried six of the seven boxes in the first district.

When one wins there should be no malice in his heart, so I have a song in my heart and a prayer in my soul, that every citizen of Putnam County may have the Lord's good blessings, hence forth I am for ever yours to command for a bigger and better Putnam County.

SAM DENTON POTEET

◆

MR. HUGH DUNDAS, OF THE LONDON "EXPRESS," MEET YOUR LEADER WRITER

And how about Britain? Are our new Elizabethans preparing for their journeys of discovery? Might my son perhaps be a Drake or a Frobisher of outer space?

Plenty to think about, isn't there, this Bank Holiday week-end?—*Hugh Dundas in the London Express.*

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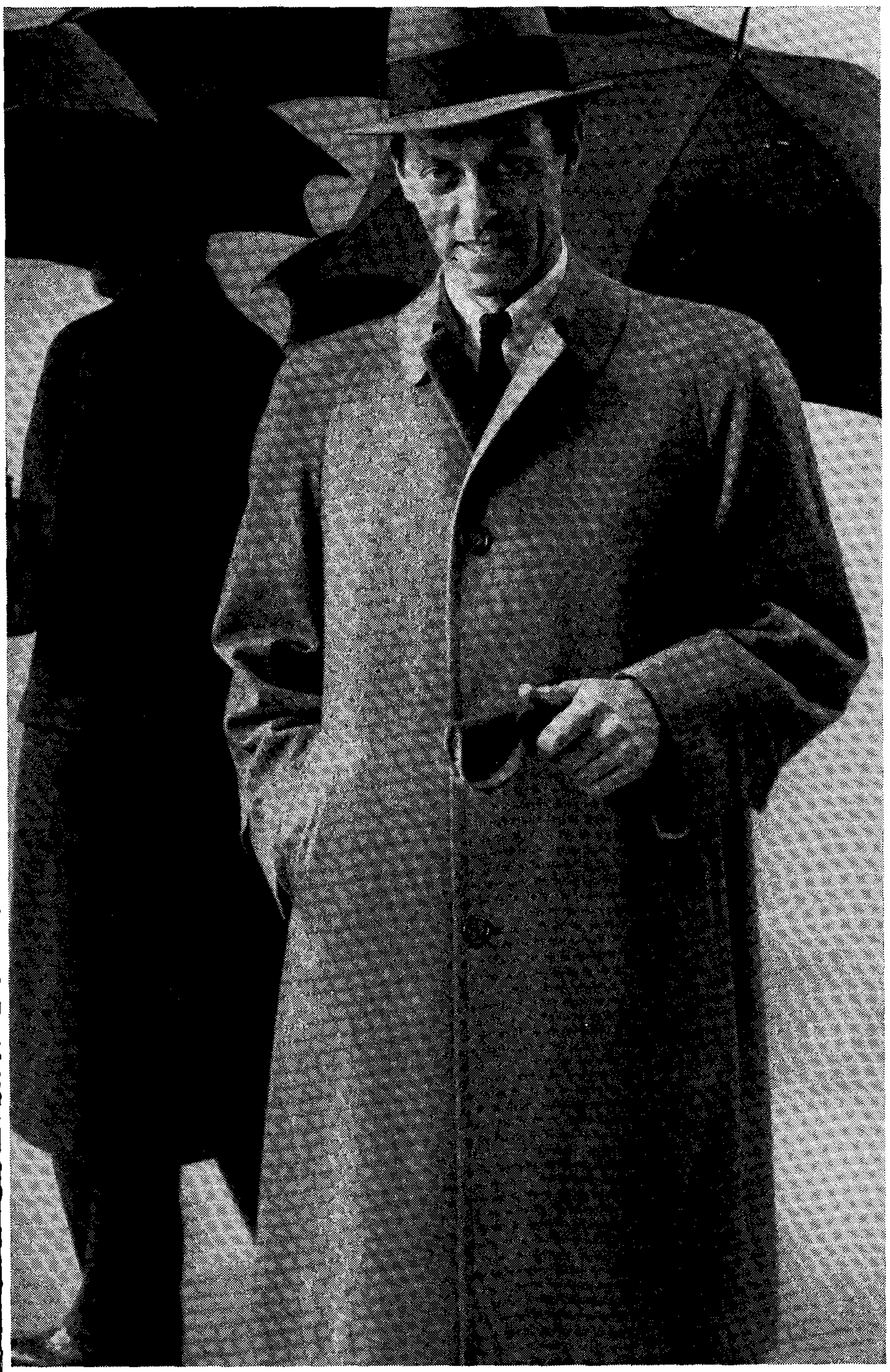

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THE SOIL WHERE FIRST THEY TRODE

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS

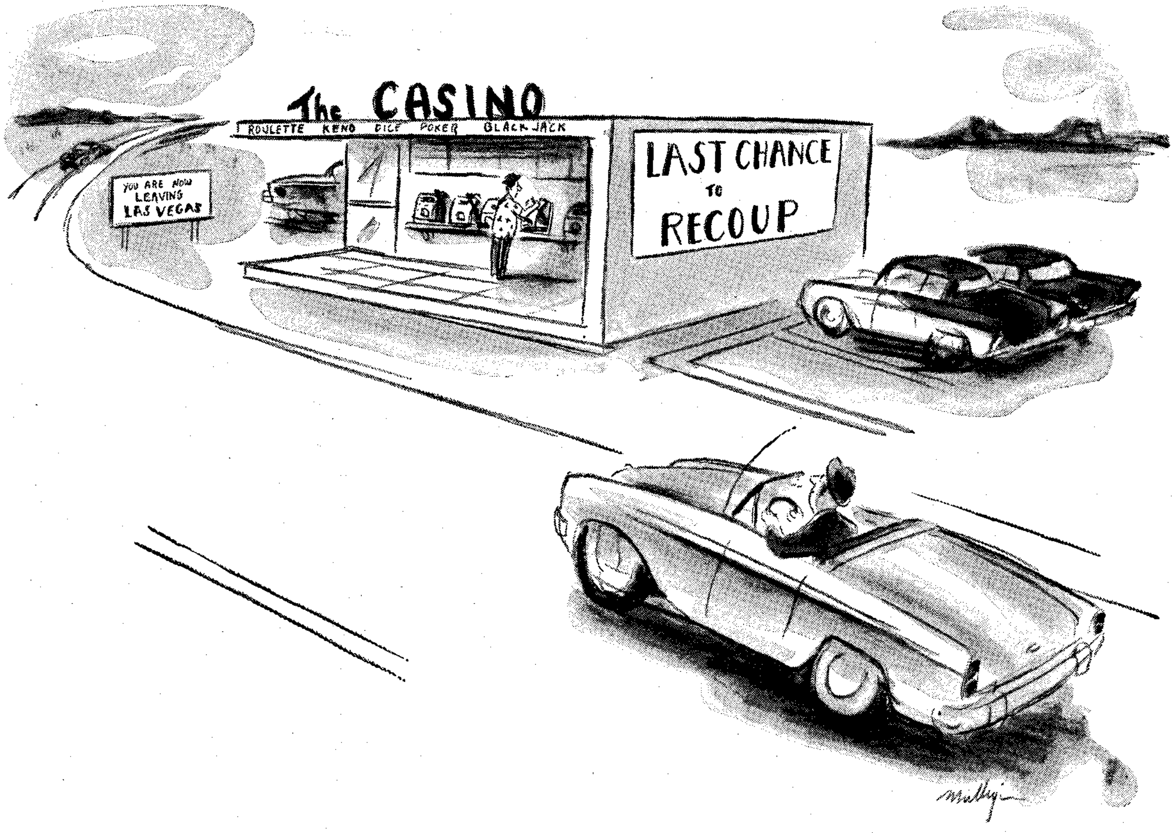
UNTIL a couple of years ago, when my wife and I bought a summer home here, ten miles from the tip of Cape Cod, I had never given much thought to the Pilgrims. As a boy, to be sure, I had read the Longfellow recapitulation of Myles Standish's peculiar courtship and had once gazed with suitable reverence upon Plymouth Rock, but that was about as far as my association with the Forefathers had gone. Since establishing myself as a warm-weather resident of this town, however, I find that my interest in those venerable pioneers has increased enormously. Our place is not far from the Pamet River, a once broad but now modest stream that is hidden from us by the high-bush blueberries, poison ivy, and other native flora that border it. No one ventures from our house to the Pamet, aside from an occasional small boy, on exploration bent, or an agent of the Cape Cod Mosquito Control Project, on business. Still, even though I cannot see the Pamet, I find it agreeable to reflect that in the late fall of 1620, a month before they touched the soil of Plymouth, a band of armor-clad Pilgrims, led by Myles Standish, tramped this river's banks, within musket shot of a patch of land where I pick blueberries and the mosquitoes pick on me.

From Corn Hill, a bluff in Truro where the hungry Pilgrims unearthed, and appropriated, a cache of Indian corn, one can look down to the end of the Cape and there see Provincetown, a community whose skyline is dominated by a giant granite shaft. Modelled on an Italian campanile, the tower soars up two hundred and fifty-two feet from the crest of a hundred-foot hill right in the center of the town. Many newcomers to the Cape are puzzled to learn that this eye-catcher, a little over twenty miles from Plymouth across Cape Cod Bay and eighty miles overland, is a monument to the Pilgrims. The simple explanation is that Provincetown is where the Forefathers first stepped ashore after sixty-six dismal days on the Atlantic. This welcome event occurred on November 11, 1620—November 21st, according to our present calendar—on a stretch of sand that is now marked by a simple, five-foot-high block of stone. Near it, on a brick wall, is a bronze plaque inscribed with several lines from the renowned poem "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," written in 1825 by Felicia Hemans. Mrs. Hemans, an Englishwoman, did not identify her "stern and rock-bound coast" beyond alluding to it as a wild New England shore, but it can reasonably be inferred that she was thinking of Plymouth as the Pilgrims' initial port of call. The citizens of Provincetown who put up the plaque declined, however, to make any such inference, and among the lines they immortalized in bronze, with obvious pride in their own shore, not Plymouth's, are these:

> Ay, call it holy ground,
> The soil where first they trode.

The Pilgrims spent five weeks on Cape Cod, or anchored just off it. The Mayflower had hardly come to rest in Provincetown Harbor when most of the adult male immigrants assembled in the ship's cabin and subscribed to the celebrated Mayflower Compact, by which they pledged themselves to adopt a fairly democratic way of life in this country. (Thomas A. Kane, our town clerk in Truro and a local historian, argues that the Compact was signed in Truro Harbor, but not many scholars share this chauvinistic view.) The following day—Sunday, November 12th—everybody stayed aboard the Mayflower, at worship. The day after that, the Pilgrim women went ashore for the first time and set about scrubbing the salt and grime out of their families' clothing. It was thus that Monday became this nation's traditional washday.

All in all, the Pilgrims had a wide range of experiences during their sojourn on the Cape. Dorothy Bradford, the wife of William Bradford, who was one of their leaders and later became their Governor, drowned in Provincetown Harbor; Peregrine White, who lived to see the eighteenth century, was born on the ship while it was at anchor there. Expeditions fanned out from Provincetown to Truro, where they found not only the corn but also a fresh-water spring, now called Pilgrim Spring, and on to Eastham, another ten miles up the Cape, where a brief and bloodless skirmish with some Indians took place, on a beach now called First Encounter Beach. Finally, on December 20th—December 30th, by present-day reckoning—the Mayflower began letting off its passengers at Plymouth, which, as some Provincetown people are fond of pointing out, was then also known as Thievish Harbor. (Several expeditions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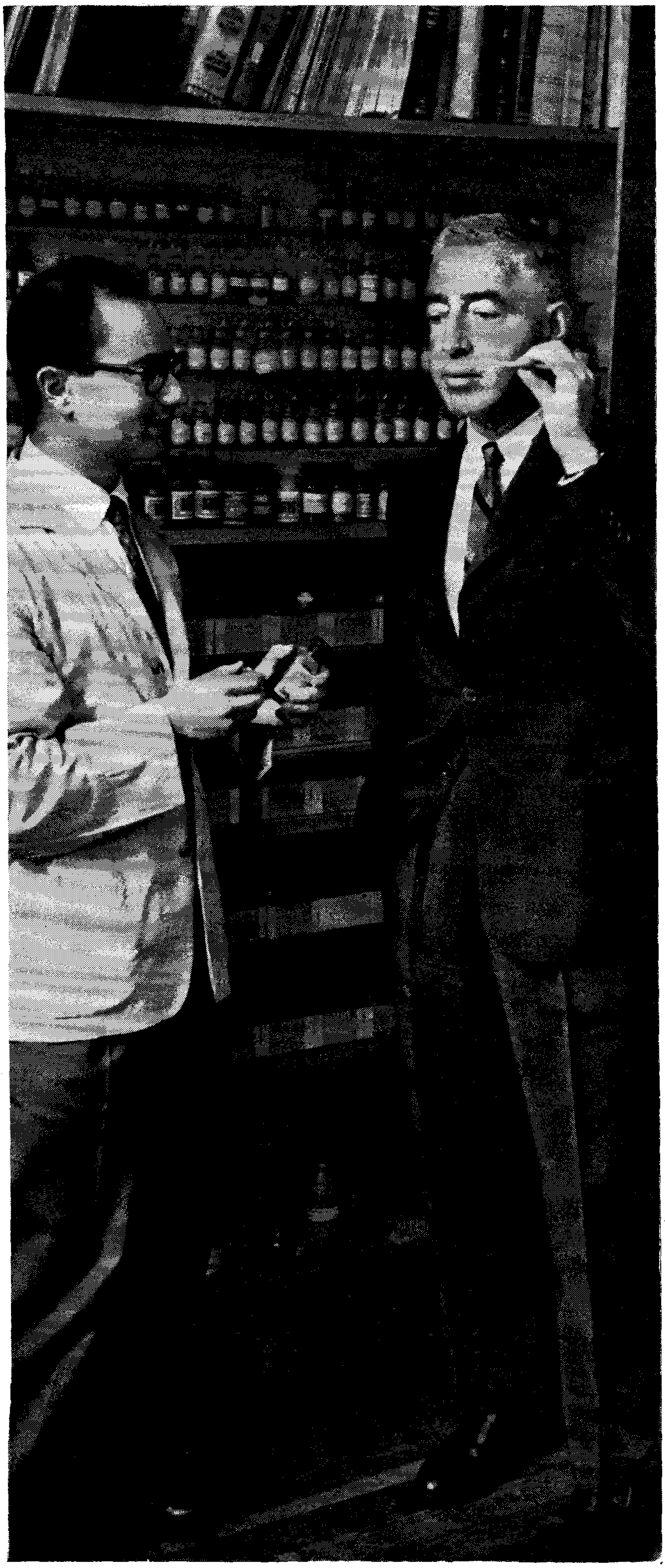


FINAL SNIFF IN PARIS LABORATORY. Gaston de Havenon checks a batch of Parfums Weil. At the left is Jean-Pierre Weil, son of the founder and outstanding chemist-perfumer.

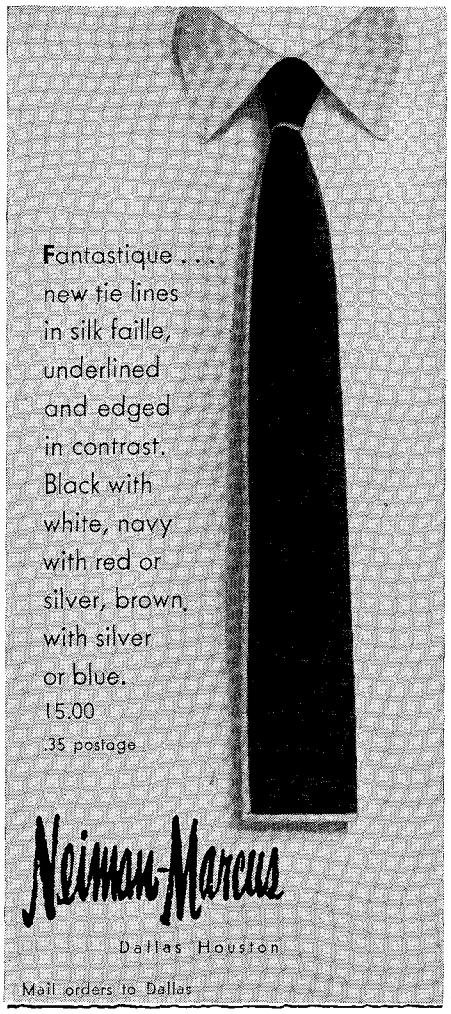
had previously explored that stretch of the coast, and an Indian had stolen a harpoon from the members of one of them.)

Since the Mayflower was a bulky vessel, ninety feet long and with a displacement of about a hundred and eighty tons, she could hardly have come close to Plymouth Rock. Whether the small boat in which her passengers were ferried ashore got anywhere near the Rock is debatable. Even in Plymouth it is admitted that the tradition of the Pilgrims' landing on Plymouth Rock hangs on nothing more substantial than the conceivably faltering memory of a resident named Elder Thomas Faunce, who in 1741, at the age of ninety-five, suddenly recalled that as a boy he had heard someone say they did. That sort of evidence would never stand up in court—at least, not in a Provincetown court. Anyway, whether or not the nonagenarian's testimony is regarded as decisive, Provincetown has little respect for the Rock. To Provincetown, a second landing, no matter where, is a pitiable anticlimax. One Provincetown official, a baseball fan, told me the other day that the Plymouth landing stands in relation to the Provincetown landing as a post-season barnstorming tour by the two teams in a World Series would stand in relation to the Series—the same dramatis personae, perhaps, but none of the significance. To this contention, Plymouth could, of course, retort that the Pilgrims' stay on Cape Cod was analogous to spring training, and that the landing at Plymouth, where the Forefathers chose to make their home, was the start of the regular season. The Plymouth people could also retort that if in Provincetown eyes the Rock is just a rock, why do Provincetown fishermen keep threatening to sneak across Cape Cod Bay some moonless night in one of their squat and sturdy vessels, tear the Rock from its moorings with grappling hooks, and haul it back to their own thievish harbor?

Naturally, no one in Provincetown tries to contest Plymouth's one great, unimpeachable claim to fame—that of being the scene of the Pilgrims' first permanent colonial settlement. What Provincetown laments is that few people distinguish between the first landing and the first colony. Most Americans—facts or no facts, campanile or no campanile—believe that the Pilgrim Fathers sailed straight from Plymouth, England, to Plymouth Rock, and the myth is now so deeply rooted in the national consciousness that it could probably never be pried out. (In the Midwest, a few years back, the jackpot question on a quiz show was "Where did the Pilgrims first land?" A whole flock of contestants flubbed it by confidently answering "Plymouth," before somebody came up with a hesitant, prize-winning "Provincetown.") As a rueful editorial in the weekly Provincetown *Advocate* put it not long ago, "Plymouth is in an enviable position."

AT the moment, a replica of the Mayflower—or, rather, what purports to be a replica, for nobody knows exactly what the ship looked like—is being built in England, under the auspices of Project Mayflower, Ltd., a British group that is raising three hundred thousand dollars for the purpose. The ship is to sail across the Atlantic next summer, theoretically duplicating the voyage of its forefather, as a good-will gesture to the United States. There have been some indications that it will sail direct to Plymouth. Good will? Not around Provincetown. Project Mayflower was thought up by a couple of British public-relations men, one of whom, on a recent visit to Plymouth, may also have strained the good will of that town's patriots, by placing his bowler squarely on top of the Rock and having himself photographed beside the embellished shrine.

The British, as a matter of fact, can be held chiefly accountable for all the confusion about the landing. While evacuating Boston during the Revolution, they took along the principal source of reliable information about the Pilgrims' early movements—the manuscript of Governor Bradford's history, "Of Plimoth Plantation," which gives Provincetown its due. From 1775 to 1855, this work appeared to have been lost. Then it was discovered in the library of the Bishop of London, and after forty-two more years had passed, it was returned to the United States. (It is now in the Massachusetts State House, in Boston—a location that Provincetown views as hardly ideal but considerably more palatable than Plymouth would be.) Many of today's history books give the impression of having been written while Bradford's text languished in obscurity. Not that there is any conformity among the historians. The Encyclopædia Britannica, for example, careens wildly on a pro-Provincetown tack, going so far as to assert that Provincetown sheltered a Pilgrim settlement from 1620 on—a claim that not even the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce would dare make. Webster's Dictionary, on the other hand, ignores



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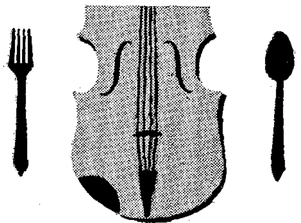

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Provincetown entirely in its entry for the Pilgrim Fathers. (It does mention the Pilgrims under "Provincetown," in its Gazetteer, but what uninformed student in search of Pilgrim lore would think of looking there?) And some contemporary reference works don't commit themselves one way or the other. The Encyclopedia of American History, published in 1953, has its Pilgrims sighting Cape Cod and deciding to land "nearby." It doesn't say nearby what.

School children in Provincetown are fed the story straight, for among their textbooks are some written by Lewis Paul Todd, a historian who lives in Truro and can stare at the Provincetown monument any time he wants to get his bearings. But the thirst of youngsters in many other regions for the facts about their nation's history is often strangely slaked. The kind of thing that makes Provincetown people writhe is a passage like this, from "The Making of Modern America," a high-school textbook: "Finally they landed far to the north on the bleak shores of Cape Cod Bay in December of 1620. The Pilgrims made friends with some of the neighboring Indians and soon laid the foundations of a small community, which they called Plymouth." (The place had first been called Plymouth by Captain John Smith in 1614, long before the Pilgrims left England, much less laid any foundations.) Even "A Basic History of the United States," by the usually dependable Charles and Mary Beard, declares flatly that the Mayflower Compact was signed as the Pilgrims' ship "rode in the harbor of Plymouth." Needless to say, there are plenty of textbooks that have the landing story right, but for every one of these there is one like "A History of Our Country," by the reputable professor David S. Muzzey, who says that the Pilgrims "reached the shores of Cape Cod . . . but instead of proceeding

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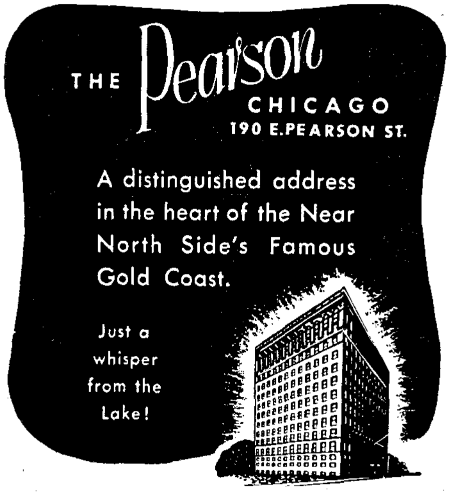
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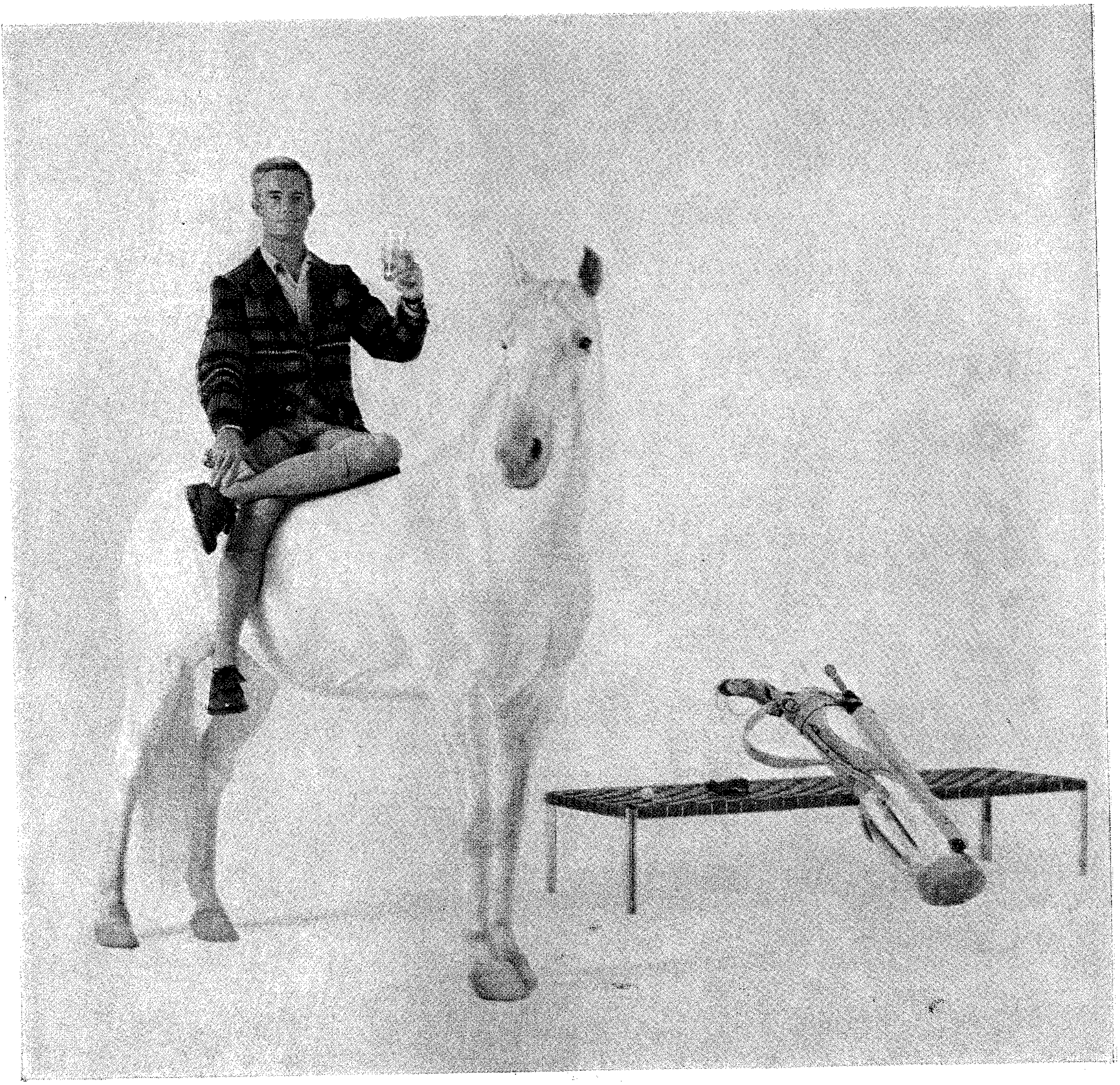
southward they decided to stay where they were and, landing on the low, sandy shore of Plymouth harbor. . . ." In Provincetown, the most charitable interpretation put on this version is that Muzzey is fuzzy.

Just last month, *Holiday* published an article entitled "Where the Pilgrims Landed." Among its two thousand and some words, "Provincetown" never once appeared, but among those that did appear were a freewheeling handful asserting that the Pilgrims "first set foot in the New World" in Plymouth. Provincetown is used to that sort of thing. Last year, another monthly, *Family Circle*, carried in its Thanksgiving issue an article about the Pilgrims, prepared with the assistance of the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, in which Provincetown was not mentioned, either, and in which Plymouth was described as "jealously guarding its Pilgrim heritage." Most people in Provincetown will grimly agree that Plymouth does guard its Pilgrim heritage jealously, and some of the more cynical among them would substitute the adverb "avariciously." "Why do they have to name hens and hot dogs and gelatine and everything after Plymouth Rock?" a Provincetown civic leader asked me bitterly the other day, making it clear that there exists a potential market of at least one for a product called Provincetown Sand Gelatine. One of the reasons Plymouth guards its heritage so diligently is economic in origin. "Frankly, this place would be a ghost town without the tourist business," the secretary of the Plymouth Chamber told me recently, and it's not hard to understand why tourists flock to the town, for, as the distinguished historian Samuel Eliot Morison has written, "The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock is perhaps the best known event of American history." (Morison is an anti-Provincetown—or, perhaps more accurately, a non-Provincetown—historian. In "The Growth of the American Republic," on which he and Henry Steele Commager collaborated, the authors state that on November 11, 1620, the Pilgrims landed "in the harbor of Cape Cod," and when they first identify any harbor at all, a page later, it is "the harbor already named Plymouth.")

THE town of Plymouth is too upright to make any false claims for its Rock, but on the cover of a Chamber of Commerce brochure bearing the phrase "See Historical Plymouth Mass. First," the word "first" is blown up and



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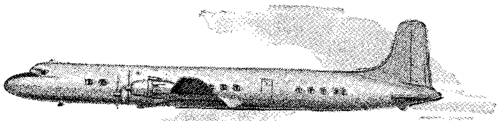

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is juxtaposed with a photograph of the Rock in such a way that a careless reader might easily just associate those two and overlook everything else. At the Rock itself, signs proclaim it as "Landing Place of the Pilgrims." Not "*First* Landing Place," honorably enough, but not "*A* Landing Place" or "*Another* Landing Place," either. Just "Landing Place." (Apparently, no one has thought of borrowing the tactful expression "final landing," which Calvin Coolidge applied to the Rock in 1920, when, as Governor of Massachusetts, he had friends in both Plymouth and Provincetown.) In Plymouth there is a detachment of young men in Pilgrim costume on hand during the summer to enlighten visitors about the Rock, and they, laudably, make no attempt to hedge. Their forthright set spiel goes, in part, "Now, contrary to the popular belief that has sprung up in recent years, the Pilgrims did not first land at Plymouth Rock." ("Recent," in Plymouth, is apt to be applied to any year subsequent to 1741.) This confession by the guides usually causes consternation among some tourists, and one can almost hear them mutter, "In that case, what am I doing here?" Then the guides, possibly motivated by a sense of civic guilt, take a deep breath and rewrite history in Provincetown's favor. They say that the Pilgrims stayed there for two whole months, thereby landing them in Plymouth in the lustreless year of 1621.

The cascade of historical literature with which the present-day pilgrim to Plymouth finds himself deluged is, on the whole, fair enough to Provincetown, although the latter town is sometimes assumed to have had a rather low place in the Forefathers' esteem. "Plymouth Rock—Its History and Its Significance," a pamphlet the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth published in 1954, states, "The Pilgrims' first problem after casting anchor in Provincetown Harbor was to find a suitable place to settle," thus implying that after one look the Pilgrims decided Provincetown was no place for them. The literature, as I discovered during a recent landing at Plymouth, often leaves it up to the reader to deduce for himself what's been what. I had barely finished reading a monograph put out by the Massachusetts Department of Commerce, in which I read that "Plymouth is the birthplace of the town meeting form of government," when a lady in Colonial costume handed me a booklet called "The Pilgrim Story," which informed me that the signing of the

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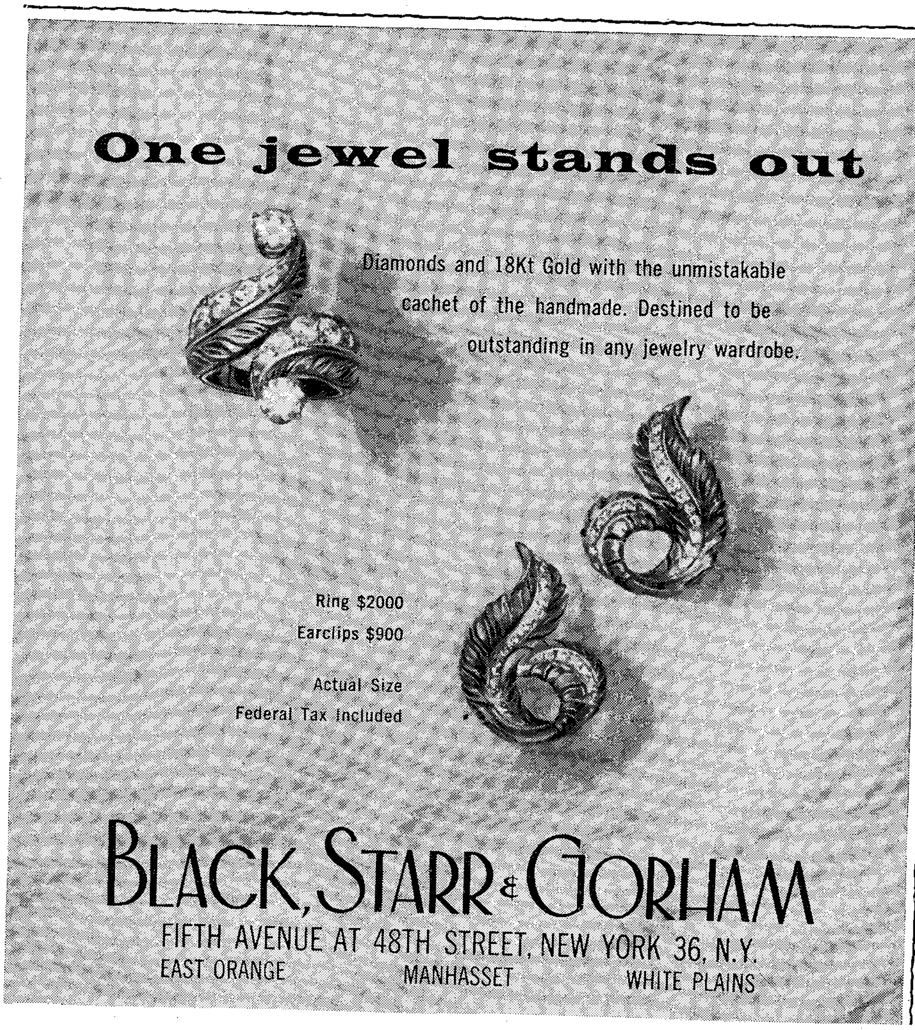
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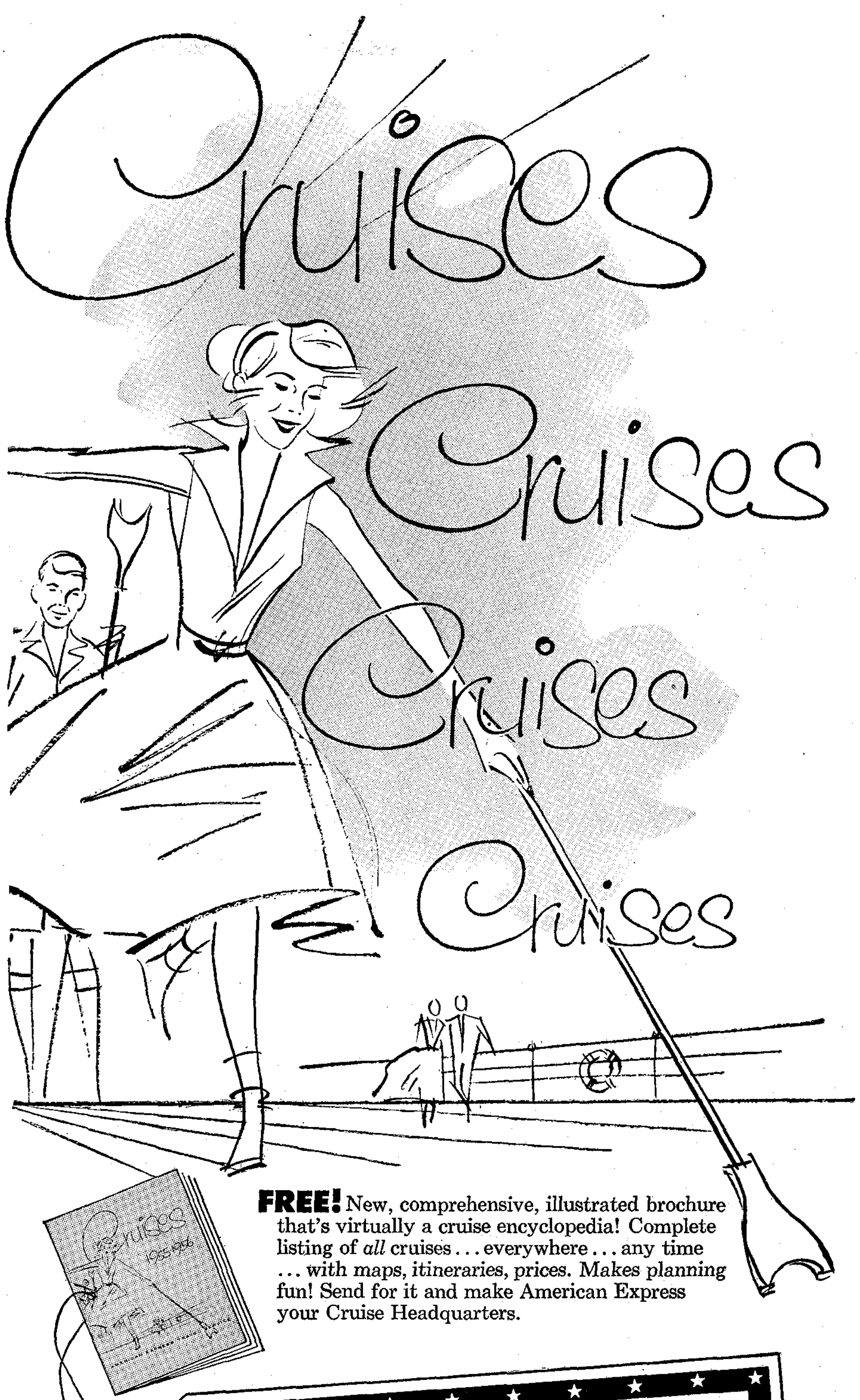
Compact, in Provincetown Harbor, is "generally accepted as the first New England town meeting." This booklet referred to Provincetown as a "haven of refuge" for the Pilgrims, a description that to many Plymouth ears must sound downright subversive, for Plymouth boosters like to stress the fact that the death of half the Mayflower's passengers in Plymouth during their first winter in the New World was the direct result of respiratory and other afflictions they had acquired on the inhospitable sands across the Bay. This emphasis reflects Plymouth's condescending attitude toward Provincetown. "Sure the Pilgrims landed in Provincetown," a Plymouth Chamber of Commerce man told me. "But the Cape had nothing to offer them. It still hasn't much to offer. We get a much higher class of visitor here."

NEARLY three-quarters of a million people, of all classes, visit Plymouth Rock each year; about twenty-five thousand visit the Provincetown tower. These figures are perhaps as good an explanation as any of Provincetown's discontent. But there are other galling circumstances. The Compact was signed in Provincetown Harbor, yet where is the table on which it was signed? In Plymouth. Peregrine White was born in Provincetown Harbor, yet where is his cradle? In Plymouth. (The best Provincetown can boast is a small-scale reproduction of it.) Provincetown has a stone from a wall in the yard outside the church, in Austerfield, England, where Bradford was baptized; Plymouth has a slice of molding from the church itself. Bradford declared in his history, "All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages." Provincetown is doing its best to keep its chin up in its battle for recognition, but new difficulties are forever arising. Just this summer, the Cape Cod

Chamber of Commerce, an outfit whose sympathies would presumably be on the side of Provincetown (its headquarters are in Hyannis), ran a newspaper advertisement that gave prominent display to a map of the Cape and some of its environs, including Plymouth. On the map appeared the figure of a lone Pilgrim. And where was he perched? On Plymouth. A couple of years ago, the nonpartisan, or so one would expect, Commonwealth of Massachusetts got out a road map on which Pilgrim Spring, in Truro, was labelled "Plymouth Spring." And the *Cape Cod Guide*, a piece of tourist literature widely distributed on the Cape, has far more to say about Plymouth and the Pilgrims than about Provincetown and the Pilgrims, perhaps because the *Guide* is edited and published off the Cape—specifically, in Plymouth.

Provincetown has not taken all this lying down. The head of its own Chamber of Commerce has a plucky way of saying, when someone mentions Plymouth, "Plymouth—where's that? You mean Plymouth, Oregon?" But he couldn't have been thinking about Oregon this summer when his Chamber put up a large billboard within the town limits of Plymouth, Massachusetts. "Come to Provincetown, FIRST Landing Place of the Pilgrims," it read, and it showed a picture of the Provincetown campanile. When the secretary of the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, a man who wore Pilgrim dress in President Eisenhower's inaugural parade, saw this, he exclaimed, in pure John Aldenese, "Jeez, they got a hell of a nerve putting up something like that in Plymouth!" Some outraged custodians of Plymouth's Pilgrim heritage tried to have the word "first" stricken from the signboard, but Provincetown, having bought the space, wouldn't stand for that. Plymouth is currently getting its revenge for this affront. A new radio station, WPLM, has just started broadcasting from there, carrying plug after plug for Pilgrim Plymouth. "It's beamed right into Provincetown!" a Plymouth man told me, cackling hilariously. "They get wonderful reception there!"

Given enough of a start, a fast-rolling legend can usually stay comfortably ahead of any plodding fact, and it is one of Provincetown's handicaps that in seeking its share of Pilgrim glory it got going too late, and with too little. Whereas, even on the hottest days, Plymouth abounds with natives in Pilgrim dress, Provincetown, as a rule, has only one—the Town Crier. Province-



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town's simple, five-foot-high memorial at the first landing place wasn't put up until 1917, while Plymouth has been honoring the Rock practically ever since Elder Faunce's memory was jogged. Residents of Provincetown find some comfort in the knowledge that their memorial is going to be moved from its present, relatively obscure site on the sands to an adjacent circular plaza a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, on a section of the harbor bottom soon to be filled in, where passersby will be a lot more likely to see it. "It'll be like Plymouth Rock to Plymouth," Thomas M. Libby, Provincetown's Town Manager, told me the other day, hopefully.

The Provincetown campanile, it is true, has a fairly long history. As far back as 1852, there was talk in Provincetown of putting up a lofty landmark along the line of the present one, but nothing much was done about it until the beginning of this century, when a concerted drive to raise money for the monument got under way. In 1906, Congress appropriated forty thousand dollars toward the ninety-two thousand needed for the campanile, thereby proving that the government of the United States, if not many of its citizens, has long been aware of Provincetown's rightful place with respect to the Pilgrims. (The appropriation was voted after some hearings during which a director of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association, a nonprofit organization that sponsored and still maintains the tower, said, "There is no rivalry nor ill-feeling between Provincetown and Plymouth. We recognize the importance of Plymouth as the place of the Pilgrim settlement, and Plymouth people are generally cordial to this project.") President Theodore Roosevelt visited Provincetown in 1907 to lay the cornerstone of the tower, and three years later President Taft came along to dedicate the finished job. (It is indicative of the paucity of authentic Pilgrim mementos in Provincetown that its historical museum exhibits a one-dollar bill hallowed merely by the fact that Roosevelt gave it as a tip to his carriage driver that day.)

Set in the inside walls of the tower, and visible from a winding ramp by which sightseers can climb to the summit, is a series of stone tablets, each presented to Provincetown by a friendly community or by a regional branch of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, and each inscribed with the name of its donor. A hundred and thirty-three of these stones were installed at the time the tower was built,

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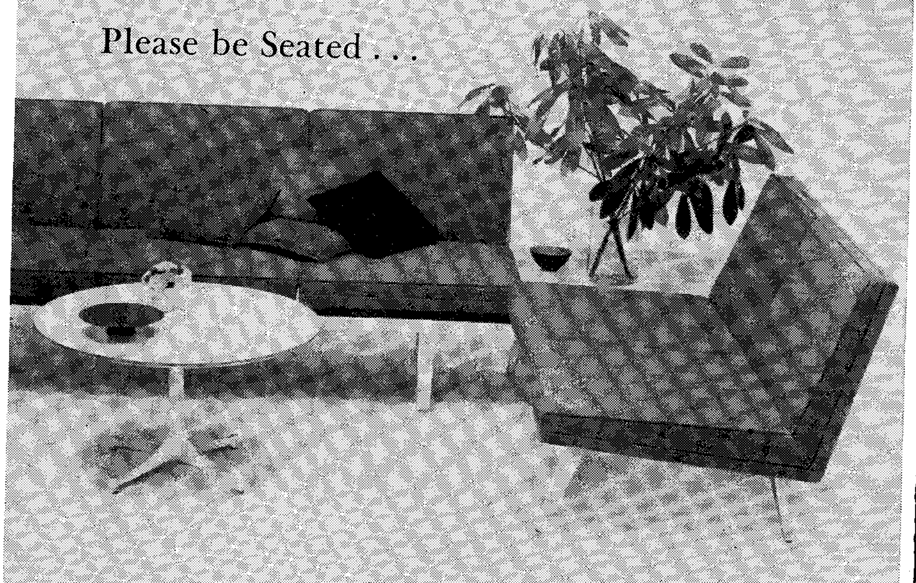
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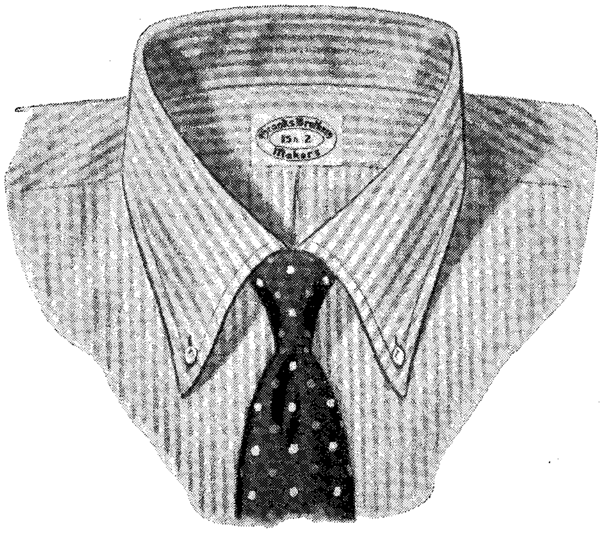
and since then thirty-nine more have been contributed and put into place, including one from Plymouth. By design or accident, the Plymouth slab is so placed that unless a visitor looks hard for it, he is almost certainly bound to miss it.

OF all the gadflies Provincetown has hatched to buzz at Plymouth, indisputably the peskiest has been an eccentric, imaginative, and effervescent poet named Harry Kemp. Once a ruggedly bohemian ornament of Greenwich Village, Kemp, who is now seventy-one, has been living in Provincetown for more than forty years. He calls himself the Poet of the Dunes, and often writes with a quill plucked from a sea gull's wing. His reflections on Pilgrim history have inspired him to compose, among hundreds of other verses, a number of taunting couplets that the Provincetown Town Crier can sometimes be heard reciting. A sample goes:

Ring loud this story from coast to coast:
Provincetown's true glory is Plymouth's
false boast.

Kemp belonged to the old Provincetown Players, and was a friend and drinking companion of Eugene O'Neill in the playwright's Cape Cod days. Nowadays, when Kemp is not living in a driftwood shack on the rolling dunes near the town, he makes his home in a grubby storeroom back of a real-estate office on its main street. He finds the latter setting congenial partly because he pays no rent and partly because O'Neill's former lodgings are directly overhead. Kemp, who at the moment is completing a biography of Shakespeare in the form of a sonnet sequence, has been championing Provincetown's cause and propagandizing against what he calls "the hoax of the Rock" for a decade or



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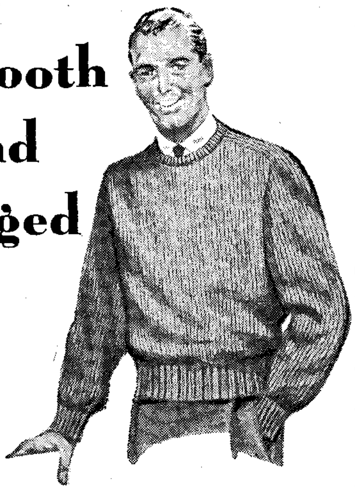

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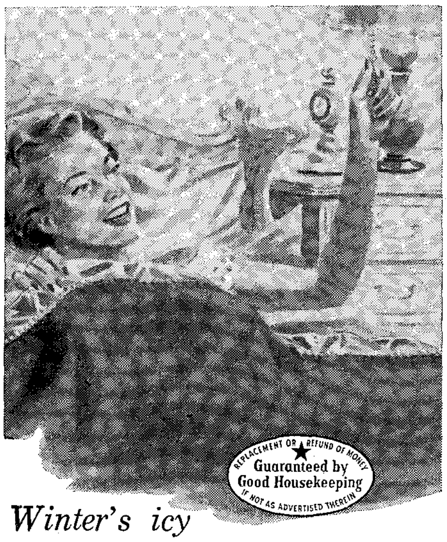
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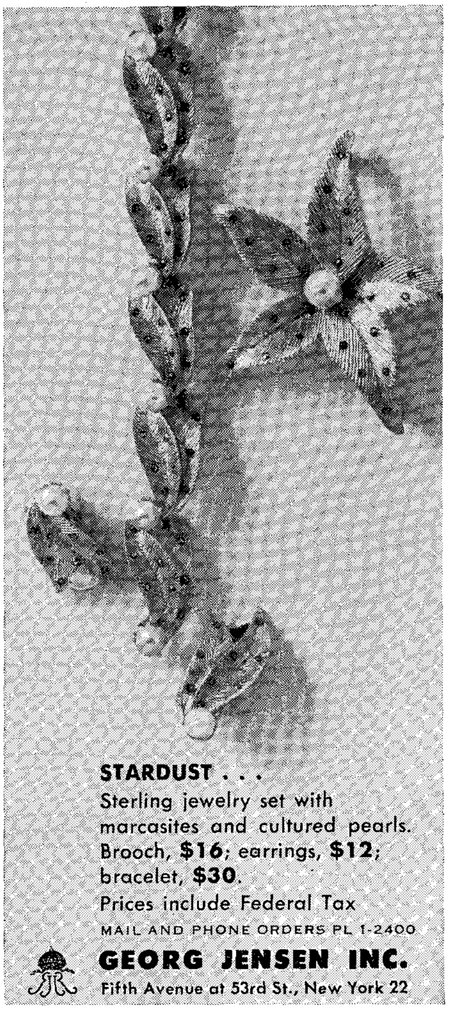
so, not always with the unanimous approval of his fellow-townsfolk. He came in for criticism a few years ago when he used a bottle of gin to christen a roadside sign showing the way to the Pilgrims' first landing place. The poet calmly defended himself by saying that the Pilgrims were gin drinkers and that he could conceive of no beverage more appropriate for the ceremony. Right now, he is trying hard to find a sponsor for a twelve-foot granite statue of a Pilgrim laundress he wants to have set up in Provincetown in commemoration of the first Monday Washday. He has invited the nation's soap companies to get together and become joint patrons of this project, but to date their reactions have been lukewarm.

Kemp looks upon his struggle to educate other Americans about Provincetown as a crusade, and, like many crusaders before him, he is not only militant but often quite lonely. He presides over the Provincetown Pilgrims' Association, which he founded in order to give his crusade institutional dignity, but so far it has attracted only ten members, and even within this limited group there has been strife. A vice-president resigned a while back after President Kemp, miffed at something or other this subordinate had said, rapped on the door of his home at one o'clock in the morning and challenged him to come out and fight. The Association is not highly thought of in Plymouth. On its stationery, which has a flamboyant letterhead bearing the inscription "Provincetown—Where the Pilgrims First Landed," Kemp once wrote to the chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Plymouth, calling upon him to issue a formal proclamation of Provincetown's priority in the Mayflower's itinerary. Kemp received a frosty reply stating that the Board "has no desire or intent to deviate from the recorded pages of the established history of the United States." The Board failed to indicate which of the conflicting recorded pages of established American history it had no desire or intent to deviate from.

Every now and then, Kemp strides boldly into Plymouth, usually wearing a flowing toga and a wreath of wintergreen—a plant he regards as better suited than laurel to his kind of poetry. He made one such trip, thus attired, in 1952, to attend the première of "Plymouth Adventure," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture about the Pilgrims. The film was a grave disappointment to Kemp. While it was being made, he had written a spirited letter to



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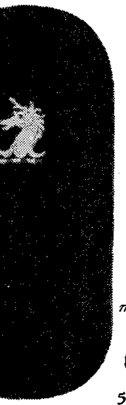

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Dore Schary, its producer, urging him not to slight Provincetown, and had backed this up by getting five hundred and fifty-one Provincetown school children to sign a petition imploring Schary to pay strict attention to history and also to please hold the world première of the picture in Provincetown. To the children, Schary replied sonorously, "You may be sure that we will spare no effort in this challenging enterprise to bring faithfully, and with integrity, to the screen such great moments as the Signing of the Mayflower Compact and The First Landing of the Pilgrims," and added that he was seriously considering holding the première in Provincetown. When M-G-M decided to hold it in Plymouth instead, Kemp was angry. On seeing the film, which gave Provincetown the brushoff, he was incensed. He went home and composed a poetic diatribe entitled "Agenda for the Denunciation of Dore Schary," which he later intoned in the streets of both Provincetown and Plymouth. In Plymouth, too, Kemp once got into a fiery debate with a man who told him that the Pilgrims' stopover in Provincetown had been so transitory that it couldn't really be called a landing. "If that wasn't a landing," Kemp shouted, nearly tripping over his robe in his agitation, "you'd better dig Webster up from his grave and have him redefine the word."

Kemp is an exceptional swimmer. Even at his advanced age, he takes a dip in the ocean every day, summer or winter. It is his notion that an annual swimming event—the American Channel Swim, he calls it—over the twenty miles or so of water from Provincetown to Plymouth would do much to remind people that the Pilgrims followed the same course, and last year, in an effort to stir up interest in his proposal, he staged a preview of what the Swim might be like. Kemp was unable to recruit anyone who could negotiate the entire distance, but he assembled a handful of reasonably proficient swimmers, including four attractive young ladies. With the poet, dressed as Neptune, leading the way, the party plunged into the water at Provincetown and struck out for Plymouth. "We took off with no previous concatenation of effort, but we swam like an aquacade, even though one of the girls had a terrible hangover," Kemp recalls. After several hundred yards of splashing and groaning, the aquacade was hauled up onto the deck of an accompanying fishing boat, which then chugged on across the Bay. Half a mile off Plymouth,

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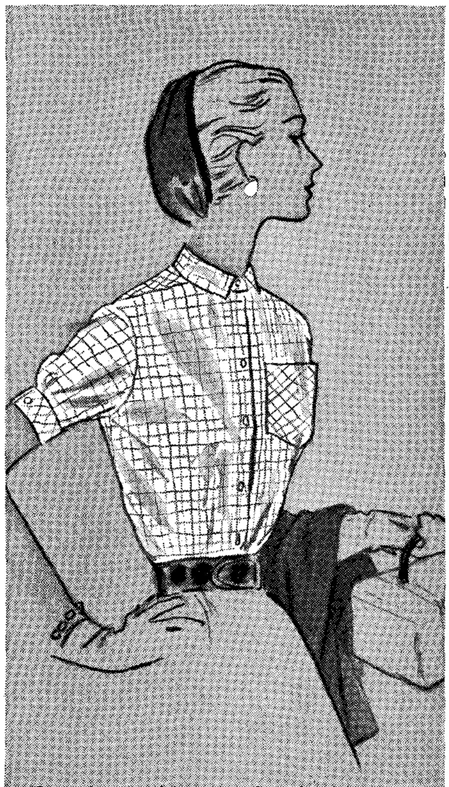

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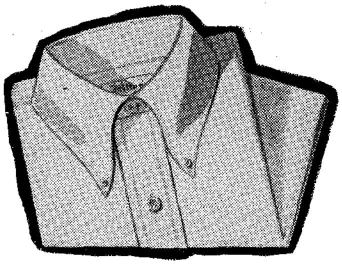

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the swimmers, revived and fortified by red wine, took to the water again, and made their way to the Rock. Kemp had hoped to be met and thrown into stocks by a throng of irate Plymouth officials dressed in Pilgrim costumes, but Plymouth, not wanting to participate in any stunt that might publicize Provincetown, totally ignored the dripping invaders. A few weeks ago, Kemp persuaded a survivor of last year's incursion to strike out for Plymouth once more, on a non-stop basis. But after covering almost half the course, Kemp's man had to be pulled from the water. His ribs hurt, and it subsequently developed he had broken one of them the day before. Such is the poet's lot in the modern world.

For some years, Kemp has been a diabetic, and, of course, he keeps going with the help of insulin. "It makes me feel glorious!" he says. "My God, it's by a miracle of science that I can write my great poetry and enjoy the adventure of life!" He has found a gratifying use for the little glass containers his insulin comes in. He fills them with sand from the beach the Pilgrims first landed on and sends them to eminent citizens, along with this homemade couplet:

Not on Plymouth Rock but on Provincetown sand,
The Pilgrim Fathers first came to land.

Kemp is conscientious about the sand he ships out. "I'm no paragon of virtue, but you've got to do the right thing," he says. "If I used sand from any old place, instead of from right where they landed, I'd soon be doing something even more corrupt, and eventually I'd be thoroughly corrupted. So I go straight to the landing place and get my sand there, and I have somebody watch me to make sure." He has sent his grainy tokens to the governors of all the states and territories, including Hawaii. He hoped Hawaii would send him in return some long-distance swimmers for his American Channel Swim, and pointed out that Hawaii could benefit hugely from the publicity it would derive from the affair. "If you want statehood, come and swim for it," he wrote. But Hawaii begged off. To deliver some Provincetown sand to the Governor of Massachusetts, Kemp, wearing a Pilgrim costume, flew to Boston five years ago in a plane operated by the Provincetown-Boston Airline, which runs a direct shuttle service between the two ports and has the inexact, if heartfelt, slogan "The Route of the Pilgrims." On this particular flight, however, the plane did not follow its regular route. Instead, it de-

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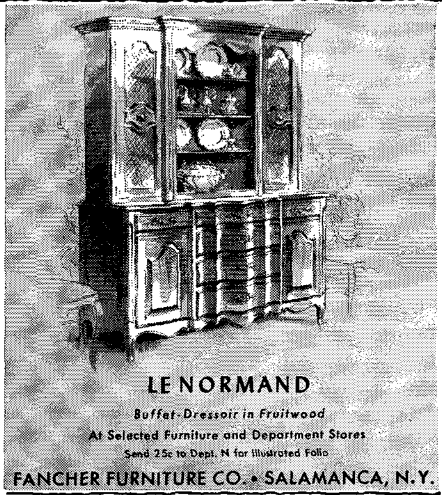

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toured to Plymouth, where it dived low over the Rock. Leaning out of a window and taking careful aim, Kemp gleefully bombed Plymouth Rock with Provincetown sand. He thinks he hit his target, and feels sure that even if he didn't, the Forefathers would have understood and appreciated the gesture.

On every November 21st since 1947, Kemp has duplicated, after a fashion, the Pilgrims' first landing. He dresses a few men, women, and children in Pilgrim trappings, which a fisherman's wife made for him, takes the party offshore in a fishing boat, and then rows them in to the stern and sandbound coast of Provincetown, where they all strike suitable poses of thankfulness and Kemp reads a poem—a different one every year—that he has composed for the rite. "God, what words!" he has been heard to exclaim after these recitals. "Did they come out of me? They're good!"

After one recent reënactment, Kemp took a jagged piece of streaky brown wood, roughly two inches square, out of his pocket and reverently floated it on the water. This object, which he usually keeps in a cigar box, is, he believes, a fragment of the Mayflower. It was given to him in 1950 by the late Hamilton Holt, for many years president of Rollins College, in Florida. One of the dormitories there is called Mayflower Hall, and has a much larger hunk of similar wood embedded in it. Both pieces of wood were taken from a barn in Buckinghamshire, England, whose rafters, many people maintain, were once part of the Mayflower's hull. Another school of thought holds that the Mayflower sank, and was lost for all time, in the North Sea in 1623. It is known, though, that in 1624 some surveyors appointed by the High Court of the Admiralty appraised the Pilgrims' ship at around a hundred and twenty-

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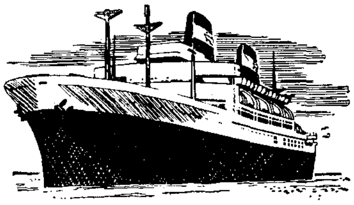

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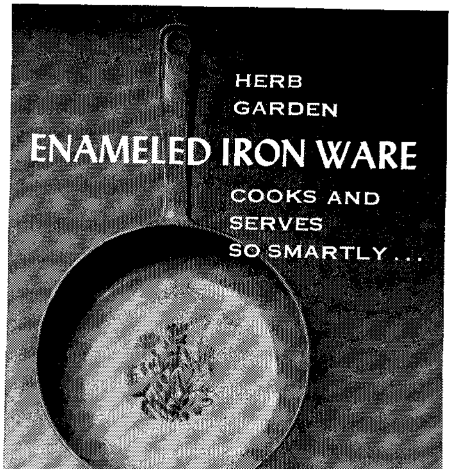

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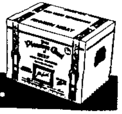

five pounds sterling, so even if she sank, it would seem that part of her, at least, was salvaged. Whatever the case, it has been established that there were a score or so British ships named Mayflower afloat around 1620, and there is no proof that the timbers in the Buckinghamshire barn, if they did come from a Mayflower, came from *the* Mayflower. Kemp is not bothered by such quibbles. "Plymouth hasn't got a piece of the Mayflower," he says. "We have!"

One long-standing ambition of Kemp's Provincetown Pilgrims' Association has been to acquire a full-scale replica of the Pilgrims' Mayflower. (Nobody knows what the ship looked like, but a lot of informed guesses have been made.) This has also been a primary goal, since its foundation in 1947, of a more influential group, in Plymouth—the Plimoth Plantation, which has been responsible for constructing a number of Pilgrim-style buildings there. Last spring, the sponsors of the Mayflower now being built in England not only implied that she might bypass Provincetown but disclosed that, after her transatlantic crossing, they were going to turn her over to the Plimoth Plantation. Kemp was furious. He dashed off indignant cables to Sir Winston Churchill and Queen Elizabeth, neither of whom replied—in her case, possibly because he had couched his protest in Elizabethan language. After a time, Kemp prevailed on the Selectmen of Provincetown and the president of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association, Horace Hallett, who is also president of Provincetown's principal bank, to cable additional protests. Hallett got an answer: The Queen, a royal secretary had been commanded to inform him, felt that the issue under discussion was outside her province.

The replica of the Mayflower, which is being designed by William A. Baker, a naval architect from Hingham, Massachusetts, is scheduled to get under way next July 4th—a choice of sailing date that would, of course, have been meaningless to the Pilgrim Fathers. It is certain she will put in at Plymouth; Provincetown is still hoping that she'll stop off at its harbor first. If she doesn't, Kemp declares, he will have a band of robust fishermen standing by to go after her in an armed trawler, fire a shot across her bow, and compel her to come about and follow the Pilgrims' course. "I suppose we'll get arrested for piracy," he says matter-of-factly. Whatever happens, there are bound—thanks to the Forefathers' innocently groping pere-

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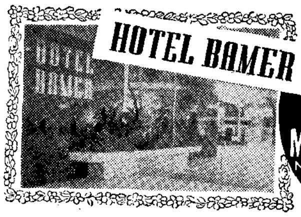

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grinations three hundred and thirty-five years ago—to be hard feelings. Unless, that is, all concerned heed the metrical summation that Kemp, evidently caught by his Muse with his guard down, wrote with his sea-gull's-quill pen not long ago:

> What matter where they landed first,
> Or where the infancy was nursed
> Of this our great and favored land—
> Whether upon the Rock or sand?

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

Perhaps your readers could advise me:

1. What has happened to Vivien Kellems of Connecticut and the Liberty Belles who were going to lead a crusade against the withholding tax and eventually for repeal of the income tax law?
2. What has become of the reversible rubber heels which could be changed to left or right heel according to the wear and tear?

Jersey City.

—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

These two questions can best be taken up together, as they both are essentially a matter of "disappearance." A good many economists feel that there never *was* anyone named Vivien Kellems to begin with—that she was a purely legendary figure, like Tallulah Bankhead. In any event, Kellems was not reversible and could not be changed from left to right in the way some heels can. Exponents of the withholding tax always classed Kellems among the heels, but their emotions were involved. Generally speaking, the wear and tear was on the taxpayers, some of whom scarcely knew which shoe was worn down closer to the ground. The Liberty Belles, incidentally, never wore shoes; they said shoes gave them a "boxed-in" feeling. Several of the Belles were cracked. It is believed in some circles that Vice-President Nixon will be instrumental in getting the income-tax law repealed in 1956, as a good-will gesture.

•

For example, in the Western family the son of Whatyoumaycallit Soandso would be Something Soandso. "Something" being the first name and "Soandso" the last. This is not so in Burma. The son of U Ho Din could be Maung Anything, "Ho Din" being the only name and not to be interpreted as "Ho" the first name and "Din" the last name. The same is true for the son—"Anything" is his one and only name. Many an American has asked me "How do you know whose son who is," the answer is simple, "We don't know." However, if one really wants to find out whose son Maung Anything is all he has to do is to ask him.—*Letter in the Asian Student, April 16, 1954.*

O.K., Junior, let's have it!

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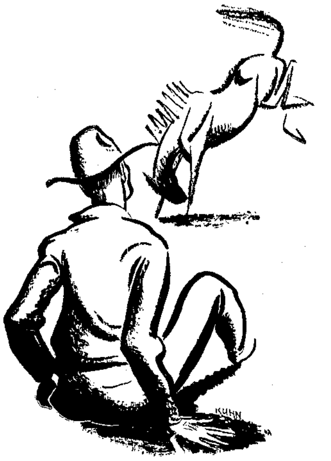
SPLIT-LEVEL LIVING

ANY devoted reader of real-estate ads—and I have been one for some time—can tell from a glance at recent issues of Section 8 of the Sunday *Times* that the era of the "ranch home" is in its twilight and the era of something called "split-level living" is here. In the majority of the ads for new houses, "split-level" is the big word, the selling word. There are, it appears, a good many kinds of split-levels. Brightwaters Manor offers the "Spacesetter Split-Level" and describes it as a "Complete Home with the Million Dollar Look." The price is fourteen thousand nine hundred and ninety dollars. Morton Village more modestly presents the "New Split-Level Home with 'The $30,000 Look,'" and "The Split-Level Country Home," with no estimate of how much it looks as if it were worth. Then, there's the "Bold New Look in Split-Level Luxury" at Country Village, the "Different Cape-Split" at Palomar Park, the "Sumptuous New Split Level" at "opulent old Bethpage," and the "Striking" one at Seton Hills, which is "an outstanding achievement of the builder's art," with built-in "wife-saver." Suburban Greens boasts "a new perspective in split-level living—the year-ahead house 'imagineered' for tomorrow," and Clearview Village outdoes them all with the eighteen-thousand-five-hundred-dollar "Flexilevel." "From the vast resources, the decades of custom know-how, and the brilliant creative ingenuity of the Joseph Mascioli organization," this ad trills, "comes a home so dramatic in design, so lavish in detail, you'll think you're viewing a majestic $40,000 mansion. We call it Flexilevel."

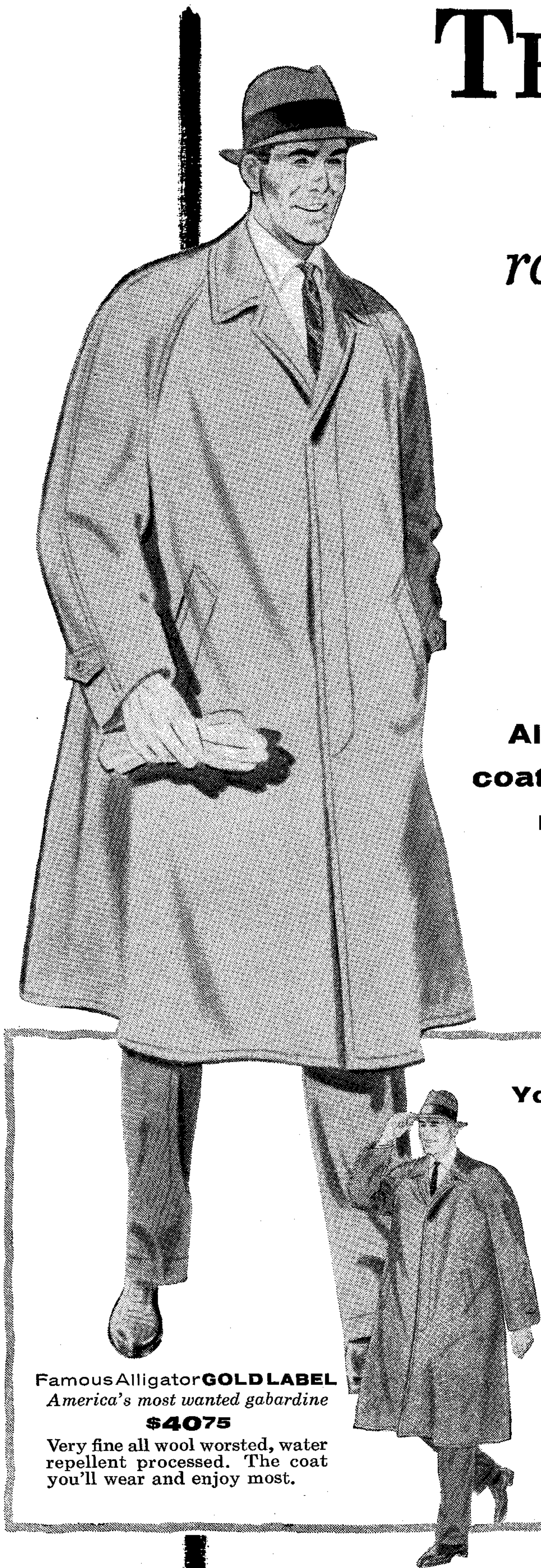


Apparently, most people like the idea of split-level living, but to me it sounds thin, cold, even perilous. It conjures up a picture of a whole family falling one by one through the crack between the levels. Perhaps the reason I am not "imagineered" for it is that I spent my early childhood in a brownstone house on East Tenth Street. It was multi-level, and its levels were separate, but they were not split.

Each of the three generations sharing the house had its own floor, with the servants atop this pyramid, in rooms with dormer windows, just under the roof. Next down was the children's level. Below it was my grandmother's level. Then came my parents' level, which also held the living room, where we all met, and the ground floor was the dining-room-and-kitchen level. Below that was a basement, into whose dark and echoing depths my father usually descended each evening, with me holding his hand, to fetch a bottle of wine for dinner. The adults pretty much stayed put on their own levels, but the children enjoyed going from level to level as they chose. Being very young, I did this without any sense of exertion, sometimes running up the steep and barren back stairs and down the broad and carpeted front stairs just for the fun of it. (This was a joy servants did not share, and their attitude toward climbing and descending five flights of stairs several times a day probably had much to do with the eventual passing of the brownstone house.)

The stairs became too steep for my grandmother, and my father installed an elevator—just a shallow, wooden box, actually, about six feet high and three across—which was hauled up and down, like a dumbwaiter, by a counterweighted rope. I do not remember that anyone but my grandmother used it much—certainly not the servants, who ran up and down the back stairs on their errands—but what I do remember particularly about the elevator is that on the ground floor it occupied the space that was once a broom closet, in a dark and shadowy part of the back hall. I very much liked darting through this hall as a test of daring.

Once, when I must have been about five years old, I shut myself into the elevator with the idea of hauling myself up to the nursery floor. My strength gave out when I had raised the elevator a few feet off the ground. I shouted, and people came from all corners of the house. It was an exciting and reassuring experience. My voice had been heard, and I was promptly rescued by one of the maids, who opened the door where the broom closet had been, pulled the elevator down, and let me



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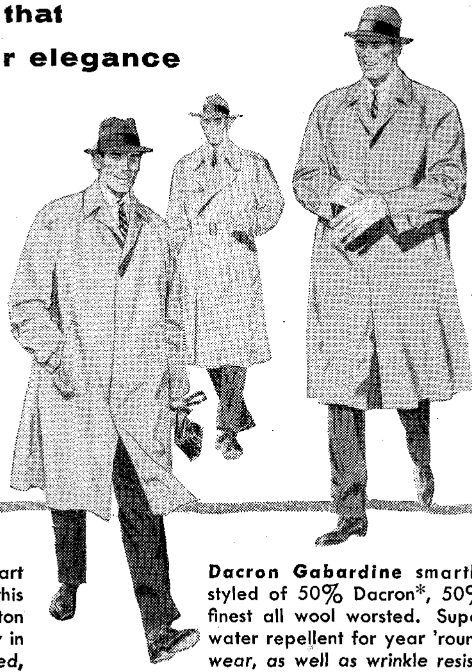

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Better Stores Everywhere Feature **Alligator** *. . . the Best Name in Rainwear* out. It couldn't happen in the split-level house—at least not as I picture the split-level house—not only because there would be no elevator but because the split, or rift, as I see it, is such that no member of a family on one level can hear the outcries of another member on the other.

---

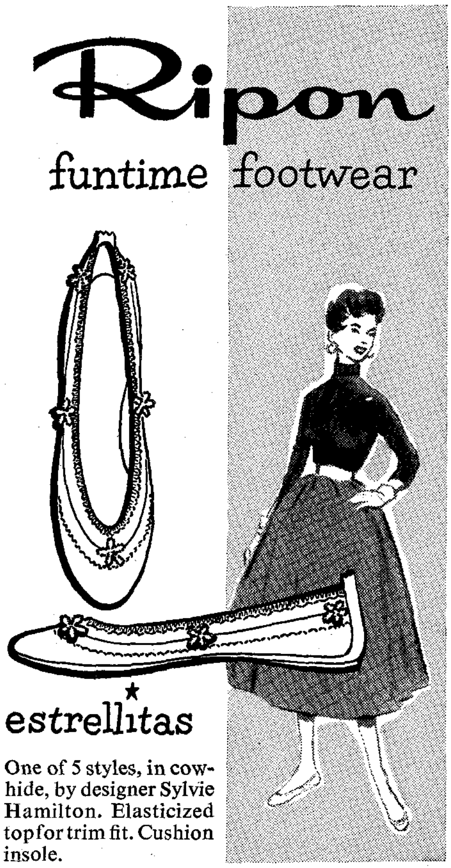
*DuPont's Polyester Fiber

I don't know how much that dear house on Tenth Street was worth, but in my mind's eye it has the "Million Dollar Look." In actuality, it was probably not outstandingly grand, for the luxuries of our life there merely conformed to the pattern of the period. I know it had no "wife-saver," no "eye-opening vaulted ceiling," no "over-size formica vanitorium," and definitely no "neo luxe baths . . . fashioned of color-correlated tile" that featured indirect lighting and "plate glass splash panels enclosing tub," the way the new split-levels do. It did have lovely bathrooms, featuring white marble wall panels and porcelain washbowls decorated with forget-me-nots. In my grandmother's bathroom, there was a fireplace.

WHEN I think of the old house, I always think of my grandmother. I think of her less as a person—for I was very young and she was very old—than as a recollected feeling, a color, or a fragrance. But there was one episode in which we two met as human beings. It was a painful episode, for in the course of it the ancient lady spanked me, yet in memory I seem not to smart but to feel gratitude for that sudden and surprising affirmation that the family existed in depth, built tier upon tier, with a chain of command protectively linking all its members.

I don't believe there could be a grandmother of any kind in the split-level house, and certainly there could never be a grandmother like mine. She could exist only in a house like the one on Tenth Street. I suppose its atmosphere was of her creation—the product of what the Clearview Village people would call her "decades of custom know-how," which must have stretched far back into the eighteen-hundreds.

If my memory of her is not warm with personal love, it is still rich with the elegance and beauty of the things that were associated with her: the brocade-covered couch on which she lay during the day, before the marble fireplace, in a bedroom that, to borrow a phrase from one of the split-level ads, seemed to me "close to ballroom-size;" the crystal vase of roses and the small jewelled pillboxes on a table beside her couch; the Persian shawl of many colors cov-



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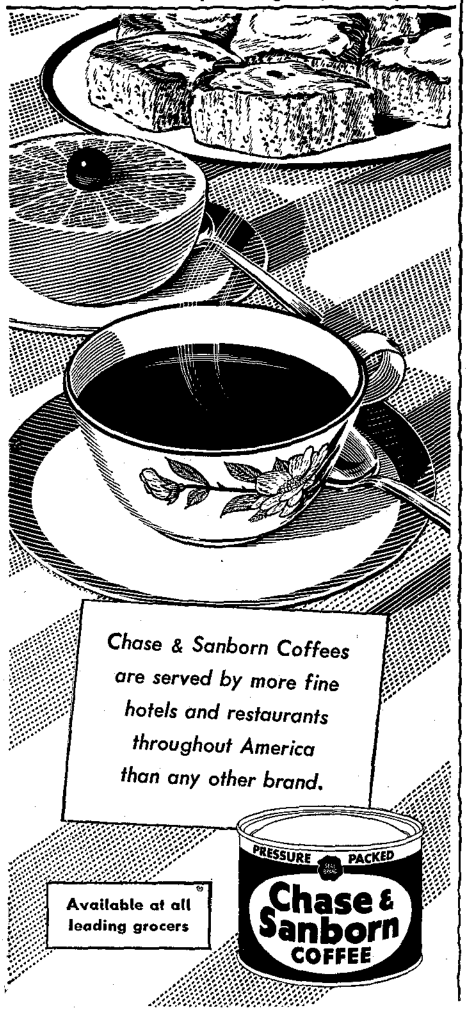
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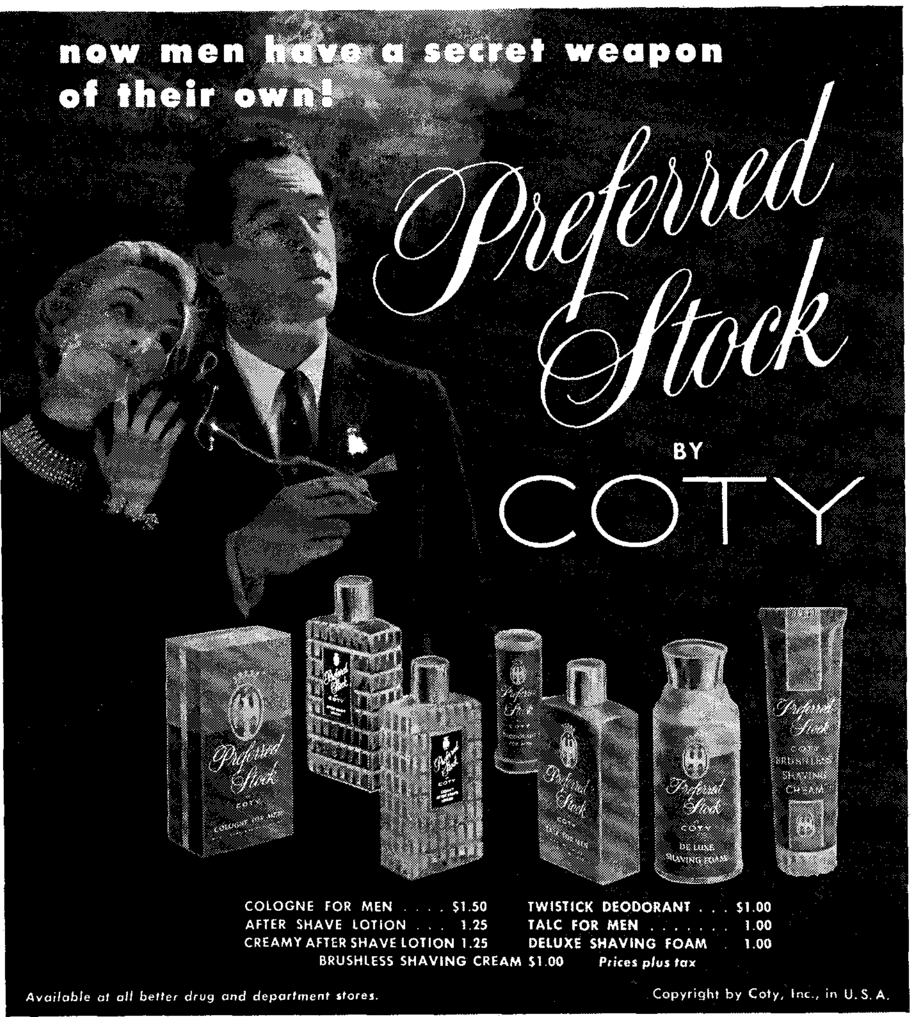
All about the piano part in an art-song. Listen, laugh, learn. Angel 35262

ering her feet; and, finally, the huge, high bed of shining, convoluted brass in which she lay at night.

Grandmother was an invalid, and I can see now that she was austere and demanding. Maids bobbed their heads and tiptoed swiftly in and out of her room to do her bidding. When the doctor came to see her, he was respectful, and in winter always warmed the stethoscope carefully at the fire before approaching her.

I was taken regularly at a certain hour to "see" my grandmother, and this I did literally. My nurse would take me to her room and I would sit on the yellow rug before the fireplace and observe her. I would watch, spellbound, while a maid poured her tea, arranged her pillows, brought the things she wanted to the table beside her. I don't remember that she spoke much, but she indicated her wants or her displeasure with imperious gestures of her right hand—her good hand. Her left was paralyzed. Her right hand, small and white, with a diamond ring and an emerald ring on the fourth finger, could dart with the swiftness of an adder's tongue. On the occasion of our only real meeting, it was this good right hand that brought to me most forcefully the fact that though life in Grandmother's house was lived on many levels, it was unified from top to bottom.

Our meeting came about after I had locked myself in the top-floor bathroom. Most small children lock themselves in at least once, and usually in a bathroom. They do it because they wish to test the feeling of solitude. A bathroom is best suited to this purpose, because it is small enough; it is like a cave, and it has the added fascination of running water. My parents were away when I locked myself in, and it fell to the servants to get me out. My grandmother was immediately informed of my situation—a fact that my nurse announced to me through the crack in the doorjamb—and I now surmise that Grandmother directed the rescue operation from her couch. I remember the butler shouting at the keyhole. Looking through it, I saw his frantic eye on the other side. At last, following his directions about turning the key, I managed to release the lock, the door flew open, and my nurse seized me. I also surmise that my nurse had been instructed what to do next. She tucked me under her arm, face down and to the rear, so that I had a bird's-eye view of the rose-patterned carpet as I was carried downstairs. We entered my grandmother's room in this fashion, and at a gesture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How to make a "Carioca Rumba"

Squeeze juice of ½ lime into shaker
Pour 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Carioca Rum (White)
Add 1 teaspoonful powdered sugar
Shake well with cracked ice
Strain and serve in cocktail glass.

CARIOCA RUM makes a drink SING!

For 28 ways to enjoy Carioca Rum—write for Carioca Recipe Booklet to: SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., 122 E. 42nd ST., N. Y., PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD, 86 PROOF © 1955, S.I.C.

from my grandmother my bottom was presented to her, much as if it were a calling card on a silver tray. Twisting in my nurse's grasp, I could see my grandmother's good hand and the flashing rings as she spanked me with an authority that even now fills me with respect.

As I remember this scene, it does not seem to me to be ludicrous but to have a special kind of elegance. Today, when my son is spanked, it is without stateliness or precision, in a hurly-burly of frayed nerves and hit-or-miss whacks. It is the best that can be done in the present setting.

ONE reason, perhaps, that my memory of that lovely house is so intimately connected with thoughts of my grandmother is that our life there did not long survive her. I suppose the house was already obsolete and had been kept only for her sake. In any case, soon after her death we moved to an apartment. I have never lived in a town house since, and have never ceased to want to. That's why the ads of Brightwaters Manor and Clearview Village and the others arouse no desire in me. I don't, of course, know exactly what split-level living will turn out to be, and perhaps I am unfair to it, but I don't suppose this matters very much. With so many builders at work imagineering, the split-level will doubtless have joined the brownstone by day after tomorrow.

—FAITH MCNULTY

•

Florida Funtime, 1956 model, will probably be staged in July and may have an international flavor added by Cuban or Central American athletic teams and musical groups.

These were decisions of the Funtime Committee which met at the Yacht Club Tuesday for luncheon to review the first Funtime Celebration, Aug. 19-21.

A 15-minute film of celebration events, made by WSUN-TV, was shown. Funtime Chairman R. W. (Dick) Winning expressed his appreciation to committee heads and tentative plans were made for an expanded celebration next summer.

The Coast Guard said the damage will take several days to repair.—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

Oh, things often look worse than they really are.

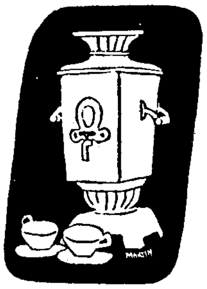
•

Your telegram of Sept 1st to BULLFIGHTERS UNION at SAN JUAN DE LETRAN #9 MEXICO CITY MEXICO is undelivered for the following reason:
MOVED LEFT NO ADDRESS
—*Notice received by a man on Holiday.*

Lost their nerve, maybe.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

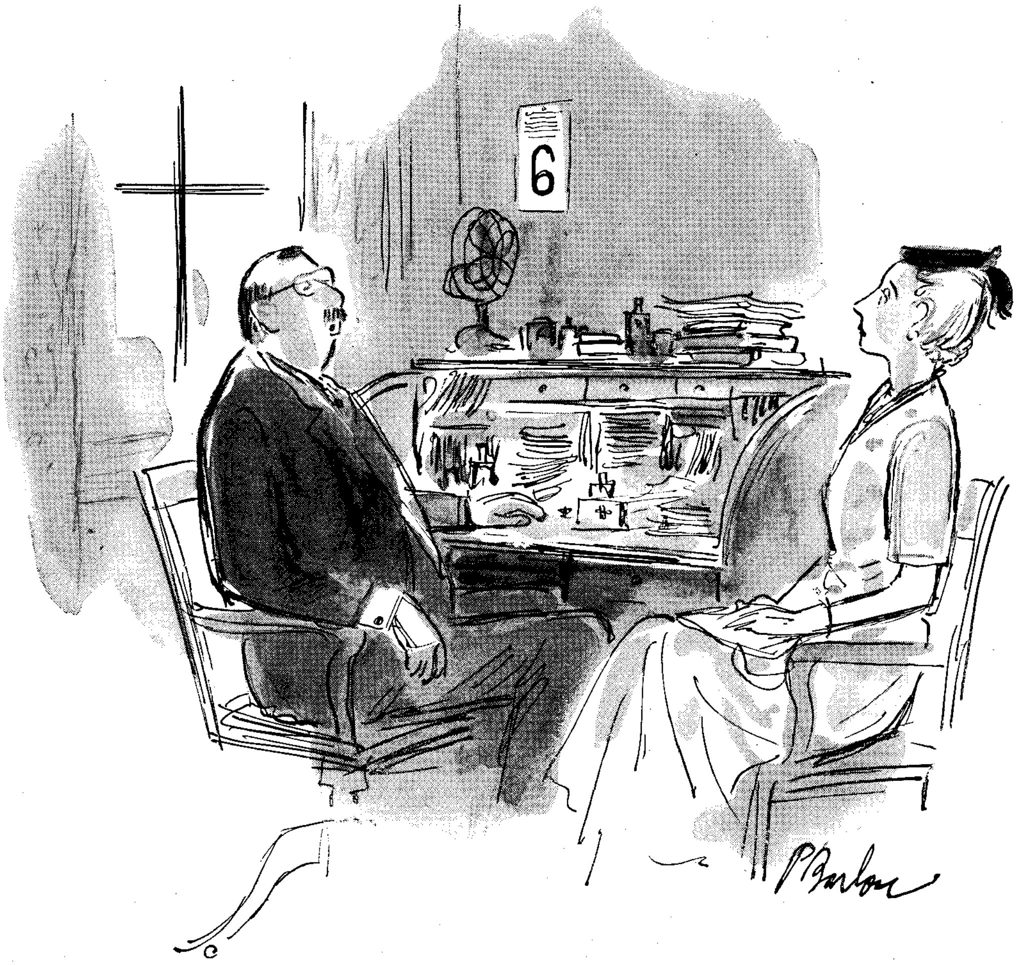
ABOUT THE HOUSE



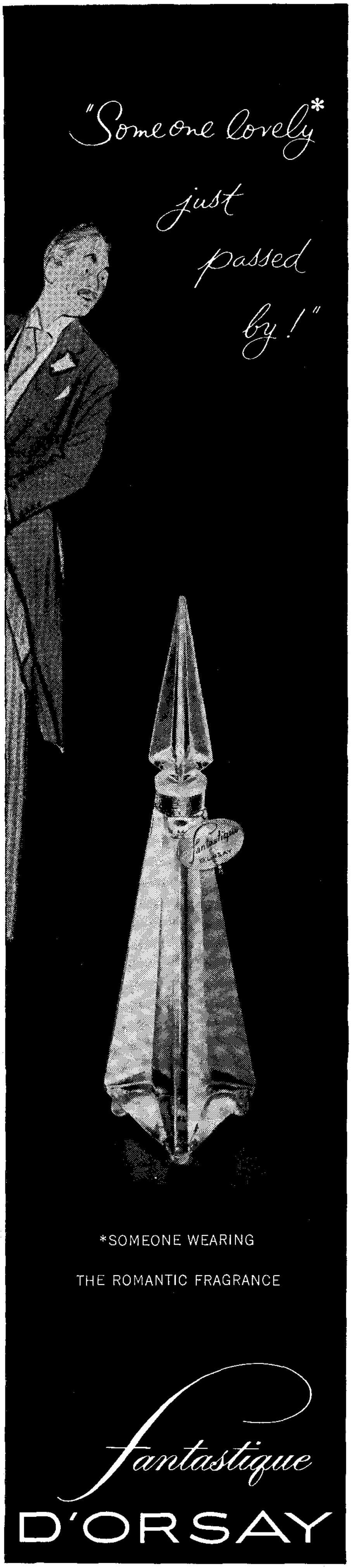
SO much has been done in recent years for the benefit of the do-it-yourself artist, and so much prose has been turned out to his glorification, that I thought the effete householder who wants things done *for* him had disappeared from the face of the earth. Now, after investigating a number of services dedicated to making life easier for the inept, or for the plain slothful, I must confess that I was wholly mistaken. Actually, our complacent old friend the do-it-yourself man is having the briskest sort of competition, and at the moment the town is fairly bursting with enterprises that will come to the aid of people who take neither pride nor pleasure in doing it—whatever it may be—themselves. I now propose to discuss a few helpful concerns whose services I have had occasion to use or whose work I am otherwise in a position to judge.

Since it has been incontrovertibly established by generations of housewifely ladies that priceless teacups, porcelain objets d'art, Dresden shepherdesses, and, indeed, all other such fragile ornaments are broken solely by careless housemaids, it is interesting to note that at a time when housemaids—careless or otherwise—have all but vanished, businesses for the repair of such articles not only have enormously multiplied but are flourishing beyond belief. Over the years, butterfingers—my own or somebody else's—have piled up a formidable amount of wreckage in my household, and I have had recourse to a good many of these repair services. A number of them have been highly satisfactory, but when it comes to the complete restoration of broken china and glass, it is my feeling that Tuerkl Ceramics, at 440 Third Avenue (30th), sets some sort of record for skillful work. The proprietor and sole operator was an expert artisan in ceramics for many years in his native Czechoslovakia, and this background, combined with a natural talent for meticulous workmanship, has equipped him not only to do excellent repair work but, if necessary, to re-create missing parts of bibelots. Moreover, he gives his guaranteed assurance that every piece he mends can be returned to a life of full usefulness—to be drunk from, eaten off of, washed, and generally handled as though it had never suffered a mishap. If anybody has been wondering what has become of all the imposing *surtouts de Sèvres* and the Meissen figures of nymphs and satyrs that used to adorn the homes of the old-fashioned affluent, I can state that what must surely be the great majority of them are at this moment being repaired at the Tuerkl shop. On a recent visit, I saw Neptunes having their broken tridents so cleverly built up of bisque that it was impossible to detect the joining; goddesses who had been given a new hand or a new foot; platters whose lacy borders were being practically rewoven; and a Wedgwood teapot to which a new white medallion, indistinguishable from its antique mates, had been added. It is difficult to give you much of an idea of what it would cost to salvage your own cherished wreck, but the charges for some of the jobs I saw may serve as a guide: The addition of an arm and a length of blue ribbon to an eighteenth-century Meissen figure is setting the owner back $18; building up and redecorating the chipped rim of a Rockingham teacup is going to cost somebody $8; and Tuerkl is charging $30 for putting a new handle on an urnlike Sèvres vase.

I DON'T know when I first heard that once the nap and pattern of a fine rug had got worn down there was nothing that could be done about it, but I accepted this as gospel for so long that it was something of a shock when I recently saw almost threadbare Oriental rugs being rewoven, retufted, and otherwise brought back to their original beauty. The firm of J. H. Dildarian, 947 Madison Avenue (75th), performs these and similar restorations on all kinds of rugs, with an expertness that should delight owners of once handsome rugs who have been unhappily contemplating the necessity of sending them off to the junk shop. When I visited the Dildarian showroom, one of the company's workmen—they are all



"If you've heard that Dr. McMath prescribes a relaxing cocktail before dinner, go *to Dr. McMath."*



*SOMEONE WEARING

THE ROMANTIC FRAGRANCE

D'ORSAY

from the Near East—was reweaving two inches of the border of a beautiful Kerman rug, and it was impossible to tell where the old work left off and the new began. Since the whole rug was slightly worn, the repaired part had not been tufted, because that would have raised the pile conspicuously above the surrounding area, but the reweaving had been done with scrupulous care, and the colors and the patterns had been matched exactly. With the reweaving completed, and a two-inch fringe added to each end of the rug, the cost of the operation was going to come to around $45. This was, of course, a very minor restoration; more ambitious projects that I saw were an Aubusson carpet that I was assured had been in bad shape before the Dildarian expert got to work on it and that now looked in perfect condition, and a superb Meshed rug, the reweaving and retufting of which were beyond detection. A job that Dildarian is called upon to do rather often these days—and is always saddened by—is the cutting down of large Oriental rugs, whose owners are moving them from the spacious drawing rooms they were bought for to less imposing quarters. Cutting down a rug does not mean merely snipping off the edges, as the uninitiated might suppose; at Dildarian, the operation involves cutting away a certain amount of the over-all pattern surrounding the central motif and then invisibly weaving the border back into the body of the rug. A more modest repair that is also done with distressing frequency is the reweaving of holes burned by cigarettes or sparks from an open fire. When such a misfortune befalls a wall-to-wall carpet, the repair is done in the home, but whether the work is being done on a carpet or on a rug that can be hauled away to the shop, the price runs from $15 to $25 a hole.

OUR next stop in pursuit of the refurbished life is at the distinguished picture-frame establishment House of Heydenryk, at 141 West 54th Street, where, even if you don't propose to enter into any commercial transaction, you can pick up a lot of valuable advice on what to do and—more important, perhaps—what not to do in the way of caring for your art treasures. According to the Heydenryk people, who are prepared to restore both paintings and frames, the hand of time, heavy as it is, causes less damage to pictures and their frames than the hand of the well-meaning, tidy owner who is convinced that a little warm soapy water will do them a world of good. The firm therefore pleads, almost with tears in its eyes, that this lady and her handmaidens confine themselves to the only implement that is safe in amateur hands—the soft feather duster. They say that everything else in ordinary household use, even mild soap and detergents, is pure destruction. And anyone who becomes aware of what a profound knowledge of pigments and canvas is required for even the simplest cleaning job will realize that this is work for experts. The Heydenryk restorers do a great deal more than just clean paintings and frames; they will revarnish pictures, regild frames, mend snags in the canvas (either by lining the back with linen or, in the case of a very small tear, applying a patch with a special adhesive), attach strips of wood or metal to the edges of a painting to keep them from being worn by contact with the frame, and undertake numerous other salutary tasks that are beyond the scope of the amateur. The cost of any of these services depends not only on the size and general state of preservation of the painting but upon such unpredictables as the nature of the pigments and the quality of the canvas; usually, however, a routine cleaning and revarnishing job comes to around $60. Giving a painting the whole works might run to as much as $300, but a very simple repair costs sometimes no more than $10 or $15, and replacing a discolored mat on a water color may come to as little as $3. Since the members of the Heydenryk staff are recognized authorities on the restoration of picture frames, it is, of course, natural that they should frequently be called on to repair antique mirror frames and gilt candelabra. When I looked in on the studio recently, I was shown a pair of Regency

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Modern Tempo . . . the today and tomorrow of style in men's clothing . . . dramatized by Hammonton Park in this pure worsted suit. You can see it in the modern-mood colors . . . the beautiful, yet functional fabric . . . the Animated Style, designed for perfect proportion and balance in action. And you can see it, too, in the elegant **Harry Ball lining of Bemberg,** "Aristocrat of Man-Made Yarns," combining supreme luxury and comfort with incomparable serviceability, color fastness, and cleanability. **No wonder Bemberg rayon linings are a Modern Tempo feature of each and every Hammonton Park garment!**

This 100% worsted suit is available at fine stores everywhere **$75⁰⁰**

For name of store nearest you write to: American Bemberg • Main Office: 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. • Plant: Elizabethton, Tenn.

KNIFE AND FORK

Beard to Tail

Overheard a heated conversation about the word *"barbecue"* in T--ts Sh-r's the other night. One gourmet flatly stated *barbecue* came from the French phrase "de barbe à queue" which literally means to cook a carcass completely "from beard to tail."

The other gourmet, a Harvard man, stoutly averred it stemmed from the Portuguese *"barbacoa"* meaning a grill or frame on which to roast meats.

Which of these scholars is right, we can't say. Point is, both instinctively reached for A.1. Sauce afterwards.

Whether you roast an ox from beard to tail or broil a chop by its lonesome, herb-and-spice-rich A.1. Sauce does something to meat that's almost magic. Used liberally before broiling or roasting A.1. helps to tenderize. Used afterwards, it adds a piquant touch that makes a steak sing with flavor.

George IV named this Sauce "A.1." by royal decree. See if A.1. isn't sauce to a king's taste yourself tonight.

P.S. Like to know how A.1. Sauce can make *your* cooking famous? Write for "Cooking for a Man." 59 delicious dishes. The A.1. Sauce Company, Dept. NY-2, Hartford 1, Conn.

Cooking's fun with A.1

SHAKE WELL
BRAND'S
A.1.
SAUCE
FOR TABLE AND KITCHEN USE

THE A. I. SAUCE COMPANY
(Division of Heublein), Hartford, Conn.

sconces and a magnificent Chippendale mirror that had been restored with remarkable skill; in both cases, gold leaf had been applied with such discretion that while the antiques had been brought back to tiptop condition, they still retained the mellow look of age.

Henry Clapp Smith, 148 East 53rd Street, a former vice-president of E. P. Dutton & Co., now devotes his time to the professional care of libraries, the finding of out-of-print books, and general literary research. Although in carrying out the first of these jobs Mr. Smith ministers to a number of large private and semi-private collections, he also takes on much smaller libraries that are in need of attention. Such attention may consist of oiling leather bindings, gluing the split edges of cloth bindings, having books bound, sewing in loose pages, locating missing volumes, cataloguing the collection, and the like. When I paid my call at his apartment, Mr. Smith, with the help of three assistants, had just completed a job of cleaning, repairing, and restoring some fifty-five hundred volumes in a private library, for a fee of $800, and he was engaged to perform the same services the next day on a collection of a few hundred books. For most small assignments of repairing and restoring, the charge is $3 an hour for each workman, and the rates for cataloguing are the same; on extensive jobs, the full price is usually settled on in advance.

People who are unable to cope with the mysteries of typewriter repair (a group that includes practically all writers) and have been caught short with a job of typing to be done on a recalcitrant machine may be glad to learn about the Purvin Typewriter Company, a small, competent, and extremely obliging firm at 92 Second Avenue (5th). Not only do the Purvins (*père et fils*) know their business but they are able to grasp the desperate implications of an emergency and are so sympathetically familiar with the word "deadline" that they will call for your uncoöperative typewriter and, if it is humanly possible, make the necessary repairs and return it the same day, or else lend you one of their machines. They have even been known to get a typewriter into temporary working order, return it within a few hours, and call for it again later, when the customer's crisis has passed. The firm will make a simple repair, like getting two or three keys unstuck, and in addition regrind the roller,

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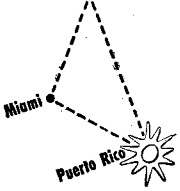

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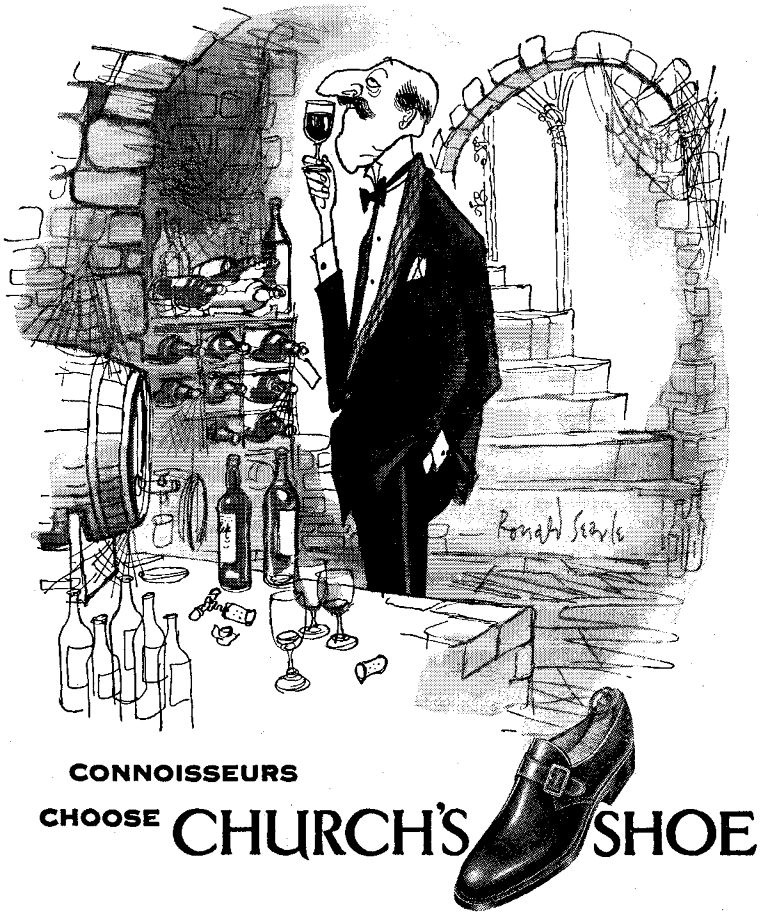
put on a new ribbon, and wash and lubricate the machine, for $7.50.

HAVING done my bit to promote the salvaging and preserving of household possessions, I now pass on to a consideration of the survival of the householders themselves. After observing the office work of an outfit called Part-Time Child Care, at 156 East 64th Street, and talking with a good many young mothers of my acquaintance for whom the organization provides baby-sitters, I am persuaded that it must considerably lower the rate of parental breakdowns in these parts. During a call on Miss Barbara Macdonald, a personable Scotswoman who directs the service, I was shown the clerical setup of the business and allowed to listen in on telephone conversations having to do with the day's engagements. Two pleasant-mannered and resourceful young women sat at a switchboard and dealt, apparently satisfactorily, with incoming calls that presented all sorts of problems. One of these was for someone to be sent immediately to take charge, for a few days, of a child whose mother was going to a hospital; another was for a woman to spend the night (the parents expected to be out until all hours); and there were a lot of routine requests for somebody to take over (give a child his lunch, put him down for a nap, and take him to the Park) while the mother kept a luncheon engagement. Many of the incoming calls specified a sitter by name (the service usually has a couple of hundred sitters on tap), and the chosen young woman was invariably sent—unless, of course, she was otherwise engaged. Actually, it is hardly necessary for regular clients to make such a specification, because the parents' predilections and prejudices are noted on file cards, which are referred to whenever a call comes in. The minimum age of the Child Care staff is twenty-one, and although there are a number of mature women on hand, there are not many over sixty. The office defines the duties of the baby-sitter (I wish a more dignified name could be found for these responsible helpers) as anything that involves the welfare of the child. She will get his meals, play games with him, take him for a walk, read to him, bathe him, and put him to bed; she should not be asked to do housework or to cook for the rest of the family. Rates for the care of one or two children are a dollar an hour for a minimum of four hours, or $11 for twenty-four hours spent in the home; for more than two children and



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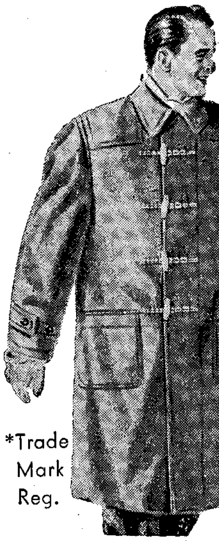

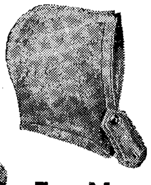

For Men and Women

How you can save $800 . . . and your good coat besides!

*Trade
Mark
Reg.

Being a custom tailor, I get to Europe frequently to look for new ideas. The first time I saw a fellow in Denmark wearing a duffle coat, I was intrigued; when I saw fellows at winter resorts like St. Moritz and other fashion spots **all wearing the duffle coat, I** got hot on the idea. So I started to make the coat in my own shop. The style of the coat is **precisely** like the European original down to the whittled mahogany wood pegs and Dutch fishing-hemp loops. It is made in 100% heavy weight wool, is completely lined and comes with collar and detachable hood. **You'll want a Duffer.** Well, write us and we will send you the name of the store nearest you, or send a check for $25 to the Duffer Company, and we will arrange to have the coat shipped to you.

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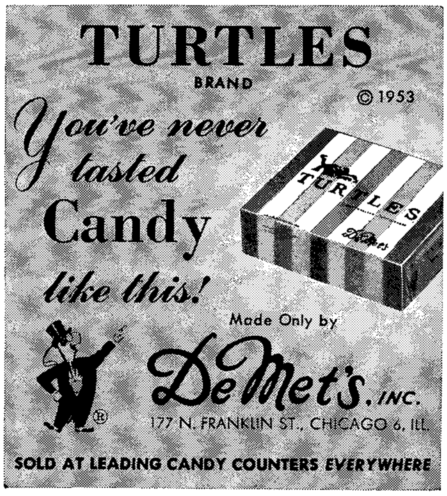

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for infants less than three months old, the daytime charge is $1.25 an hour, and after the whole shebang has been put to bed, the price drops to a dollar an hour. The fee for a twenty-four hour period is $12. In addition to this regular tariff, parents are expected to send their sitter home in a taxi if she is kept after twelve-thirty at night. Hospital-trained infant nurses are also provided by the organization, at the same rates that apply for new babies. The telephone number is Templeton 8-3737.—S. H.

◆

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
TO OUR VISITORS

A hearty welcome.

What you are observing is the New Hampshire House of Representatives. This body, together with the Senate (which is in a room behind the Speaker's desk), makes the laws for the state.

Early in the session proposals for laws are introduced, chiefly in the form of bills. To facilitate careful study, these are referred to committees. Hearings are scheduled; and at these, the public can have their say, pro and con. Here is where most of the legislative activities occur. Sitting like a court, the committee weighs the evidence and reports to the House.

The House as you see it is more attentive than you think. They listen with one ear for any break in the routine, and you may have a chance to see how quickly they react to important developments that may come up.

Don't worry if you don't hear any yeas or nays when the Speaker asks for a vote. He often doesn't hear any either. The yeas win on silent votes—by tradition.

These few words won't answer all your questions. Many of the persons you find walking about are members of the House. The questions you have in your mind they may be able to answer—why not ask them? —*From a pamphlet for visitors to the New Hampshire State Capitol.*

Don't worry if you don't hear any reply.

◆

UP LIFE'S LADDER
[*From the Culver Alumnus*]

WM. E. LEVIS, '08, former president and board chairman of Owens-Illinois Glass Co. and still a member of its board of directors, was highly honored in May when he was presented one of the annual Horatio Alger awards.

The annual citations by the American Schools and Colleges Association go to businessmen who have risen "from rags to riches" in the best Horatio Alger tradition. College students throughout the country make the choices by ballot.

The "rags" phase of Mr. Levis' career began in 1913 just after he had received his law degree from the University of Illinois. He went to work at or near the bottom in the plant of the Illinois Glass Co. in Alton, Ill. His father was vice-president of the company at the time and his grandfather had been its founder.

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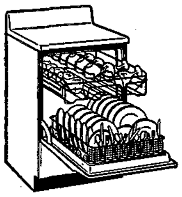
Just scrape, load and push the button! 22 whirling sprays HOTTER than hands can stand, thoroughly wash every plate, glass, pan — CLEANER than hands can clean. Exclusive Turbo-Spray tube, *between* upper and lower racks, really gets all dishes clean — automatically.



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THE AMPERS'N'

"Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow an' gray.
An' soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, an' wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'."

Who wrote the foregoing lines? Right. That makes twenty-five dollars—want to try for fifty?

And how do you know it was Burns? *That's exactly right!* Give the little lady fifty dollars and a packet of caraway seeds!

ROBERT BURNS: has a lot to answer for, in a negative sort of way. He was the original apostrophe boy: every time he left something out, he marked the hiatus with a high-flying comma. If you think of each apostrophe as a hiccup, his poetry can be quite gay.

Perhaps people in eighteenth-century Scotland really talked like that. At any rate, Burns' punctuation of the vernacular set a dappled pattern that was followed by almost all dialect writers thereafter. For the next hundred years, the hallmark of humor was the dropped final "g," and characters who said "somethin' " and "nothin' " were also required to say "anythin' " and "everythin'," phonetics notwithstanding.

Eventually, dialect writing retreated to the anthologies. "Mr. Dooley" is still good stuff, and so are a few of the others. Mr. Dooley's contemporaries, however, can usually be found only in elocution manuals, under the section hopefully classified as "Humor and Pathos."

But although our literary complexion has cleared up with maturity, apostrophes are still with us. Big business, perhaps feeling that it is threatened with stuffiness, has taken them over direct from James Whitcomb Riley; they are illuminated in neon, graven in stone, cast in bronze. Every American metropolis today blazes with such legends as "Ham 'n' Eggs," "Fish 'n' Chips," "Boots 'n' Saddles," "Tots 'n' Teenies."

If this trend continues, the conjunction "and" may soon be obsolete. It isn't a matter of saving space, for an ampersand would take little more room on a façade than " 'n';" it is simply a lumbering attempt to be informal and folksy. The well-groomed executive behind his Deskey desk wants us to know that, despite his formidable ap-

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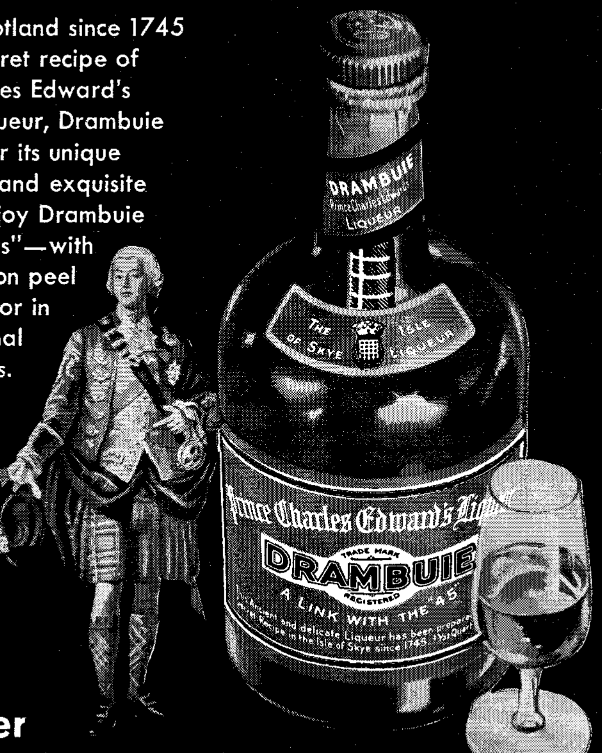

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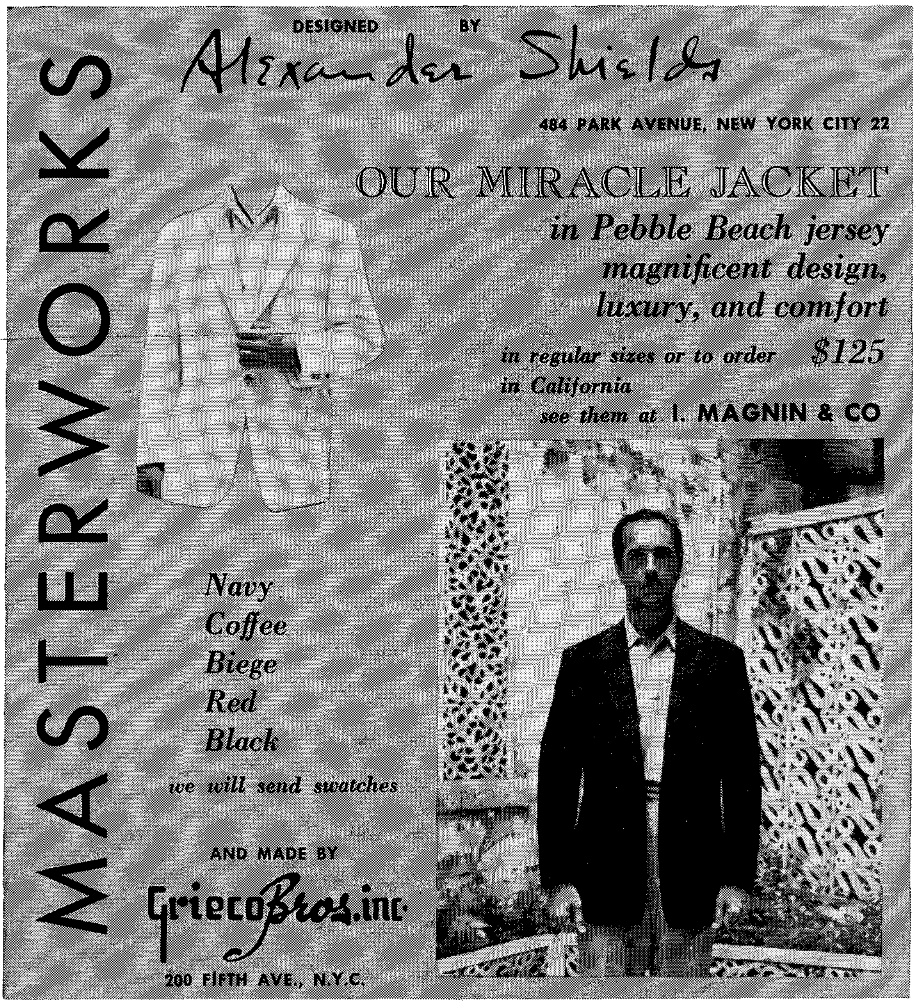

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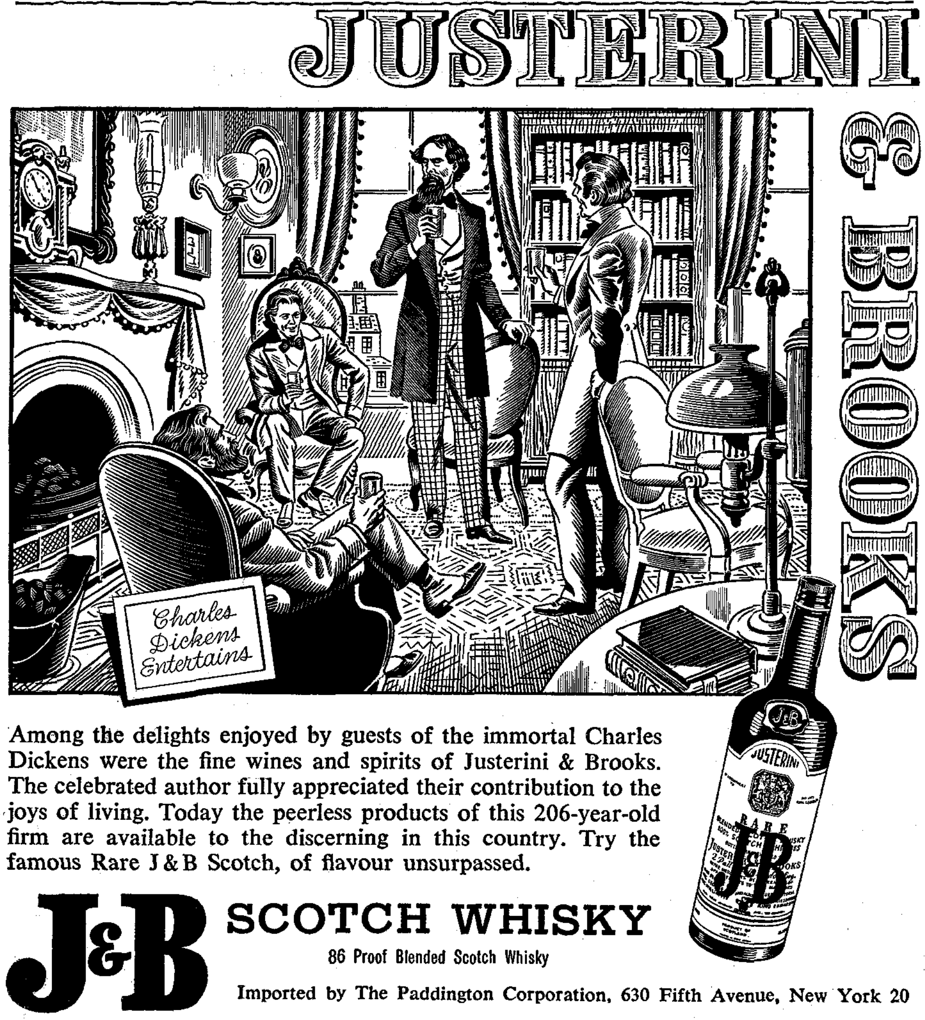

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pearance, he's just a breathless little boy at heart.

Uttered by itself, " 'n' " is nothing but a grunt, and I used to resent its intrusion into an already ramshackle language. But constant reiteration has overcome my apostrophobia, and I am now resigned to it, as I am to stores that are chock full o' everything but nuts. In fact, one of my regrets is that I was born too late to have seen "Romeo 'n' Juliet" with Sothern 'n' Marlowe.

I am looking forward dimly to the day when I may be able to open a small account with Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner 'n' Beane. Jus' for me 'n' the Mrs.
—WEARE HOLBROOK

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE CONSPIRATORIAL SCENE

[*From the Ithaca* (*N.Y.*) *Journal*]

WARNING TO WIVES

Editor, *The Journal:*

We have seen discussed most every phase of communism, but one of the most important, as it affects the American family, has not been touched upon.

The pinks, commies or any name you wish to call them, would like nothing better then to see the American family as we know it at present extinct. If the American home is destroyed by divorce or separation, the children may become delinquents—we shall be that much easier to take over when the right time comes.

What do the commies have to do with the breaking up of homes, the separation and divorce of married couples? Just listen to this.

Attractive and educated women are being placed in every walk of life by leaders in this conspiracy, where they are to meet prominent and successful men. Can you see the entire picture? It is not a pretty one from a standpoint of a decent person, is it? The lovely (?) and religious (?) she-devil proceeds to use all her wiles to break up the home. She then marries (if she can) the stupid man and Mrs. Influential is able to continue her work as a member of a respectable family group! If a wife allows one of these she-monsters to break up her family unit, she alone is to blame.

This is one of the most vicious things that has been brought to our attention.
GLADICE G. WOOLF

•

Lean crop of Depression babies is partially responsible for recent declines in whiskey and cigarette sales as well, some industry men believe. "Never before," says one company president, "have so few children reached the cigarette-smoking age as now." But drink and cigarette makers are anxiously eyeing the years when the bumper crop of World War II babies—who are now helping dairy, food, and shoe companies ring up record-breaking sales—become old enough to take up smoking and drinking.—*Forbes.*

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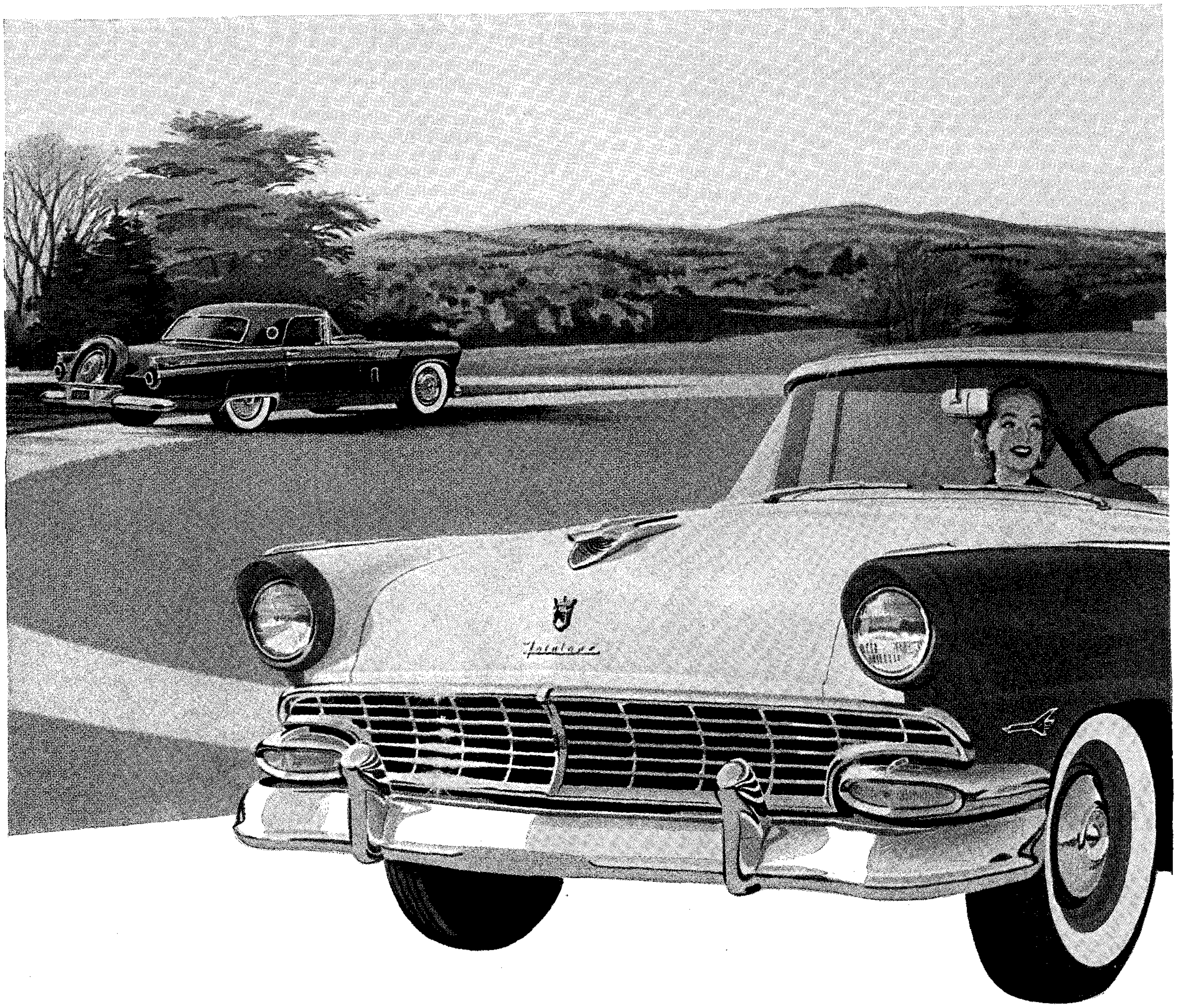

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Here is the rest of Ford's spectacular news! Ford brings you new Thunderbird styling—long, low lines that only the Thunderbird could inspire.

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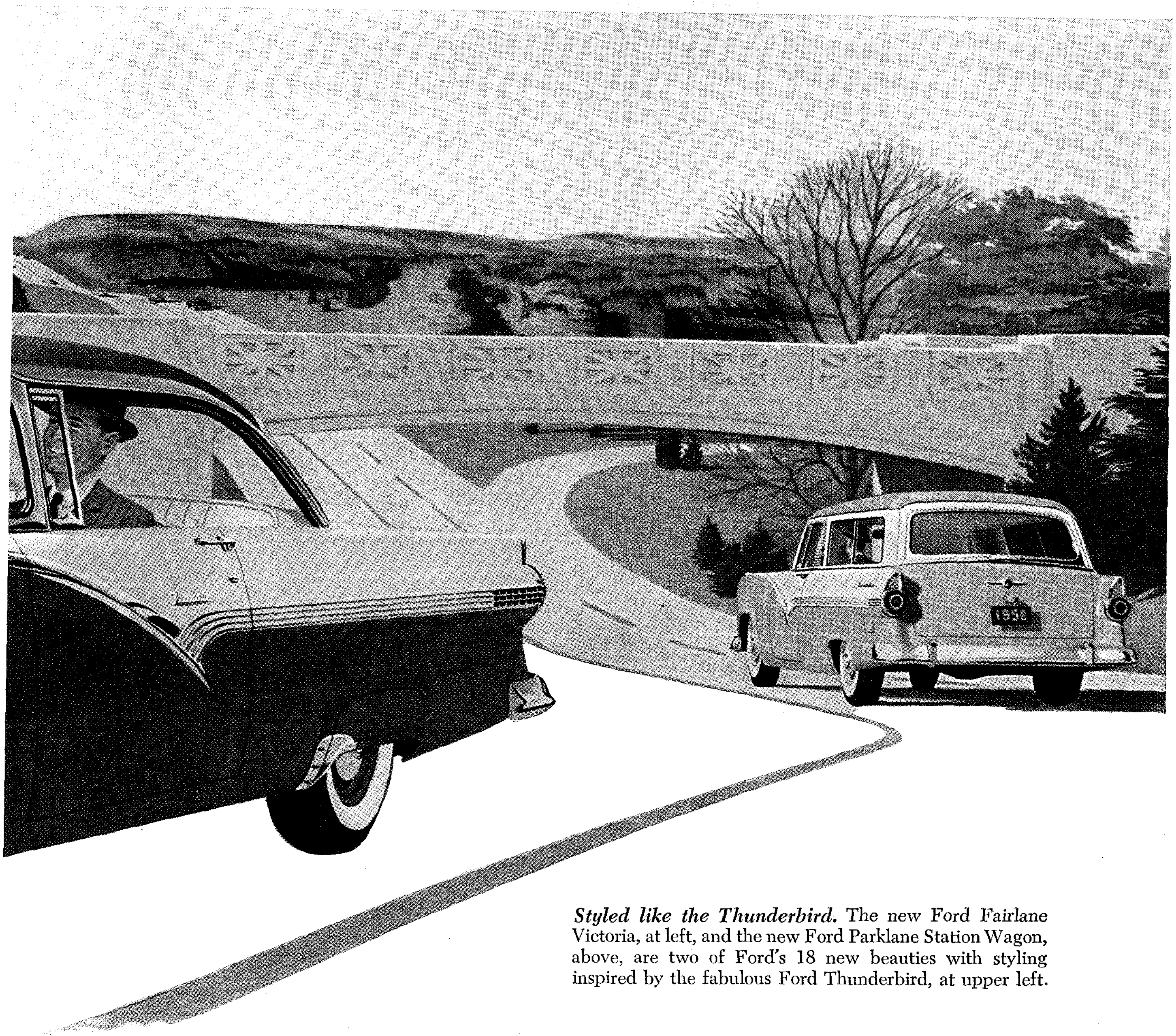

Styled like the Thunderbird. The new Ford Fairlane Victoria, at left, and the new Ford Parklane Station Wagon, above, are two of Ford's 18 new beauties with styling inspired by the fabulous Ford Thunderbird, at upper left.

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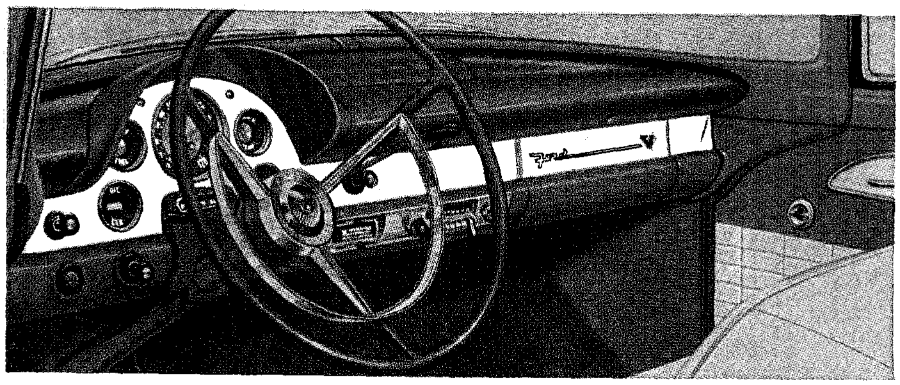

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THE RACE TRACK

Rain, Rain, Go Away

SINCE nearly everything in the world has been wrong with the weather for months, I suppose it was in the cards that there should be several small cloudbursts at Belmont Park last weekend just before the Sysonby Stakes, one of the most important events of the season in the East. This was an especially regrettable circumstance, for racing in mud or sloppy going is never completely satisfactory. There are always too many ifs, ands, and buts about it. Even so, the tenth running of the Sysonby, in which High Gun beat Jet Action by a short head, and Nashua came in third, was extremely exciting to watch, and had as dramatic a finish as we're likely to see in a long time. Though it was not as memorable as the Sysonby that Citation won, in 1948, I'd put it right up with the one in which Capot beat Coaltown, in 1949, and with Tom Fool's best effort, in 1952. Also, I venture to submit that as the race was run, High Gun would have won it even if the track had been fast.

There were five horses in the Sysonby, and since four of them—Nashua, Jet Action, Helioscope, and Mr. Turf—are speed horses, as we race-trackers call them, their trainers and jockeys were faced with a problem. Nobody dared let the others take a long early lead, so they all decided to go for broke. Canny Max Hirsch, who handles High Gun and gave the riding orders to Boland, who rode him, had other ideas; his horse is a stayer, rather than a speeder. As things worked out, then, Nashua came out of the stall gate with Arcaro hustling him as vigorously as he did in the match race with Swaps several weeks ago. Helioscope was close behind Nashua, and scarcely a stride ahead of Jet Action, who had done a mile in the remarkable time of 1:34 in his last start. Even Mr. Turf, a 30–1 chance, outdid himself, and kept right up with the pace. The four charged down the backstretch only heads apart and were clocked at the quarter in 0:22⅗. Mr. Turf cracked before they reached the half mile (it was run in 0:45⅕), but the others went on together, with Jet Action on the rails and Nashua on the outside, to the six-furlong mark, where they were timed at 1:10⅕. Long before that, High Gun, who had been lengths behind, began to move up steadily. In the stretch, Nashua weakened and Helioscope ran out of speed altogether. Only Jet Action held on. Indeed, he held on so well that High Gun, finishing as gallantly as he did when he won the Metropolitan on the same track last spring, didn't head him until the last stride or two. The mile was run in 1:36, and the nine furlongs, the full distance of the Sysonby, in 1:49⅕.

High Gun, who was never in better form, may be sent to Paris for the Prix de l'Arc-de-Triomphe later on this month. If he goes, my best wishes—for what they're worth—go with him. Nashua, whose appearance is positively regal, outlooked everything, of course, and was applauded as he went to the post. However, there were boos when he returned to the weighing enclosure after the race. As everybody knows, it's the inalienable right of the two-dollar horseplayer to boo a beaten 7–10 shot.

THE Jerome Handicap, which was first run in 1866, was also a lively affair, with thirteen entries. It was obvious, though, that the riders in it forgot any lesson they might have learned from the Sysonby, which immediately preceded it, for Star Rover and Impromptu set a killing pace. Actually, they ran faster than the stars in the Sysonby, stepping the quarter in 0:22⅖, the half in 0:44⅘, and six furlongs in 1:09⅗, which is a fifth of a second better than the track record. Then Clifford Mooers' Traffic Judge, who had been slow to begin, rolled in a comfortable winner. Star Rover was second and Impromptu third. The time for the mile was 1:35⅕.

Except for last Saturday, the weather at Belmont was bright and bracing all week. The meeting began on Wednesday with Brookmeade's Sailor winning the Fall Highweight in a style that reminded me of the way he took the Toboggan last April. The next day, Doubledogdare had a warmup for this weekend's Matron Stakes, and the day after that Misty Morn had a preliminary gallop for the Ladies' Handicap, which is a week from this coming Wednesday. High Voltage, who was a star last spring, was in the same race with her stablemate Misty Morn, and again ran many pounds below her past form. Still, it was all good fun.

THE United Nations Handicap, Atlantic City's hundred-thousand-dollar race on the grass, went off as well

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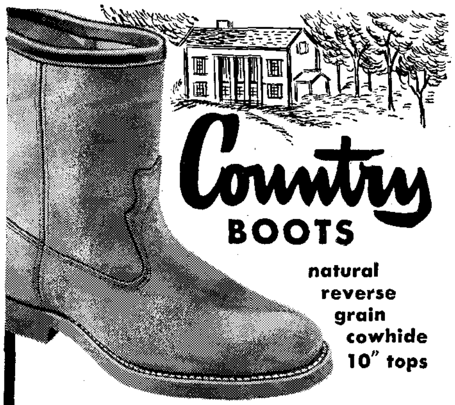

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as could be expected in all that wind and rain. At any rate, it was a popular victory, for Mrs. H. L. Nathenson's Blue Choir, the favorite, was the winner; he was ridden by Hartack, whom Jersey racegoers bet on no matter what he rides. My observer reports that Blue Choir took the lead on the turn for home, as he did in the Foreign Bred Stakes the week before, and beat Chevation by three and a half lengths. Klairon, a French colt, was third. If the day had been fine, I'm sure it would have been a better show. At Belmont Park that afternoon, by the way, the footing was so slippery on the turf course that a race scheduled to be run over it was shifted to the main track. I don't remember that ever happening before.

THE Cowdin Stakes, which wound up things at Aqueduct on Tuesday of last week, had an unhappy ending. There was so much bumping in the stretch that everyone expected action would be taken by the stewards, and it was. Maine Chance Farm's Busher Fantasy, who finished first, was disqualified for roughing Tick Tock. I thought that Mrs. C. U. Bay's Noorsaga, who finished second and was awarded first money, was equally guilty. In fact, from where I stood it seemed that he started the trouble with Tick Tock, by bearing out. I would have disqualified him, too. Oh, well, it's all water over the dam now.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Motorists were urged yesterday by Asst. Traffic Engineer Harry Parker of the County Road Department to exercise special caution at railroad crossings protected by signals after tomorrow.

Parker pointed out that it will then be illegal under the new State law for signals to combine the green light with the red arrow. Such a combination was used to prohibit motorists from turning onto railroad lines when a train was in the block.

On and after tomorrow, the red arrow will be blocked out. Consequently, motorists will see a green light without any red arrow warning of an approaching train and they should look and listen.

In time the intersections will be provided with red lights with green permissive arrows. The green arrow will direct the motorist that he may proceed straight ahead and the red light will warn of the approaching train.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Golly! To think that we may live to see such miracles!

•

Guided by members of the staff, the five spent three hours viewing exhibits at the museum at Seventy-ninth Street and Central Park West. They was accompanied by an interpreter.—*The Times.*

An interpreter from Brooklyn?

THE MYSTERIOUS AND APPREHENSIVE EAST

[*Letter received by an officer in the United States Navy*]

NANYOSHA DRY CLEANING CO., LTD.
No. 4033 MUTSUURA-CHO
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DEAR SIR:

We are respectfully writing you at this time making request for your kindness, cooperation and combined efforts again, in soliciting the laundry and dry cleaning business while the U.S.S. GEORGE K. MACKENZIE (DD-836) will be in Yokosuka Japan.

We most heartily welcome you back again and hope that your stay will be a long and pleasant one.

And now. We had a big information for the laundry and dry cleaning asociation of Yokosuka as same matters as last summer season, you will be remembered the matters of a cancelation for the civil commercial merchandise by the Commander Fleet Activities of Yokosuka.

Also this year, the Harry Co., of which named cleaners was canceled his authorization with his business since the 23rd of May 1955 by arder of the Fleet Activities of Yokosuka, we could not understand the Harry's cancelation of twice by what a reason.

A officer replied that all of cleaners except the NAN-YO-SHA Dry Cleaning Co., Ltd. are from China, without their nationality of Japan, also afraiding of their thoughts. We can nod it to his solution by deep thinking, though this is unbelievable.

Though, this great trouble has taken place on the Harry Co., we believe that we are not necessary to be apprehensive of it for the NAN-YO-SHA Dry Cleaning Co., Ltd. even a little.

Additionally we have contracted to conduct business at the Yokosuka Naval Supply Depot and with Commander Fleet Activities, both of which have been our patrons, since 1945, untill now.

Of course, it is our earnest desire to acquaint ourselves with the personel of the U.S.S. GEORGE K. MACKENZIE and be of any service we can to you during your stay. In this respect we desire to be authorized by you to conduct business on board your vessel this year instead of the Harry Co.

Our speciality, of course is the laundry and dry cleaning business, you will be sure satisfied a part of your responsibility by our excellent technic and satisfactory service.

This is not necessary to have any anxiety that come down to our factory once for a observation and we hope that time. We can have a wonderfull dinner party with you. We are appriciated very much if you could write a letter back for us about near you.

Our thanks in advance for any consideration you may elect to extend us.

Yours Faithfully,
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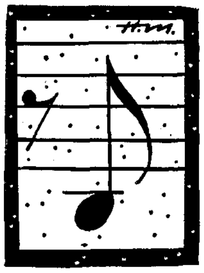
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Ballet, Contd.



THE Sadler's Wells Ballet, whose first week's offerings I had some reservations about, really got into its stride last week, and provided at least two evenings of dancing that I found brilliant, spirited, and altogether enchanting. The first of these—on Wednesday—was devoted mainly to a bright and affectionate new production of Léo Delibes' venerable ballet "Coppélia," which had been put together, with some happy departures from tradition in the last act, by the company's director, Ninette de Valois. "Coppélia" has, of course, the advantage of possessing not only one of the most engagingly tuneful and eminently danceable scores ever written for the ballet but a story that is both reasonably coherent and well suited to its purpose. This tale of a young girl who impersonates a mechanical doll in order to gain the attention of her wayward lover is an old one to ballet audiences, but I had never seen it produced with quite the dash or quite the magnificent coördination of choreographic details that it had the other night. The members of the corps de ballet went through their paces with teamwork and timing that were near perfection; Osbert Lancaster's sets and costumes were both lavish and tasteful; and the principals in the cast generally maintained the highest standards of grace and precision. Nadia Nerina, as the star of the performance, did even more than that. She tackled the formidable challenge of her role—a long and taxing one, which keeps its interpreter onstage nearly every minute of the time—with all the tricks of a consummate ballerina, and succeeded in imbuing the part with a special charm and gaiety of her own. To round out the evening, the company followed this memorable "Coppélia" with Frederick Ashton's familiar "Façade," a work whose subtle distillation of vaudeville, neatly set to William Walton's infinitely clever satirical music, has always been, for me, one of the wittiest spectacles in the Sadler's Wells repertoire.

The second evening of thoroughgoing enchantment occurred on Friday, when the troupe presented, for the first time this season, its grand and monumental production of Tchaikovsky's full-length "Le Lac des Cygnes." This great old ballet—nowadays, whether performed in its entirety or chopped up into excerpts, it has begun to assume a position in its field comparable to the one occupied in symphonic music by Beethoven's Fifth—undoubtedly has its faults. Right from the start, it has been pointed out that the final act of the full-length version is rather undramatic and that a number of its lesser tunes are as shallow and repetitious as Tchaikovsky's lesser tunes are apt to be. Yet there is some strange magic about "Le Lac des Cygnes" that always makes it seem to transcend the sum of its parts and converts it into the most moving of all the currently produced classical ballets, with the possible exception of "Giselle." I have often tried to discover the secret of this magic. Some of it unquestionably arises from the elegant simplicity of the second and fourth acts, in which nearly everything is expressed in terms of pure dance, as distinguished from pantomime, and in which nearly all the female members of the cast are dressed—as I firmly believe *all* ideal ballerinas should be dressed—in filmy white tutus. Some of the magic arises from the ballet's best melodies, which, in contrast to its worst, are really hauntingly beautiful, and from the entirely believable passions and torments that its central characters undergo. A good deal of it also arises, naturally, from the opportunities for stunning virtuosity and dramatic expression that the leading dancer is offered in the dual role of the White Swan and the Black Swan, and Margot Fonteyn grasped these fully on Friday night. I shall not attempt to analyze the details of her portrayal of the two roles—such things as the exquisite poise of her second-act adagios and the steely vibrancy of her dancing in the famous Black Swan pas de deux. I shall simply content myself with observing that, of all the dancers I have been privileged to see in this most familiar of all ballet parts, I can recall very few who were as consistently satisfying.

On Tuesday evening, the troupe presented a new ballet by Frederick Ashton, entitled "Rinaldo and Armida," and a rather meticulous revival of Stravinsky's "The Firebird." I am afraid I found both of them fairly dull, despite some superlative dancing by Miss Fonteyn, who undertook the title role in the latter work. The directors of "The Firebird," in their enthusiasm for tradition, stuck closely—rather slavishly, I thought—to the

Fokine choreography and the Gontcharova sets associated with this ballet in the nineteen-twenties, and the result was a period piece whose period seemed merely old-fashioned, not having yet receded far enough back into history to evoke any particular feeling of nostalgia. Personally, I should have preferred an entirely fresh version of the work, comparable to the one George Balanchine recently produced with marked success at the City Center. As it was, only the dancing of Miss Fonteyn and the wizardry of the score, which to my mind is one of Stravinsky's finest compositions, occasionally rescued the production from an atmosphere that seemed a trifle dowdy.

As for Mr. Ashton's "Rinaldo and Armida," it was one of those slender and swooningly romantic affairs, involving beautiful people in mysterious landscapes, that always have a way of reminding me of the more ambitious window displays at Saks Fifth Avenue. The meagre opportunities it afforded for dancing, as distinct from posturing, were agreeably utilized by Svetlana Beriosova and Michael Somes, who both looked very attractive and contributed what they could in the way of graceful movement to what was essentially a series of slightly animated tableaux.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Our Homes and Their Adornments: Or a Complete Household Cyclopedia, Designed to Make Happy Homes for Happy People", by Almon C. Varney, 1884*]

The foregoing includes in a general way the principal things needed for the cottage, and below are the figures giving approximate cost of material and erection:

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Evans lives in Connecticut, in a colonial house. Mrs. Evans has devoted her considerable artistic talents to the restoration of the house, which is now a show place. Their eldest son, graduated from Princeton two years ago and is now [illegible] in the Marines. Another son,

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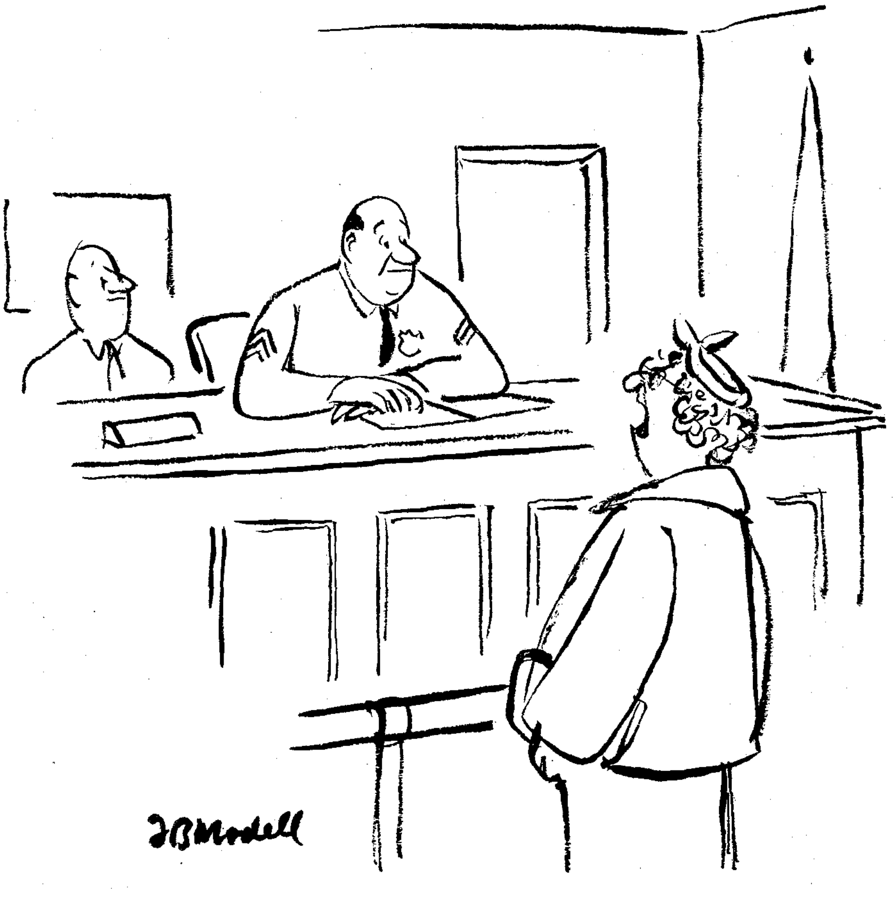
BOOKS

Last Performance

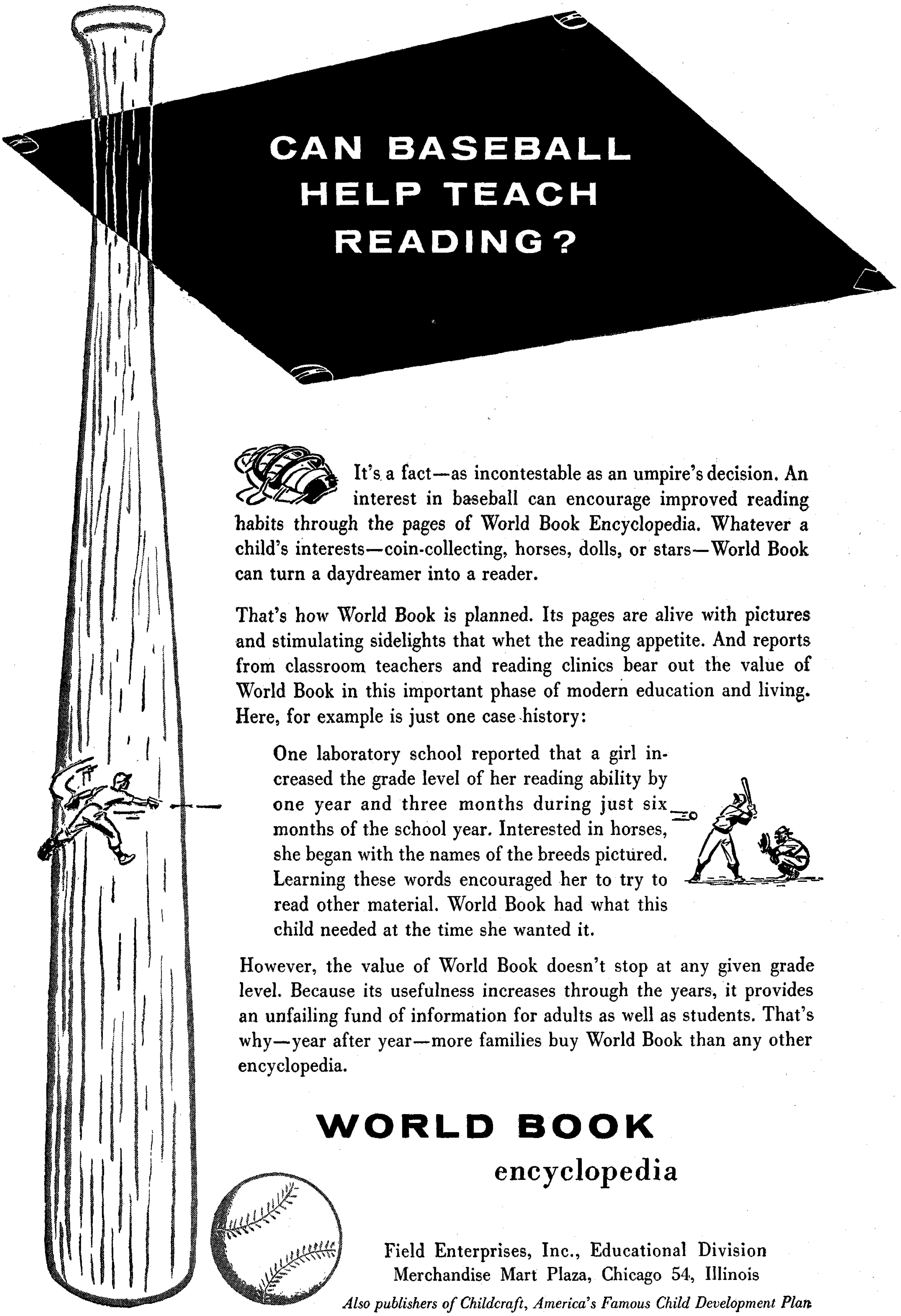
THE world had scarcely finished celebrating Thomas Mann's eightieth birthday when he fell sick and left it. This departure, so unlike Mann in its abruptness, took his admirers by surprise. It turned out that we were as little prepared for the old warlock to die at eighty as we would have been for him to die at fifty. One reason for our surprise was the fact that the older he grew, the younger for his years and the more indestructible he seemed to become. In photographs taken of him on his eightieth birthday, his hair is dark and his eyes are as hard and sharp as ever, while his expression, familiar to us over many decades, is at once aloof and inquiring, lofty and sly—the mask of a man still ardently working out what is for him the sublime riddle of his opposing selves: the artist as hero, the artist as priest, the artist as charlatan. As for Mann's air of indestructibility, that was heightened for us from one year to the next by his unbroken flow of novels, essays, lectures, and pronunciamentos on life, politics, and art. Like Goethe, with whom he consented to share an almost empty pantheon, Mann flowered abundantly in age, and his career was so far from merely fumbling toward a close that, for all we readers knew to the contrary, it was still mounting to its zenith. We assumed, moreover, that because he had a wizard's powers, he would not die until he chose to die. We saw him holding up an admonitory hand to death and asserting, in the pompous but compelling style he too often affected, that he had no intention of suffering interruptions until he had completed to his satisfaction a number of important literary undertakings. When, nevertheless, in the midst of these undertakings, death had the temerity to dash the pen from the old arch-egoist's hand, we were appalled. Stupid, clumsy death, to blunder in on a writer still inspired, still eagerly at work! For that matter, what were we to think of our writer for quitting the world with such unwizardly quietness? It took some time for us to perceive that we had underestimated Mann and that by dying when he did, in full possession of his wits, with genius and energy unimpaired, he had managed to achieve what Yeats says bitterly no men achieve—"a finish worthy of the start." To be eighty and still in one's prime and, after more than fifty years of continual public appearances, to perform one last superlative act of magic, then bow off the stage, hearing as the curtain falls the thunder of generations of applause—how could one serve one's craft better than by thus giving one's life the shapeliness and lustre of a work of art?

The particular act of magic with which Mann rounded off his life is a novel called "Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man." It has just been published here by Knopf, in an admirable translation by Denver Lindley. The first fifty-four pages were written in 1911, when Mann was thirty-six; the remaining three hundred and thirty pages were written in his old age. It is probably safe to say, therefore, that "Felix Krull" took longer to write than any other novel in history, and yet it is all of a piece. "I take up the thread of my story exactly where I dropped it," Mann states, in the opening pages of Book Two, and so successfully does he take it up that even a careful reader, unaware of the gap of forty-odd years between the writing of the two sections, would note only—and this is still another proof of Mann's extraordinary vigor—that the second is somewhat more joyous and youthful than the first. Joyous? Youthful? Our crotchety and verbose old Thomas Mann? Yes, and not in the elephantine manner that on earlier occasions caused our hearts to sink as the great man solemnly arose and warned us that he was about to kick up his heels. In "Felix Krull," he writes of playing tennis and running elevators and stealing jewels and making love, and never once forces these disorderly occupations to carry more than their just share of the weight of the cosmos.

Felix Krull is a handsome, brainy, nervy, and vainglorious scoundrel. His confessions are recounted, of course, in the first person, and the delight that Mann feels in playing the role of a criminal "I" is to be sensed on every page. Krull is supposed to be looking back over his life from the eminence of his fortieth year, "in leisure and complete retirement," after a considerable



"Look, Stupid, how should I know why he left?"



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Excise taxes are now up for revision. If the views expressed here make sense, please send me a postcard saying so. I will forward it to *your* congressman, asking that he give us both a fairer shake.

If you are one of the inner circle who has already discovered the excellence of my specialty, OLD FITZGERALD, I promise that you will benefit to the full extent of any tax reduction our joint effort may help to bring about.

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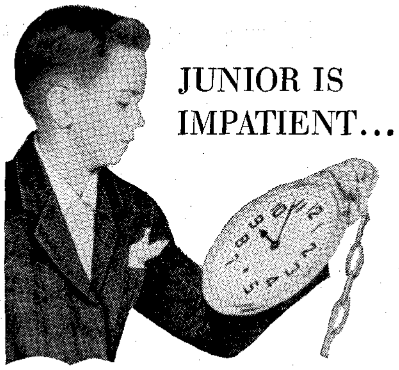
stay in prison. We follow his career from birth to early manhood, from a pretty villa on the Rhine to the court of the King of Portugal. (The novel ends in 1895, and it is surely no accident that the author and his hero appear to have been born in the same year.) The world that Krull inhabits is one in which every copybook maxim and Biblical precept works in reverse—"Dishonesty is the best policy," "Do unto others as you would hate to have them do unto you," "Covet thy neighbor's wife and goods"—and since Krull's victims invariably turn out to be as venal as he is, we wish him well. The more he bedevils the bedevillers, the better for us. Mann intended at some future time—even at eighty there was future time—to devote another stout volume to Krull's confessions. We would have welcomed it, but we do not need it. These confessions can stand alone, in their own spring air. We see Krull clear, the radiance of his wickedness playing all about him, and in the farthest reaches of that radiance we catch sight of the old magician bowing and waving good-bye. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A GERMAN OFFICER, by Serge Groussard (Putnam). Karl Brücken, an ex-colonel of the Wehrmacht whose whole life has been dedicated to Germany and to the German Army, finds himself, in 1946, searching for scraps of food in the streets of Cologne, homeless and in rags, with his left arm and half of his right foot gone. Very deftly, M. Groussard sketches Karl Brücken's past, and then takes him forward a few years, to the moment when he learns his final fate. It is an excruciatingly real picture of a proud and despairing human being who is not himself evil but whose fanatically narrow vision makes him the tool of evil. The translation from the French, by Antonia White, is excellent.

THE CALL FROM CALLE MORENO, by María Flores (Doubleday). Felipe Gentili, a Buenos Aires physician, is called out of bed in the middle of the night to attend a young man who has been so severely beaten by the police that they are now afraid that he may die. Dr. Gentili, who is anti-Perón, sees quite clearly that by trying to help the boy he has lost his own freedom—that merely by being in contact with the police he has endangered his own life and the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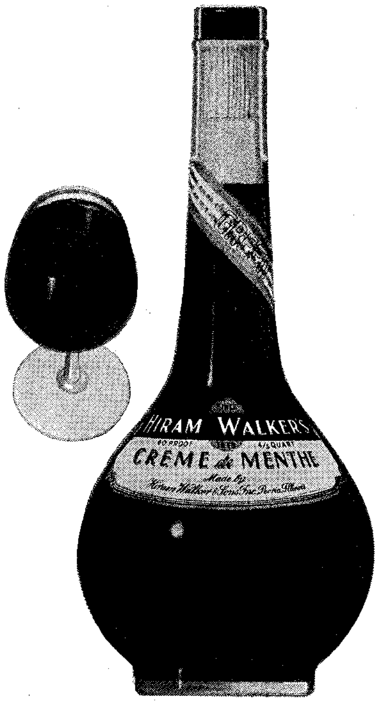
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SOLO, by Stanford Whitmore (Harcourt, Brace). A story of jazz in Chicago. The central figure, Virgil Jones, is a twenty-four-year-old pianist of uncanny ability who cares nothing for people and nothing at all about money. A humorless egotist who seems to go out of his way to get slugged, he refuses to sell himself to a powerful agent who destroys those who disobey him. In the end, Jones has become what he perhaps really wants to be—a stone figure, with all his genius locked inside him, almost completely cut off from the human communication he despises so much. All the characters in this story are automatons or near-automatons, but the solemnity of Mr. Whitmore's writing gives them the air of being more important than they are.

THE MERCY OF THE COURT, by Monica E. Porter (Norton). Andrew Evans, a judge in a middle-sized town in Michigan, is forced to decide whether to further his own career or give a chance to a seventeen-year-old boy accused of holding up a bar and shooting its owner. Miss Porter deals simply and directly with the judge and his problem, and with the boy and his bewilderment and defiance, and she has produced a very readable book.

MAYBE I'M DEAD, by Joe Klaas (Macmillan). In the last winter of the Second World War, ten thousand American airmen, prisoners in eastern Germany, are forced to march west into further captivity and away from their chance of liberation by the advancing Russians. Mr. Klaas tells his enormous story in a series of short episodes, no one of which is remarkable but all of which assemble into an unforgettable picture.

THE SHIRALEE, by D'Arcy Niland (Sloane). Mr. Niland, a writer with a fresh and eager air, gives us a naïvely sentimental tale about a brokenhearted tramp and his tiny daughter. The scene is set mainly on the lonelier roads of Australia.

MONEY MONEY MONEY, by David Wagoner (Harcourt, Brace). In telling this story of a gentle, dim-witted, very rich Chicago man called Willy Grier, Mr. Wagoner seems to

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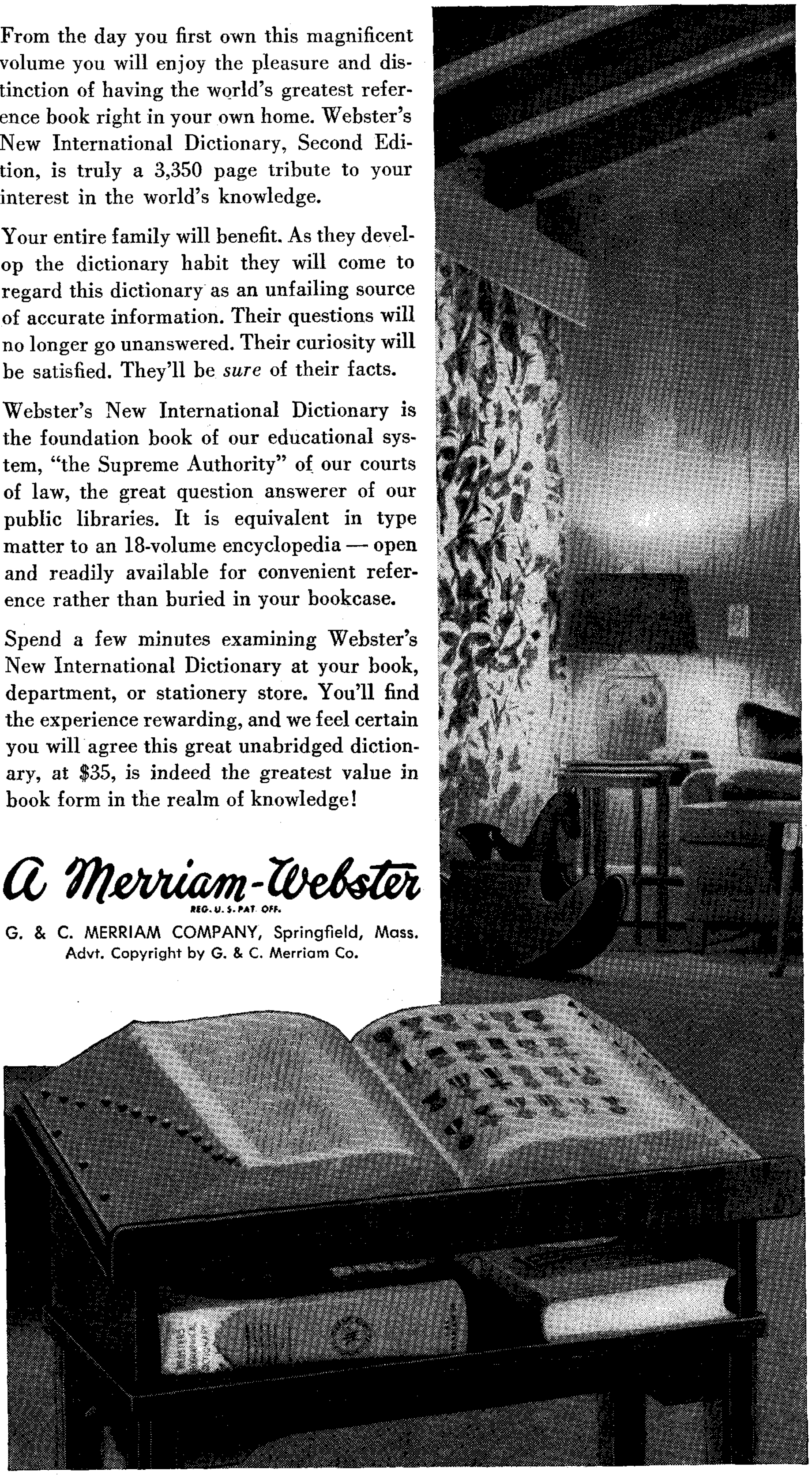

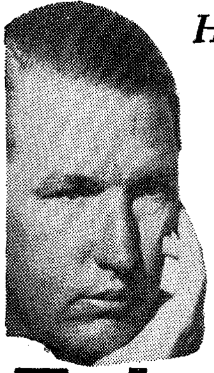

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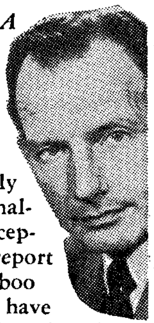

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be trying to say that most people take money too seriously. It is possible that he is right, but he would have made his point much more effectively if he had made Willy Grier normally bright, or else poor.

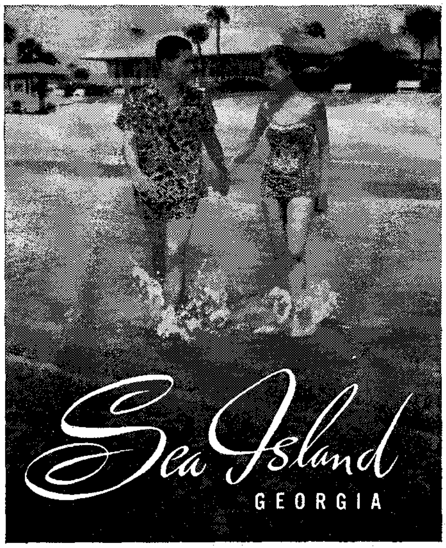
SON OF JUSTIN, by Richard Vaughan (Dutton). Edwin Peele, a Welsh farmer, records the last days of his family, and so descends, death by death, into his own solitary old age. Edwin's family—his mother and father, his wife Grett, their daughter Sabel and her lover Jasper—are lively, romantic figures while they last, but we see them vanish without regret or astonishment, as though they were people in one of those familiar old ballads of doom, lost beauty, and sweet, safely distant heartbreak.

NOTE: "A Piece of Luck," by Frances Gray Patton, a collection of short stories of which the majority first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Dodd, Mead.

GENERAL

OUR SAMOAN ADVENTURE, by Fanny and Robert Louis Stevenson, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Charles Neider (Harper). A fireside portrait of the artist during the last four years of his life (1890-94). Those are the years that Stevenson and his wife, the former Frances Matilda Van de Grift, of Indianapolis, spent on the Samoan island of Upolu, and much of this book is drawn from his letters and other pertinent miscellaneous writings of that period. Its substance, however, is a hitherto unpublished diary kept by Fanny Stevenson at intervals between September, 1890, and July, 1893, which Mr. Neider was recently privileged to inspect at Stevenson House, in Monterey, California, and was able (after much puzzling over deletions and illegibilities) to decipher. The result of his scholarly labors is not, as one might have hoped, a document that adds much of value to our understanding of Stevenson, but it does make clear—and delightfully so—that he had in Fanny an affectionate wife, an industrious housekeeper, and a good-natured and most entertaining companion. Illustrated with photographs—many of them never before published—of the Stevensons and members of their circle, and an endpaper map.

THE GREER CASE, by David W. Peck (Simon & Schuster). Justice Peck, of



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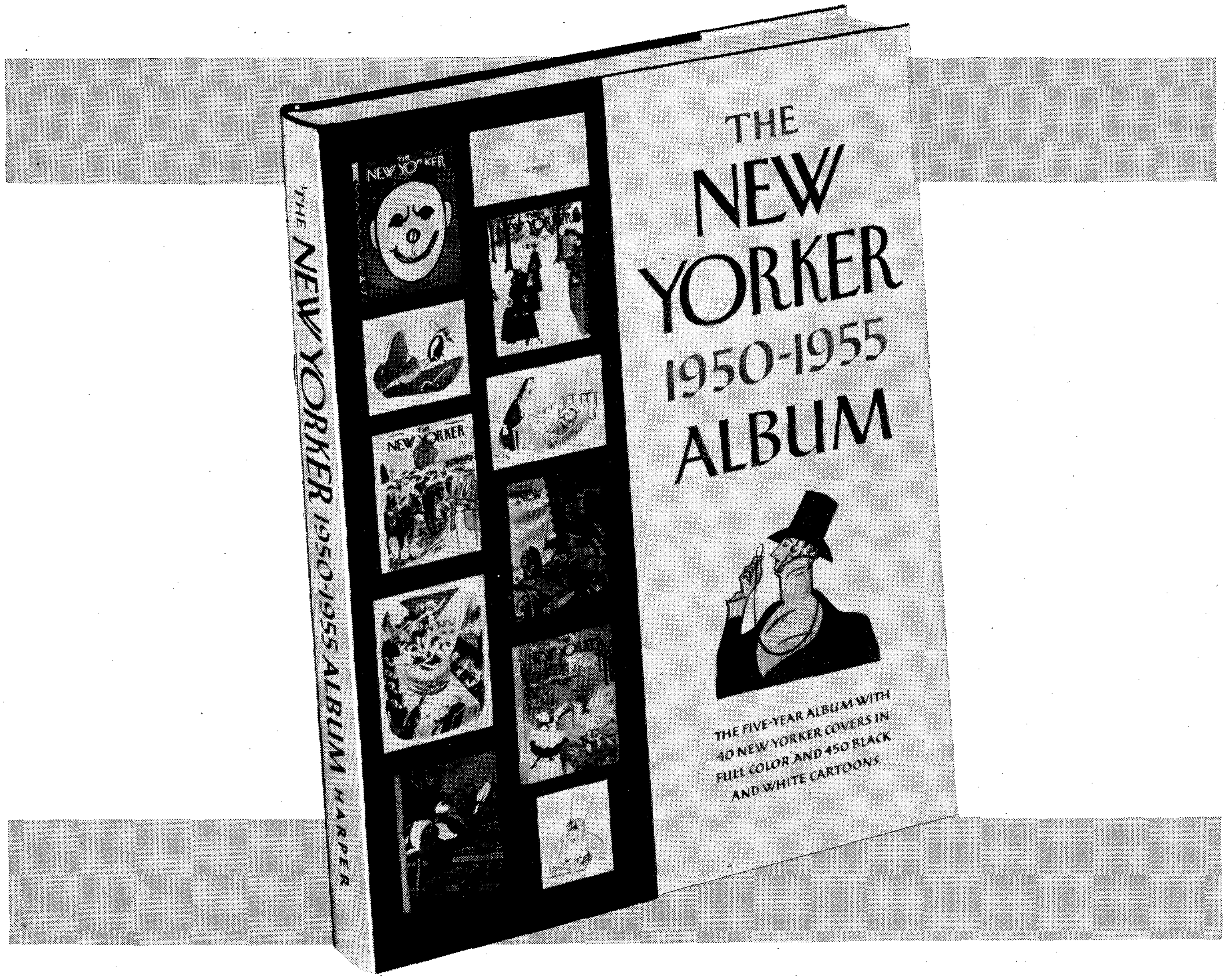
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the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court, tells the story of what must have been one of the most engaging cases ever to come before him—the attempt to determine the heir of Mrs. Louis Morris Greer, a society woman who had insisted on telling everyone in sight that she had borne an illegitimate son but never went into much useful detail. It is a fascinating case and, surprisingly, gets still better *after* the court decision, but Justice Peck has the exasperating habit of reading the thoughts of lawyers, witnesses, and even the errant deceased. As for his style, the following can serve as a sample: "The family had little of worldly goods, but they had built, in quiet respectability by earnest effort the good home and good name of the family. So much more precious this than riches, that no price was worth exhuming the past and forgotten."

THE WISE MAN FROM THE WEST, by Vincent Cronin (Dutton). The story of Matthew Ricci's Jesuit mission to China in the sixteenth century ranks with Marco Polo's travels as a classic of discovery and exploration, and Mr. Cronin has retold it, from Ricci's own account, in a tone that curiously combines reverence with sparkle. Ricci was a most unusual man, who brought Renaissance science and learning, as well as the Catholic faith, to Ming China, and became so successfully acclimatized that he died in Peking as a distinguished Chinese sage. Mr. Cronin's prose is maddeningly fancy—"stupid as black lacquer" is a characteristic simile—but he has a superb story and he tells it well. Maps and illustrations.

STILL THE MOST EXCITING COUNTRY, by William Attwood (Knopf). After nine years abroad, Mr. Attwood spent several months driving across the United States and back to see how things had changed. His conclusion—reported for *Look*, of which he is an editor, and here expanded into a small book—is that the European clichés about American panic, belligerence, degeneracy, materialism, and immaturity are largely untrue. Although he manages to substitute a few clichés of his own—that Americans are in a perpetual hurry, that they are too trusting, that American food is mostly terrible and the coffee too weak—he liked what he saw and heard for the most part, and his report is sensible and cheering, if perhaps a

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shade brasher than the assignment required.

THE MEMOIRS OF WILL H. HAYS (Doubleday). In this lengthy autobiography, Mr. Hays, the late head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America and one-time chairman of the Republican National Committee, describes his boyhood and early years in Indiana, his experiences in state politics, the Republican campaign of 1920, which he ran, his brief tenure as United States Postmaster General, and his years as "czar" of the movies. Like the speeches at the innumerable testimonial dinners, many in his own honor, that Mr. Hays attended, the book contains little to spark any thoughts in the reader's mind, and the political sections are a mine of uninteresting information.

HIGH SIERRA COUNTRY, by Oscar Lewis (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An informal and workmanlike historical study of the Sierra Nevada Range, evoking its first explorers, its vigorous legends, its bad men and its good men, and its scenic splendors—the Yosemite Valley, Lake Tahoe, and the forests of giant sequoias. Mr. Lewis tells us about the riders of the short-lived Pony Express, about the conditions prevailing in the roadside inns in stagecoach days (they were awful), about a memorable visit to the Yosemite made by the aged Ralph Waldo Emerson, and about famous people, literary and otherwise, whose names are linked with the Range. (It was in the Sierra Nevada that Mark Twain first heard the story of the possibly too celebrated jumping frog and, embellishing it a bit, launched himself on a writing career.) An addition to the American Folkways series, this book could serve as a most enjoyable literary guide to the High Sierras. No pictures, unfortunately—and unaccountably.

ARTS AND IDEAS, by William Fleming (Holt). This substantial volume is nothing less than a history of Western culture from Homer to the Lever Brothers Building, as Professor Fleming teaches it in an integrated survey course at Syracuse University. Like many such courses, the book is overcompressed and shoots up to the surface too quickly; inevitably, it suffers from the bends. Still, while most of its references to literature and ideas tend to be boneless abstractions and lists of names, its accounts of the fine arts are full and

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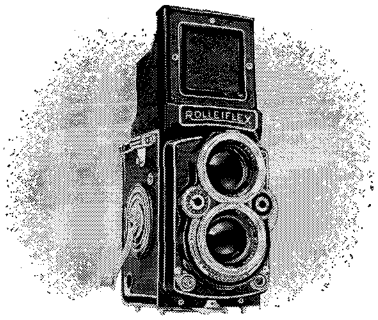

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A SOUTHERN READER, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Willard Thorp (Knopf). An anthological portrait of the several Souths—black and white, past and present, hill and valley, unreconstructed and Yankeefied—that could hardly be more satisfactory. Its excellence derives in large part from the fact that Mr. Thorp, a professor of English at Princeton, has travelled sufficiently in the South to be neither an apologist nor an apoplectic, and this refreshing equanimity has enabled him to distinguish between the critical and the merely venomous, the comfortable and the patently slap-happy. Among the hundred-odd writers (Northern, Southern, and European) whose impressions of the South (in verse, fact, or fiction) he has included here are James Agee, John Peale Bishop, Sterling A. Brown, William Cullen Bryant, W. J. Cash, Henry Clay, David Crockett, Virginius Dabney, Frederick Douglass, John Gould Fletcher, William Faulkner, U. S. Grant, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Jefferson, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, Frederick Law Olmsted, Katherine Anne Porter, Henry William Ravenel, J. Saunders Redding, Booker T. Washington, and Thomas Wolfe. Photographs.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA, edited by the editors of *Year*, with a foreword by Allan Nevins (Simon & Schuster). A mammoth picture-and-text survey, whose chief distinction is its visual beauty. It is handsomely bound, artfully designed, and clearly printed, and the illustrations (drawings, cartoons, photographs, maps, and facsimile reproductions of documents, posters, and pages from periodicals) are truly illustrative. The text, which consists mainly of spirited shorthand captions, is less impressive, tending at once to oversimplify the complex and to overemphasize the merely picturesque. It also bristles with errors: Jesse James is here assassinated not in St. Joseph but "at his St. Louis, Mo., hideout;" W. C. Handy, the blues composer, here ap-

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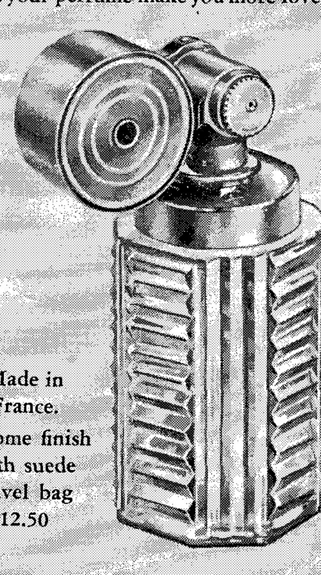

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pears as "J. C. Handy . . . originator of the 'Dixieland' band;" the biochemist Edward C. Kendall, one of the several scientists prominently associated with the development of cortisone, is here celebrated, under the name of Edward Kimball, as its discoverer; and a portrait of Thomas A. Edison is identified as that of Henry Ford.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE COUNTRY-HOUSE BURGLAR, by Michael Gilbert (Harper). The author has invented one of the most ingenious methods of setting fire to a house, not to mention its occupants, that you are likely to encounter in many a season, and the rest of his plot is highly commendable, too. Now and then the conversation and behavior of the very British protagonists may remind you of old stories in *Punch*, but even that is probably refreshing in its way. One of the better efforts of the year.

MURDER COMES TO EDEN, by Leslie Ford (Scribner). It all starts out with some kind of fuss about real estate (somebody is determined to turn an old Maryland settlement into a wide-open town), but presently the situation takes a darker turn. A man dies under peculiar circumstances, which, for one reason and another, brings up the mystery of another death a long time ago, so everybody has a great deal of explaining to do. Some of the plot may not be as clear as it might be, but it still makes a lively story, and Miss Ford writes rather more agreeably than most.

THE FATAL PICNIC, by Bernice Carey (Doubleday). Uncle Maurice Egstadt is anathema to all the members of his extensive family, and it is really no surprise when one of them brings him down with a .22 at a picnic. The question, of course, is the identity of the marksman, and Miss Carey manages to guard her secret right up to the end. Entertaining enough, if you can keep all the characters and their complex relationships straightened out.

DEATH OF AN ANGEL, by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). As you probably know, Mr. Lockridge was drama critic for the *Sun* in the days before it was reduced to a subhead in the *World-Telegram*, and his knowledge of the theatre is apparent and useful in this study of the murder of a backer. Otherwise, however, Mr. and Mrs. North and Acting Captain Weigand go on just

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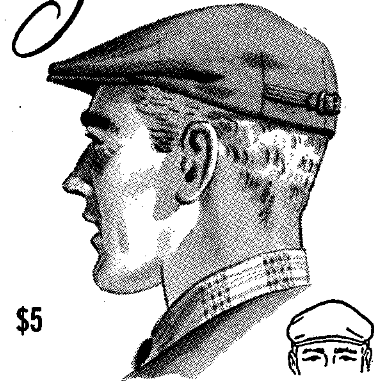

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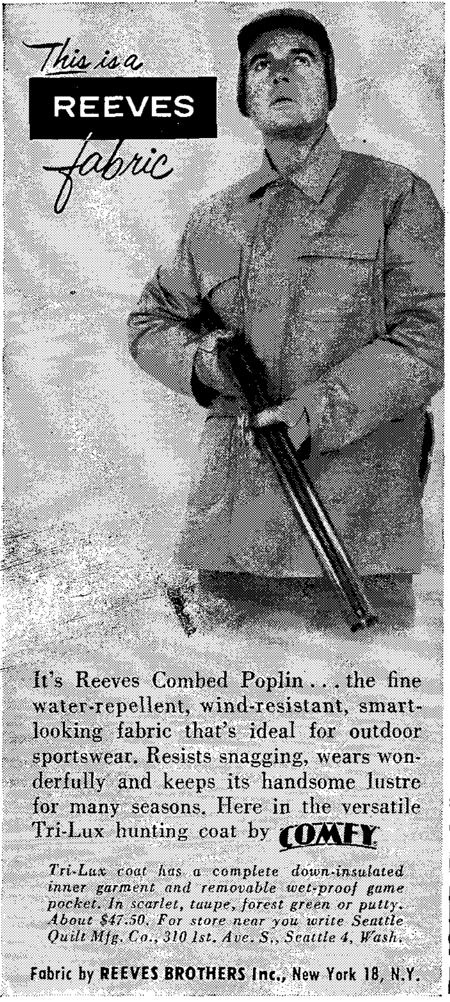

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about the way they always do. A standard item in the upper-middle bracket.

A QUESTION OF MURDER, by Anthony Gilbert (Random House). Business is bad for a suburban British druggist, and it gets no better when two quite unattractive ladies perish miserably and mysteriously in his house. Arthur Crook is dragged into the case, but he isn't quite as bright or quick as usual, and the young heroine escapes an awful death only by the skin of her pretty teeth. Mr. Gilbert is always a conscientious workman, but this time he seems to have picked out some fairly dismal people and a fairly routine plot.

THE CASE OF THE NERVOUS ACCOMPLICE, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). These things have been going on nearly as long as the internal-combustion engine, and there seems little reason to suppose that they won't continue right into the age of atomic power. According to a rough estimate, Perry Mason must be pushing sixty, but he still looks very appetizing to Della Street, and presumably his readers love him, too. This adventure is practically indistinguishable from all the others.

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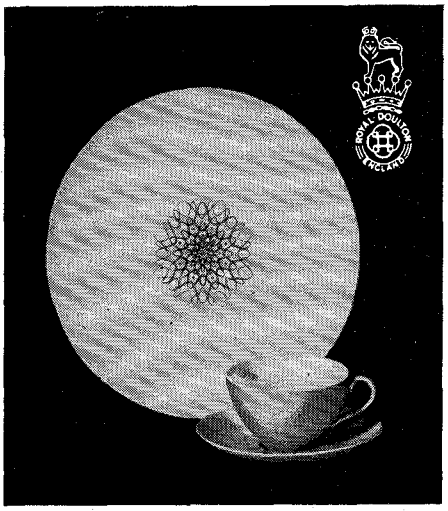

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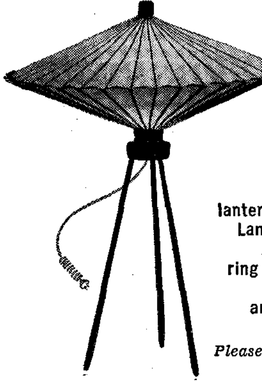

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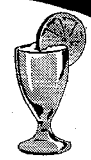

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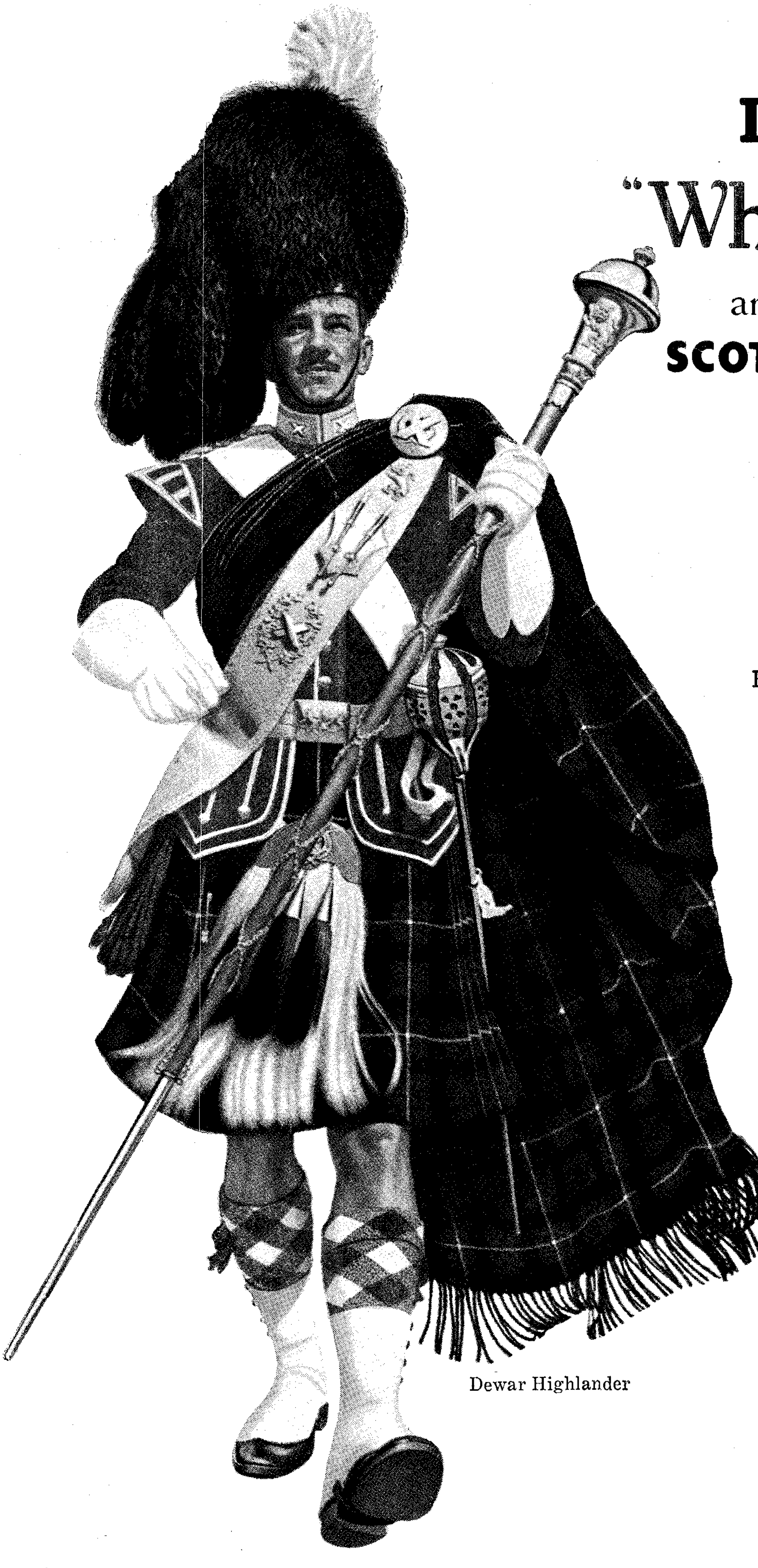

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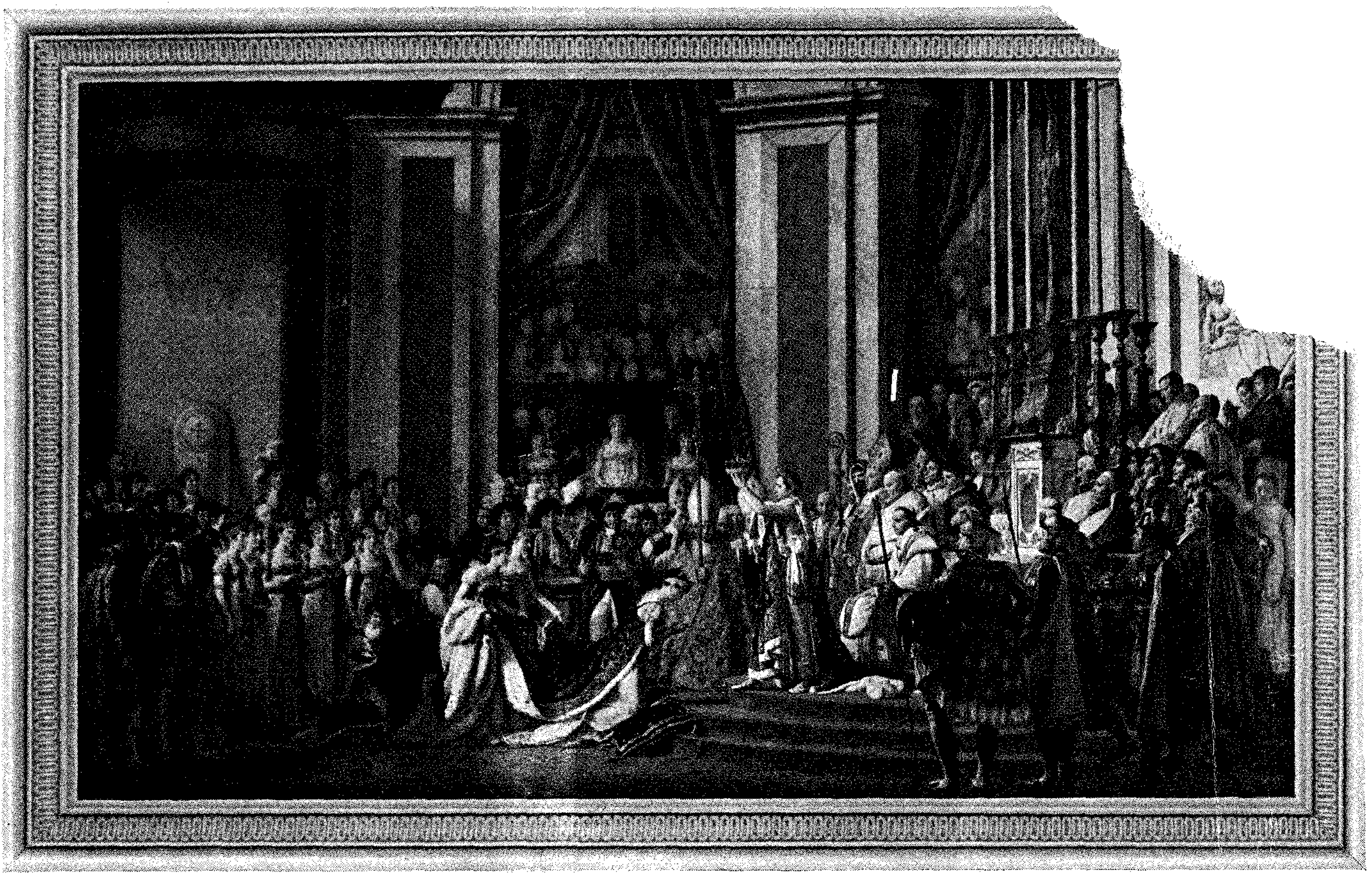

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